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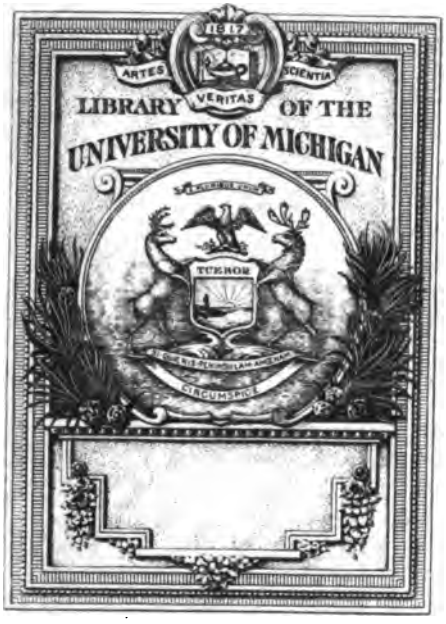

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The English Dramatists

THOMAS MIDDLETON

VOLUME THE FOURTH

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THE WORKS

OF

THOMAS MIDDLETON

EDITED BY

A. H. BULLEN, B.A.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES

VOLUME THE FOURTH

BOSTON
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
New York: 11 East Seventeenth Street
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
MDCCCLXXXV

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Only Eighty Copies of this Edition on laid paper, medium 8vo, have been printed, and are numbered consecutively as issued.

No. 54

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THE ROARING GIRL.

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See here the Prefideſſe o'th pilfring Trade
Mercuryes ſecond; Venus's onely Mayd
Doublet and breeches in a Uniform dreſſe
The Female Humurriſt a Kickſhaw meſſe
Heres no attraction that your fancy greets
But if her FEATURES pleaſe not read her FEATS..

UNIV. OF MICH.

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The Roaring Girle. Or Moll Cut-Purse. As it hath lately beene Acted on the Fortune-stage by the Prince his Players. Written by T. Middleton and T. Dekkar. Printed at London for Thomas Archer, and are to be sold at his shop in Popes head-pallace, neere the Royall Exchange. 1611, 4to.

The *Roaring Girl* was Mary Frith, whose career is the subject of an amusing prose-tract (published in 1662), entitled *The Life and Death of Mrs. Mary Frith. Commonly called Mal Cutpurse. Exactly Collected and now Published for the Delight and Recreation of all Merry disposed Persons.* London, 12mo. Prefixed to this tract is Moll's portrait, which is here reproduced on the opposite page for the reader's satisfaction. The narrative is highly flavoured, but appears to have been based to some extent on authentic information. Moll "was born 1589[1] in Barbican, at the upper end of Aldersgate Street." She came of honest parentage, her father being a shoemaker—"a fair and square conditioned man, that loved a good fellow next to himself, which made his issue be so sociable." Particular care was bestowed on her education, for her boisterous and masculine spirit caused her parents much solicitude. "A very Tomrig or Rumpscuttle she was, and delighted and sported only in boys' play and pastime, not minding or companying with the girls: many a bang and blow this hoyting procured her, but she was not so to be tamed or taken off from her rude inclinations; she could not endure their sedentary life of sewing or stitching; a sampler was as grievous as a winding-sheet; her needle, bodkin, and thimble she could not think on quietly, wishing them changed into sword

[1] Probably 1584–5 would be nearer the mark. See what follows on p. 4.

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and dagger for a bout at cudgels." When she had grown to be a "lusty and sturdy wench," she was put out to service; but household ~~work of any kind was~~ distasteful to her, and "above all she had a natural abhorrence to the tending of children, to whom she ever had an averseness in her mind equal to the sterility and barrenness in her womb, never being made a mother, to our best information." Abandoning service, she assumed masculine attire, and "to her dying day she would not leave it off." She subsequently became notorious as a bully, whore, bawd, pickpurse, fortune-teller, receiver, and forger. Chamberlain in a letter to Carleton (dated 11th February 1611–2), tells how she did penance at Paul's Cross. She wept bitterly on that occasion, and seemed very penitent, but it was afterwards suspected that "she was maudlin-drunk, being discovered to have tippled off three quarts of sack before she came to her penance." At a later date she enjoyed the friendship of the notorious Captain Hind and of one Richard Hannam, a worthy who "constantly wore a watchmaker's and jeweller's shop in his pocket, and could at any time command a thousand pounds." She waylaid at various times parties of Parliamentarians; and it is related (in Smith's *Lives of Highwaymen*) that she once robbed General Fairfax on Hounslow Heath, shot him through the arm, and killed two horses on which his servants were riding; whereupon she was pursued by some Parliamentarian officers (who were quartered at Hounslow), apprehended at Turnham Green, and sent to Newgate, finally procuring her release by paying Fairfax two thousand pounds. On her expeditions she was often accompanied by a dog, which she had very skilfully trained to evil courses. She kept in her service a gang of thieves. Her constant practice of smoking is supposed to have conduced to her longevity, for she suffered from a dropsy which eventually despatched her in her "threescore and fourteenth year." The writer of the memoir shows Herodotus' disregard for dates. If Moll died in or before 1661 at the age of seventy-four, she could not have been born so late as 1589. In Dodsley's *Old Plays*, xii. 398, ed. 1780, the writer of a note signed *N.* states, on the authority of "a MS. in the British Museum" (a somewhat vague reference), that she died at her house in Fleet Street on 26th July, was buried

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in the church of Saint Bridget's, and left by will twenty pounds that the Conduit might run with wine at the return of Charles II.

I am not at all sure that Sir Toby refers to the Roaring Girl when he speaks of "Mistress Mall's picture" (*Twelfth Night*, i. 3). Mary Frith was too young to have come into notoriety when *Twelfth Night* was written; but the allusion may have been introduced at a later date. In his Shakespeare *Glossary* Dyce suggests—"After all, can it be that '*Mistress Mall's picture*' means merely a *lady's picture*? So we still say 'Master Tom,' or 'Master Jack,' to designate no particular individual, but of young gentlemen generally."

In August 1610, there was entered on the Stationers' Registers "A Booke called the Madde Prancks of Merry Mall of the Bankside, with her Walks in Man's Apparel and to what Purpose. Written by John Day." It is not known to have been printed.

Dyce and others have collected several early references to mad Moll. I need not give them all: two will suffice. The first is from Freeman's Epigrams, *Rubbe and a Great Cast*, 1614:—

"Epigram 90.

Of Moll Cutpurse disguised going.

"They say Mol's honest, and it may bee so,
But yet it is a shrewd presumption no:
To touch but pitch, 'tis knowne it will defile;
Moll weares the breech, what may she be the while?
Sure shee that doth the shadow so much grace,
What will shee when the substance comes in place?"

The second is from Field's *Amends for Ladies*, 1618 (where she figures in one scene):—

"Hence, lewd impudent!
I know not what to term thee, man or woman,
For Nature, shaming to acknowledge thee
For either, hath produc'd thee to the world
Without a sex: some say thou art a woman,
Others, a man; and many, thou art both
Woman and man; but I think rather, neither;
Or man and horse, as the old Centaurs were feign'd" (ii. 1).

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A *roarer* or *roaring boy* was a cant term for a riotous buck. The reader will have enough of roaring boys in *A Fair Quarrel*. Nares remarks, "We meet with one roaring girl, but luckily only one, called also Moll Cutpurse;" but there was an earlier virago—Long Meg of Westminster, whose "life and pranks" are celebrated in a black-letter tract printed in 1582.

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The Roaring Girle.

OR,

Moll Cut-Purse.

Printed at London for Thomas Archer, and are to be sold at his shop in Popes-head-pallace, neere the Royall Exchange. 1611.

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The Roaring Girle.

OR

Moll Cut-Purſe.

As it hath lately beene Acted on the Fortune-ſtage by *the Prince his Players.*

Written by *T. Middleton* and *T. Dekkar.*

My caſe is alter'd, I muſt worke for my liuing.

Printed at *London* for *Thomas Archer*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Popes head-pallace, neere the Royall Exchange. 1611.

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TO THE COMIC PLAY-READERS, VENERY AND LAUGHTER.

THE fashion of play-making I can properly compare to nothing so naturally as the alteration in apparel; for in the time of the great crop-doublet, your huge bombasted plays, quilted with mighty words to lean purpose, was only then in fashion:[1] and as the doublet fell, neater inventions began to set up. Now, in the time of spruceness, our plays follow the niceness of our garments; single plots, quaint conceits, lecherous jests, drest up in hanging sleeves: and those are fit for the times and the termers.[2] Such a kind of light-colour summer stuff, mingled with divers colours, you shall find this published comedy; good to keep you in an afternoon from dice at home in your chambers: and for venery, you shall find enough for sixpence,[3] but well couched and you mark it; for Venus, being a woman, passes through the play in doublet and breeches; a brave disguise and a safe one, if the statute untie not her codpiece point.

---

[1] See note, vol. iii. p. 11.

[2] See note 1, vol. iii. p. 7.

[3] The ordinary price of a play. I have seen many old plays which are marked in MS. on the back of the last leaf "*Price* £0 0*s.* 6*d.*"

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The book I make no question but is fit for many of your companies, as well as the person itself, and may be allowed both gallery-room at the playhouse, and chamber-room at your lodging. Worse things, I must needs confess, the world has taxed her for than has been written of her; but 'tis the excellency of a writer to leave things better than he finds 'em; though some obscene fellow, that cares not what he writes against others, yet keeps a mystical bawdyhouse himself, and entertains drunkards, to make use of their pockets and vent his private bottle-ale at midnight,—though such a one would have ript up the most nasty vice that ever hell belched forth, and presented it to a modest assembly, yet we rather wish in such discoveries, where reputation lies bleeding, a slackness of truth than fulness of slander.

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

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PROLOGUE.

A PLAY expected long makes the audience look
For wonders; that each scene should be a book,
Compos'd to all perfection: each one comes
And brings a play in's head with him; up he sums
What he would of a roaring girl have writ;
If that he finds not here, he mews[1] at it.
Only we [do] entreat you think our scene
Cannot speak high, the subject being but mean;
A roaring girl, whose notes till now ne'er were,
Shall fill with laughter our vast theatre.[2]
That's all which I dare promise: tragic passion,
And such grave stuff, is this day out of fashion.
I see Attention sets wide ope her gates
Of hearing, and with covetous listening waits,
To know what girl this roaring girl should be,
For of that tribe are many. One is she

---

[1] Cf. Day's *Parliament of Bees* (ed. Bullen), p. 7:—

"If then they *mew*, reply not you, but bring
Their names to me."

[2] The Fortune in Golding Lane, Cripplegate; built by Henslowe and Allen in 1599–1600, and burnt down in 1621. It was a square building, measuring eighty feet each way outside and fifty-five feet inside. It was rebuilt, probably of brick, in 1623.

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That roars at midnight in deep tavern-bowls,
That beats the watch, and constables controls;
Another roars i' th' daytime, swears, stabs, gives braves,
Yet sells her soul to the lust of fools and slaves:
Both these are suburb-roarers. Then there's beside[1]
A civil city-roaring girl, whose pride,
Feasting, and riding, shakes her husband's state,
And leaves him roaring through an iron grate.[2]
None of these roaring girls is ours; she flies
With wings more lofty; thus her character lies—
Yet what need characters, when to give a guess
Is better than the person to express?
But would you know who 'tis? would you hear her name?
She's call'd mad Moll; her life our acts proclaim.

[1] Old ed. "besides."

[2] The prison-grating.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR ALEXANDER WENGRAVE.
SEBASTIAN WENGRAVE, *his son.*
SIR GUY FITZALLARD.
SIR DAVY DAPPER.
JACK DAPPER, *his son.*
SIR ADAM APPLETON.
SIR THOMAS LONG.
SIR BEAUTEOUS GANYMEDE.
LORD NOLAND.
GOSHAWK.
LAXTON.
GREENWIT.
GALLIPOT, *an apothecary.*
TILTYARD, *a feather-seller.*
OPENWORK, *a sempster.*
NEATFOOT, *Sir A. Wengrave's man.*
GULL, *page to Jack Dapper.*
TRAPDOOR.
TEARCAT.
Coachman.
Porter.
Tailor.
CURTLEAX, *a sergeant.*
HANGER, *his yeoman.*
Gentlemen, Cutpurses, &c.

MOLL, *the Roaring Girl.*
MARY FITZALLARD, *daughter to Sir Guy.*
MISTRESS GALLIPOT.
MISTRESS TILTYARD.
MISTRESS OPENWORK.

Scene, LONDON.

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THE ROARING GIRL.

—o—

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Room in Sir ALEXANDER WENGRAVE'S *House.*

Enter MARY FITZALLARD *disguised like a sempster, with a case for bands, and* NEATFOOT *with her, a napkin on his shoulder, and a trencher*[1] *in his hand, as from table.*

Neat. The young gentleman, our young master, sir Alexander's son, is it into his ears, sweet damsel, emblem of fragility, you desire to have a message transported, or to be transcendent?

---

[1] "At this time pewter was not introduced into common use. Our ancestors were content with wooden trenchers, and these were even to be found at the tables of our nobility and persons of good fashion. Among the orders for household servants, devised by John Haryngton, 1566, and renewed by his son, 1592, it is directed, 'That no man waite at the table without *a trencher* in his hand, except it be uppon good cause, on paine of *id.*' (*Nugæ Antiquæ*, vol. ii. p. 267, ed. 1779). See also the *Northumberland Household-Book*, p. 354. *Trenchers* are still used in some colleges and inns-of-court, particularly in Lincoln's-Inn."—*Reed.*

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Mary. A private word or two, sir; nothing else.

Neat. You shall fructify in that which you come for; your pleasure shall be satisfied to your full contentation. I will, fairest tree of generation, watch when our young master is erected, that is to say, up, and deliver him to this your most white hand.

Mary. Thanks, sir.

Neat. And withal certify him, that I have culled out for him, now his belly is replenished, a daintier bit or modicum than any lay upon his trencher at dinner. Hath he notion of your name, I beseech your chastity?

Mary. One, sir, of whom he bespake falling bands.[1]

Neat. Falling bands? it shall so be given him. If you please to venture your modesty in the hall amongst a curl-pated company of rude serving-men, and take such as they can set before you, you shall be most seriously and ingeniously[2] welcome.

Mary. I have dined[3] indeed already, sir.

Neat. Or will you vouchsafe to kiss the lip of a cup of rich Orleans in the buttery amongst our waiting-women?

Mary. Not now, in truth, sir.

---

[1] See note, vol. iii. p. 128. "In Evelyn's *Discourse on Medals*, 1697, p. 108, is the head of Charles I. crowned, in the garter-robes, and wearing *a falling band*; 'which new mode,' says Mr. Evelyn, 'succeeded the cumbersome ruff: but neither did the bishops or judges give it over so soon, the Lord Keeper Finch being, I think, the very first." —*Reed.*

[2] *Ingenious* is frequently found for *ingenuous* in old authors. Cf. *The Maid's Tragedy*, iii. 1:—

"Amintor, thou hast an *ingenious* look,
And shouldst be virtuous."

[3] Old ed. "dyed."

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Neat. Our young master shall then have a feeling of your being here; presently it shall so be given him.

Mary. I humbly thank you, sir. But that my bosom

[*Exit* NEATFOOT.

Is full of bitter sorrows, I could smile
To see this formal ape play antic tricks;
But in my breast a poison'd arrow sticks,
And smiles cannot become me. Love woven slightly,
Such as thy false heart makes, wears out as lightly;
But love being truly bred i' th' soul, like mine,
Bleeds even to death at the least wound it takes,—
The more we quench this [fire], the less it slakes:
O me!

Enter SEBASTIAN WENGRAVE *with* NEATFOOT.

Seb. A sempster speak with me, sayest thou?

Neat. Yes, sir; she's there, *viva voce* to deliver her auricular confession.

Seb. With me, sweetheart? what is't?

Mary. I have brought home your bands, sir.

Seb. Bands?—Neatfoot.

Neat. Sir?

Seb. Prithee, look in; for all the gentlemen are upon rising.

Neat. Yes, sir; a most methodical attendance shall be given.

Seb. And dost hear? if my father call for me, say I am busy with a sempster.

Neat. Yes, sir; he shall know it that you are busied with a needle-woman.

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Seb. In's ear, good Neatfoot.

Neat. It shall be so given him. [*Exit.*

Seb. Bands? you're mistaken, sweetheart, I bespake none:

When, where, I prithee? what bands? let me see them.

Mary. Yes, sir; a bond[1] fast seal'd with solemn oaths,
Subscrib'd unto, as I thought, with your soul;
Deliver'd as your deed in sight of heaven:
Is this bond cancellèd? have you forgot me?

Seb. Ha! life of my life, sir Guy Fitzallard's daughter?
What has transform'd my love to this strange shape?
Stay; make all sure [*shuts the door*]; so: now speak and be brief,
Because the wolf's at door that lies in wait
To prey upon us both. Albeit mine eyes
Are blest by thine, yet this so strange disguise
Holds me with fear and wonder.

Mary. Mine's a loath'd sight;
Why from it are you banish'd else so long?

Seb. I must cut short my speech: in broken language
Thus much, sweet Moll; I must thy company shun;
I court another Moll: my thoughts must run
As a horse runs that's blind round in a mill,
Out every step, yet keeping one path still.

Mary. Umph! must you shun my company? in one knot
Have both our hands by th' hands of heaven been tied,
Now to be broke? I thought me once your bride;

[1] The forms *bond* and *band* were used indifferently.

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Our fathers did agree on the time when:
And must another bedfellow fill my room?
Seb. Sweet maid, let's lose no time; 'tis in heaven's book
Set down, that I must have thee; an oath we took
To keep our vows: but when the knight your father
Was from mine parted, storms began to sit
Upon my covetous father's brow[s], which fell
From them on me. He reckon'd up what gold
This marriage would draw from him; at which he swore,
To lose so much blood could not grieve him more:
He then dissuades me from thee, call'd thee not fair,
And ask'd what is she but a beggar's heir?
He scorn'd thy dowry of five thousand marks.
If such a sum of money could be found,
And I would match with that, he'd not undo it,
Provided his bags might add nothing to it;
But vow'd, if I took thee, nay, more, did swear it,
Save birth, from him I nothing should inherit.
Mary. What follows then? my shipwreck?
Seb. Dearest, no:
Though wildly in a labyrinth I go,
My end is to meet thee: with a side-wind
Must I now sail, else I no haven can find,
But both must sink for ever. There's a wench
Call'd Moll, mad Moll, or merry Moll; a creature
So strange in quality, a whole city takes
Note of her name and person: all that affection
I owe to thee, on her in counterfeit passion
I spend, to mad my father: he believes

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I doat upon this Roaring Girl, and grieves
As it becomes a father for a son
That could be so bewitch'd: yet I'll go on
This crooked way, sigh still for her, feign dreams
In which I'll talk only of her: these streams
Shall, I hope, force my father to consent
That here I anchor, rather than be rent
Upon a rock so dangerous. Art thou pleas'd,
Because thou seest we're waylaid, that I take
A path that's safe, though it be far about?
Mary. My prayers with heaven guide thee!
Seb. Then I will on:
My father is at hand; kiss, and begone!
Hours shall be watch'd for meetings: I must now,
As men for fear, to a strange idol bow.
Mary. Farewell!
Seb. I'll guide thee forth: when next we meet,
A story of Moll shall make our mirth more sweet.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir ALEXANDER WENGRAVE, Sir DAVY DAPPER, Sir ADAM APPLETON, GOSHAWK, LAXTON, *and* Gentlemen.

All. Thanks, good sir Alexander, for our bounteous cheer!
S. Alex. Fie, fie, in giving thanks you pay too dear.
S. Davy. When bounty spreads the table, faith, 'twere sin,
At going off if thanks should not step in.

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S. Alex. No more of thanks, no more. Ay, marry, sir.
Th' inner room was too close: how do you like
This parlour, gentlemen?
All. O, passing well!
S. Adam. What a sweet breath the air casts here, so cool!
Gos. I like the prospect best.
Lax. See how 'tis furnish'd!
S. Davy. A very fair sweet room.
S. Alex. Sir Davy Dapper,
The furniture that doth adorn this room
Cost many a fair grey groat ere it came here;
But good things are most cheap when they're most dear.
Nay, when you look into my galleries,
How bravely they're trimm'd up, you all shall swear
You're highly pleas'd to see what's set down there:
Stories of men and women, mix'd together
Fair ones with foul, like sunshine in wet weather;
Within one square a thousand heads are laid,
So close that all of heads the room seems made;
As many faces there, fill'd with blithe looks,
Shew like the promising titles of new books
Writ merrily, the readers being their own eyes,
Which seem to move and to give plaudities;
And here and there, whilst with obsequious ears
Throng'd heaps do listen, a cut-purse thrusts and leers
With hawk's eyes for his prey; I need not shew him;
By a hanging, villanous look yourselves may know him,
The face is drawn so rarely: then, sir, below

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The very floor, as 'twere, waves to and fro,
And, like a floating island, seems to move
Upon a sea bound in with shores above.
All. These sights are excellent!
S. Alex. I'll shew you all:
Since we are met, make our parting comical.

Re-enter SEBASTIAN WENGRAVE *with* GREENWIT.

Seb. This gentleman, my friend, will take his leave, sir.
S. Alex. Ha! take his leave, Sebastian, who?
Seb. This gentleman.
S. Alex. Your love, sir, has already given me some time,
And if you please to trust my age with more,
It shall pay double interest: good sir, stay.
Green. I have been too bold.
S. Alex. Not so, sir: a merry day
'Mongst friends being spent, is better than gold sav'd.—
Some wine, some wine! Where be these knaves I keep?

Re-enter NEATFOOT *with several* Servants.

Neat. At your worshipful elbow, sir.
S. Alex. You're kissing my maids, drinking, or fast asleep.
Neat. Your worship has given it us right.
S. Alex. You varlets, stir!
Chairs, stools, and cushions!—
[Servants *bring in wine, and place chairs, &c.*

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Prithee, sir Davy Dapper,
Make that chair thine.
S. Davy. 'Tis but an easy gift;
And yet I thank you for it, sir: I'll take it.
S. Alex. A chair for old sir Adam Appleton!
Neat. A back friend to your worship.
S. Adam. Marry, good Neatfoot,
I thank thee for't; back friends sometimes are good.
S. Alex. Pray, make that stool your perch, good master Goshawk.
Gos. I stoop to your lure, sir.
S. Alex. Son Sebastian,
Take master Greenwit to you.
Seb. Sit, dear friend.
S. Alex. Nay, master Laxton—furnish master Laxton
With what he wants, a stone,—a stool, I would say,
A stool.
Lax. I had rather stand, sir.
S. Alex. I know you had, good master Laxton: so, so. [*Exeunt* NEATFOOT *and* Servants.
Now here's a mess of friends; and, gentlemen,
Because time's glass shall not be running long,
I'll quicken it with a pretty tale.
S. Davy. Good tales do well
In these bad days, where vice does so excel.
S. Adam. Begin, Sir Alexander.
S. Alex. Last day I met
An aged man, upon whose head was scor'd
A debt of just so many years as these
Which I owe to my grave: the man you all know.

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All. His name, I pray you, sir.

S. Alex. Nay, you shall pardon me:
But when he saw me, with a sigh that brake,
Or seem'd to break, his heart-strings, thus he spake:
O my good knight, says he (and then his eyes
Were richer even by that which made them poor,
They'd spent so many tears they had no more),
O sir, says he, you know it! for you ha' seen
Blessings to rain upon mine house and me:
Fortune, who slaves men, was my slave; her wheel
Hath spun me golden threads; for, I thank heaven,
I ne'er had but one cause to curse my stars.
I ask'd him then what that one cause might be.

All. So, sir.

S. Alex. He paus'd: and as we often see
A sea so much becalm'd, there can be found
No wrinkle on his brow, his waves being drown'd
In their own rage; but when th' imperious wind[s]
Use strange invisible tyranny to shake
Both heaven's and earth's foundation at their noise,
The seas, swelling with wrath to part that fray,
Rise up, and are more wild, more mad than they:
Even so this good old man was by my question
Stirr'd up to roughness; you might see his gall
Flow even in's eyes; then grew he fantastical.

S. Davy. Fantastical? ha, ha!

S. Alex. Yes; and talk['d] oddly.

S. Adam. Pray, sir, proceed:
How did this old man end?

S. Alex. Marry, sir, thus:

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He left his wild fit to read o'er his cards;
Yet then, though age cast snow on all his hairs,
He joy'd, because, says he, the god of gold
Has been to me no niggard; that disease,
Of which all old men sicken, avarice,
Never infected me——
Lax. He means not himself, I'm sure. [*Aside.*
S. Alex. For, like a lamp
Fed with continual oil, I spend and throw
My light to all that need it, yet have still
Enough to serve myself: O but, quoth he,
Though heaven's dew fall thus on this aged tree,
I have a son that,[1] like a wedge, doth cleave
My very heart-root!
S. Davy. Had he such a son?
Seb. Now I do smell a fox strongly. [*Aside.*
S. Alex. Let's see: no, master Greenwit is not yet
So mellow in years as he; but as like Sebastian,
Just like my son Sebastian, such another.
Seb. How finely, like a fencer,
My father fetches his by-blows to hit me!
But if I beat you not at your own weapon
Of subtilty—— [*Aside.*
S. Alex. This son, saith he, that should be
The column and main arch unto my house,
The crutch unto my age, becomes a whirlwind
Shaking the firm foundation.
S. Adam. 'Tis some prodigal.

[1] Old ed. "thats."

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Seb. Well shot, old Adam Bell![1] [*Aside.*

S. Alex. No city-monster neither, no prodigal,
But sparing, wary, civil, and, though wifeless,
An excellent husband; and such a traveller,
He has more tongues in his head than some have teeth.

S. Davy. I have but two in mine.

Gos. So sparing and so wary?
What, then, could vex his father so?

S. Alex. O, a woman!

Seb. A flesh-fly, that can vex any man.

S. Alex. A scurvy woman,
On whom the passionate old man swore he doated;
A creature, saith he, nature hath brought forth
To mock the sex of woman. It is a thing
One knows not how to name: her birth began
Ere she was all made: 'tis woman more than man,
Man more than woman; and, which to none can hap,
The sun gives her two shadows to one shape;
Nay, more, let this strange thing walk, stand, or sit,
No blazing star draws more eyes after it.

S. Davy. A monster! 'tis some monster!

S. Alex. She's a varlet.

Seb. Now is my cue to bristle. [*Aside.*

S. Alex. A naughty pack.[2]

---

[1] The famous outlaw, celebrated in the ballad of *Adam Bel, Clym of the Cloughe and Wyllyam of Cloudesle.*

[2] The expression "naughty pack" is hardly obsolete, as applied (like "baggage") to women. Formerly it was a term of reproach for persons of both sexes. See Nares' *Glossary.*

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Seb. 'Tis false!
S. Alex. Ha, boy?
Seb. 'Tis false!
S. Alex. What's false? I say she's naught.
Seb. I say, that tongue
That dares speak so, but yours, sticks in the throat
Of a rank villain: set yourself aside——
S. Alex. So, sir, what then?
Seb. Any here else had lied.—
I think I shall fit you. [*Aside.*
S. Alex. Lie?
Seb. Yes.
S. Davy. Doth this concern him?
S. Alex. Ah, sirrah-boy,
Is your blood heated? boils it? are you stung?
I'll pierce you deeper yet.—O my dear friends,
I am that wretched father! this that son,
That sees his ruin, yet headlong on doth run.
S. Adam. Will you love such a poison?
S. Davy. Fie, fie.
Seb. You're all mad.
S. Alex. Thou'rt sick at heart, yet feel'st it not: of all these,
What gentleman but thou, knowing his disease
Mortal, would shun the cure!—O master Greenwit,
Would you to such an idol bow?
Green. Not I, sir.
S. Alex. Here's master Laxton; has he mind to a woman
As thou hast?

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Lax. No, not I, sir.
S. Alex. Sir, I know it.
Lax. Their good parts are so rare, their bad so common,
I will have nought to do with any woman.
S. Davy. 'Tis well done, master Laxton.
S. Alex. O thou cruel boy,
Thou would'st with lust an old man's life destroy!
Because thou see'st I'm half-way in my grave,
Thou shovel'st dust upon me: would thou might'st have
Thy wish, most wicked, most unnatural!
S. Davy. Why, sir, 'tis thought sir Guy Fitzallard's daughter
Shall wed your son Sebastian.
S. Alex. Sir Davy Dapper,
I have upon my knees woo'd this fond [1] boy
To take that virtuous maiden.
Seb. Hark you; a word, sir.
You on your knees have curs'd that virtuous maiden,
And me for loving her; yet do you now
Thus baffle [2] me to my face: wear not your knees
In such entreats; give me Fitzallard's daughter.
S. Alex. I'll give thee rats-bane rather.
Seb. Well, then, you know
What dish I mean to feed upon.

---

[1] Foolish.

[2] Mock, insult. "*Baffle* was originally a punishment of infamy, inflicted on recreant knights, one part of which was hanging them up by the heels. In French *bafouer* or *baffoler*."—*Nares.*

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S. Alex. Hark, gentlemen! he swears
To have this cut-purse drab, to spite my gall.
All. Master Sebastian——
Seb. I am deaf to you all.
I'm so bewitch'd, so bound to my desires,
Tears, prayers, threats, nothing can quench out those fires
That burn within me. [*Exit.*
S. Alex. Her blood shall quench it, then.— [*Aside.*
Lose him not; O dissuade him, gentlemen!
S. Davy. He shall be wean'd, I warrant you.
S. Alex. Before his eyes
Lay down his shame, my grief, his miseries.
All. No more, no more; away!
[*Exeunt all but* Sir ALEX. WENGRAVE.
S. Alex. I wash a negro,
Losing both pains and cost: but take thy flight,
I'll be most near thee when I'm least in sight.
Wild buck, I'll hunt thee breathless: thou shalt run on,
But I will turn thee when I'm not thought upon.—

Enter TRAPDOOR *with a letter.*

Now, sirrah, what are you? leave your ape's tricks, and speak.
Trap. A letter from my captain to your worship.
S. Alex. O, O, now I remember; 'tis to prefer thee into my service.
Trap. To be a shifter under your worship's nose of a clean trencher, when there's a good bit upon't.

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S. Alex. Troth, honest fellow—Hum—ha—let me see—
This knave shall be the axe to hew that down
At which I stumble; has a face that promiseth
Much of a villain: I will grind his wit,
And, if the edge prove fine, make use of it. [*Aside.*
Come hither, sirrah: canst thou be secret, ha?

Trap. As two crafty attorneys plotting the undoing of their clients.

S. Alex. Did'st never, as thou'st walk'd about this town,
Hear of a wench call'd Moll, mad, merry Moll?

Trap. Moll Cutpurse, sir?

S. Alex. The same; dost thou know her, then?

Trap. As well as I know 'twill rain upon Simon and Jude's day next: I will sift all the taverns i' th' city, and drink half pots with all the water-men[1] a' th' Bank-side, but, if you will, sir, I'll find her out.

S. Alex. That task is easy; do't then: hold thy hand up.
What's this? is't burnt?[2]

Trap. No, sir, no; a little singed with making fire-works.

S. Alex. There's money, spend it; that being spent, fetch more. [*Gives money.*

Trap. O sir, that all the poor soldiers in England

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[1] "Taylor the water-poet asserts, that at this time, between Windsor and Gravesend, there were not fewer than forty thousand water-men."—*Reed.*

[2] Criminals were branded in the hand.

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had such a leader! For fetching, no water-spaniel is like me.

S. Alex. This wench we speak of strays so from her kind,
Nature repents she made her: 'tis a mermaid
Has tol'd my son to shipwreck.

Trap. I'll cut her comb for you.

S. Alex. I'll tell out gold for thee, then. Hunt her forth,
Cast out a line hung full of silver hooks
To catch her to thy company: deep spendings
May draw her that's most chaste to a man's bosom.

Trap. The gingling of golden bells, and a good fool with a hobbyhorse, will draw all the whores i' th' town to dance in a morris.

S. Alex. Or rather, for that's best (they say sometimes
She goes in breeches), follow her as her man.

Trap. And when her breeches are off, she shall follow me.

S. Alex. Beat all thy brains to serve her.

Trap. Zounds, sir, as country wenches beat cream till butter comes.

S. Alex. Play thou the subtle spider; weave fine nets
To ensnare her very life.

Trap. Her life?

S. Alex. Yes; suck
Her heart-blood, if thou canst: twist thou but cords
To catch her, I'll find law to hang her up.

Trap. Spoke like a worshipful bencher!

S. Alex. Trace all her steps: at this she-fox's den

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Watch what lambs enter; let me play the shepherd
To save their throats from bleeding, and cut hers.
Trap. This is the goll [1] shall do't.
S. Alex. Be firm, and gain me
Ever thine own: this done, I entertain thee.
How is thy name?
Trap. My name, sir, is Ralph Trapdoor, honest Ralph.
S. Alex. Trapdoor, be like thy name, a dangerous step
For her to venture on; but unto me——
Trap. As fast as your sole to your boot or shoe, sir.
S. Alex. Hence, then; be little seen here as thou canst;
I'll still be at thine elbow.
Trap. The trapdoor's set.
Moll, if you budge, you're gone: this me shall crown;
A roaring boy the roaring girl puts down.
S. Alex. God-a-mercy, lose no time. [*Exeunt.*

[1] A cant term for hand.

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ACT II.

SCENE I.

Three Shops open in a rank: the first an Apothecary's Shop, the next a Feather-shop, the third a Sempster's Shop; MISTRESS GALLIPOT *in the first,* MISTRESS TILTYARD *in the next,* OPENWORK *and* MISTRESS OPENWORK *in the third.*

Enter LAXTON, GOSHAWK, *and* GREENWIT.

Mis. Open. Gentlemen, what is't you lack? what is't you buy? see fine bands and ruffs, fine lawns, fine cambrics: what is't you lack, gentlemen? what is't you buy?

Lax. Yonder's the shop.

Gos. Is that she?

Lax. Peace.

Green. She that minces tobacco?[1]

---

[1] "When this play was written tobacco was sold by apothecaries:

'Or in th' Apothicaryes shop bee seene
To wrap Druggs, or to dry Tobacco in.'

Certain Elegies, with [Fitz Geffrey's] Satyrs and Epigrams, 1620, sig. G 4."—*Dyce.*

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Lax. Ay; she's a gentlewoman born, I can tell you, though it be her hard fortune now to shred Indian pot-herbs.

Gos. O sir, 'tis many a good woman's fortune, when her husband turns bankrout,[1] to begin with pipes and set up again.

Lax. And, indeed, the raising of the woman is the lifting up of the man's head at all times; if one flourish, t'other will bud as fast, I warrant ye.

Gos. Come, thou'rt familiarly acquainted there, I grope that.

Lax. And you grope no better i' th' dark, you may chance lie i' th' ditch when you're drunk.

Gos. Go, thou'rt a mystical lecher!

Lax. I will not deny but my credit may take up an ounce of pure smoke.

Gos. May take up an ell of pure smock! away, go! Tis the closest striker![2] life, I think he commits venery 'forty foot deep; no man's aware on't. I, like a palpable smockster, go to work so openly with the tricks of art, that I'm as apparently seen as a naked boy in a phial;[3] and were it not for a gift of treachery that I have in me, to betray my friend when he puts most trust in me—mass, yonder he is too!—and by his injury to make good my access to her, I should appear as defective in courting as a farmer's son the first day of his feather, that doth nothing at court but woo the hangings and glass windows

[1] Old form of *bankrupt.*
[2] Wencher.
[3] "I suppose he means an abortion preserved in spirits."—*Steevens.*

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for a month together, and some broken waiting-women for ever after. I find those imperfections in my venery, that were't not for flattery and falsehood, I should want discourse and impudence; and he that wants impudence among women is worthy to be kicked out at bed's feet. He shall not see me yet. [*Aside.*

Green. Troth, this is finely shred.

Lax. O, women are the best mincers.

Mis. G. 'Thad been a good phrase for a cook's wife, sir.

Lax. But 'twill serve generally, like the front of a new almanac, as thus:—calculated for the meridian of cooks' wives, but generally for all English women.

Mis. G. Nay, you shall ha't, sir; I have filled it for you. [*She puts it to the fire.*

Lax. The pipe's in a good hand, and I wish mine always so.

Green. But not to be used a' that fashion.

Lax. O, pardon me, sir, I understand no French. I pray, be covered. Jack, a pipe of rich smoke!

Gos. Rich smoke? that's sixpence a pipe, is't?

Green. To me, sweet lady.

Mis. G. Be not forgetful; respect my credit; seem strange: art and wit makes a fool of suspicion; pray, be wary.

Lax. Push! I warrant you.—Come, how is't, gallants?

Green. Pure and excellent.

Lax. I thought 'twas good, you were grown so silent: you are like those that love not to talk at victuals, though they make a worse noise i' th' nose than a common

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fiddler's 'prentice, and discourse a whole supper with snuffling.—I must speak a word with you anon.

Mis. G. Make your way wisely, then.

Gos. O, what else, sir? he's perfection itself; full of manners, but not an acre of ground belonging to 'em.

Green. Ay, and full of form; has ne'er a good stool in's chamber.

Gos. But above all, religious; he preyeth daily upon elder brothers.

Green. And valiant above measure; has run three streets from a sergeant.

Lax. Puh, puh. [*He blows tobacco in their faces.*

Green. O, puh!

Gos. Ho, ho!

Lax. So, so.

Mis. G. What's the matter now, sir?

Lax. I protest I'm in extreme want of money; if you can supply me now with any means, you do me the greatest pleasure, next to the bounty of your love, as ever poor gentleman tasted.

Mis. G. What's the sum would pleasure ye, sir? though you deserve nothing less at my hands.

Lax. Why, 'tis but for want of opportunity, thou knowest.—I put her off with opportunity still: by this light, I hate her, but for means to keep me in fashion with gallants; for what I take from her, I spend upon other wenches; bear her in hand[1] still: she has wit enough to rob her husband, and I ways enough to

[1] "Bear in hand" = keep in expectation.

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consume the money. [*Aside.*]—Why, how now? what, the chincough?[1]

Gos. Thou hast the cowardliest trick to come before a man's face, and strangle him ere he be aware! I could find in my heart to make a quarrel in earnest.

Lax. Pox, and thou dost—thou knowest I never use to fight with my friends—thou'lt but lose thy labour in't. —Jack Dapper!

Enter JACK DAPPER *and* GULL.

Green. Monsieur Dapper, I dive down to your ankles.

J. Dap. Save ye, gentlemen, all three in a peculiar salute.

Gos. He were ill to make a lawyer; he despatches three at once.

Lax. So, well said.—But is this[2] of the same tobacco, mistress Gallipot?

Mis. G. The same you had at first, sir.

Lax. I wish it no better: this will serve to drink[3] at my chamber.

Gos. Shall we taste a pipe on't?

Lax. Not of this by my troth, gentlemen, I have sworn before you.

Gos. What, not Jack Dapper?

Lax. Pardon me, sweet Jack; I'm sorry I made such

---

[1] Whooping-cough.

[2] "She gives him money, and he pretends that he receives only tobacco from Mrs. Gallipot."—*Collier.*

[3] "Drink tobacco" = smoke. The expression is very common.

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a rash oath, but foolish oaths must stand: where art going, Jack?

J. Dap. Faith to buy one feather.

Lax. One feather? the fool's peculiar still. [*Aside.*

J. Dap. Gull.

Gull. Master? 122

J. Dap. Here's three halfpence[1] for your ordinary, boy; meet me an hour hence in Paul's.

Gull. How? three single halfpence? life, this will scarce serve a man in sauce, a halp'orth of mustard, a halp'orth of oil, and a halp'orth of vinegar,—what's left then for the pickle herring? This shows like small beer i' th' morning after a great surfeit of wine o'ernight: he could spend his three pound last night in a supper amongst girls and brave bawdyhouse boys: I thought his pockets cackled not for nothing: these are the eggs of three pound, I'll go sup 'em up presently. 133

[*Aside, and exit.*

Lax. Eight, nine, ten angels: good wench, i'faith, and one that loves darkness well; she puts out a candle with the best tricks of any drugster's wife in England: but that which mads her, I rail upon opportunity still, and take no notice on't. The other night she would needs lead me into a room with a candle in her hand to show me a naked picture, where no sooner entered, but the

---

[1] In Middleton's *Father Hubburd's Tales* mention is made of a *three halfpenny ordinary*:—"And being almost upon dinner-time we hied us and took our repast at thrifty mother Walker's, where we found a whole nest of pinching batchelors, crowded together upon forms and benches in that most worshipful three halfpenny ordinary."

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candle was sent of an errand: now, I not intending to understand her, but, like a puny[1] at the inns of venery, called for another light innocently; thus reward I all her cunning with simple mistaking. I know she cozens her husband to keep me, and I'll keep her honest as long as I can, to make the poor man some part of amends. An honest mind of a whoremaster! how think you amongst you? What, a fresh pipe? draw in a third man?

Gos. No, you're a hoarder, you engross by the ounces.

[*At the feather-shop.*

J. Dap. Pooh, I like it not.

Mis. T. What feather is't you'd have, sir?
These are most worn and most in fashion:
Amongst the beaver gallants, the stone riders,
The private stage's audience, the twelvepenny-stool gentlemen,[2]
I can inform you 'tis the general feather.

J. Dap. And therefore I mislike it: tell me of general!
Now, a continual Simon and Jude's rain
Beat all your feathers as flat down as pancakes!
Show me—a—spangled feather.

Mis. T. O, to go a-feasting with;
You'd have it for a hench-boy,[3] you shall.

[*At the sempster's shop.*

Open. Mass, I had quite forgot!

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[1] *Puny* was a term for an Oxford freshman or a newly-entered student at the Inns-of-Court.

[2] See note 2, vol. iii. p. 347. Sixpence was the ordinary price for the use of a stool.

[3] Page.

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His honour's footman was here last night, wife;
Ha' you done with my lord's shirt?
Mis. O. What's that to you, sir?
I was this morning at his honour's lodging,
Ere such a snake as you crept out of your shell.
Open. O, 'twas well done, good wife!
Mis. O. I hold it better, sir,
Than if you had done't yourself.
Open. Nay, so say I:
But is the countess's smock almost done, mouse?[1]
Mis. O. Here lies the cambric, sir; but wants, I fear me.
Open. I'll resolve you of that presently.
Mis. O. Heyday! O audacious groom!
Dare you presume to noble women's linen?
Keep you your yard to measure shepherds' holland:
I must confine you, I see that.
[*At the tobacco-shop.*
Gos. What say you to this gear?
Lax. I dare the arrant'st critic in tobacco
To lay one fault upon't.

Enter MOLL *in a frieze jerkin and a black saveguard.*[2]

Gos. Life, yonder's Moll!
Lax. Moll! which Moll?
Gos. Honest Moll.

[1] A term of endearment.
[2] An outer petticoat worn over the other clothes to protect them from the dirt; the ordinary riding-dress of women.

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Lax. Prithee, let's call her.—Moll!

Gos.[1] Moll, Moll!

Green. Pist, Moll!

Moll. How now? what's the matter?

Gos. A pipe of good tobacco, Moll?

Moll. I cannot stay.

Gos. Nay, Moll, pooh, prithee, hark; but one word, i'faith.

Moll. Well, what is't?

Green. Prithee, come hither, sirrah.

Lax. Heart, I would give but too much money to be nibbling with that wench! life, sh'as the spirit of four great parishes, and a voice that will drown all the city! Methinks a brave captain might get all his soldiers upon her, and ne'er be beholding to a company of Mile End[2] milksops, if he could come on and come off quick enough: such a Moll were a marrow-bone before an Italian; he would cry *buona roba* till his ribs were nothing but bone. I'll lay hard siege to her: money is that aquafortis that eats into many a maidenhead; where the walls are flesh and blood, I'll ever pierce through with a golden augre. [*Aside.*

Gos. Now, thy judgment, Moll? is't not good?

Moll. Yes, faith, 'tis very good tobacco.—How do you sell an ounce?—Farewell.—God b'i' you, mistress Gallipot.

---

[1] *Gos.* Moll, Moll! / *Green.* Pist, Moll! } One speech in old ed. with the prefix "*All.*"

[2] The city trained-bands were exercised at Mile End. Among the ballads mentioned in Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas* (iii. 3) is *The Landing of the Spaniards at Bow, with the Bloody Battle at Mile End.*

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Gos. Why, Moll, Moll!

Moll. I cannot stay now, i'faith: I am going to buy a shag-ruff; the shop will be shut in presently.

Gos. 'Tis the maddest fantasticalest girl! I never knew so much flesh and so much nimbleness put together.

Lax. She slips from one company to another, like a fat eel between a Dutchman's fingers.—I'll watch my time for her. [*Aside.*

Mis. G. Some will not stick to say she is a man. And some, both man and woman.

Lax. That were excellent: she might first cuckold the husband, and then make him do as much for the wife. [*At the feather-shop.*

Moll. Save you; how does mistress Tiltyard?

J. Dap. Moll!

Moll. Jack Dapper!

J. Dap. How dost, Moll?

Moll. I'll tell thee by and by; I go but to th' next shop.

J. Dap. Thou shalt find me here this hour about a feather.

Moll. Nay, and a feather hold you in play a whole hour, a goose will last you all the days of your life.—Let me see a good shag-ruff. [*At the sempster's shop.*

Open. Mistress Mary, that shalt thou, i'faith, and the best in the shop.

Mis. O. How now? greetings! love-terms, with a pox, between you! have I found out one of your haunts? I send you for hollands, and you're i' th' low countries

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with a mischief. I'm served with good ware by th' shift; that makes it lie dead so long upon my hands: I were as good shut up shop, for when I open it I take nothing.

Open. Nay, and you fall a-ringing once, the devil cannot stop you.—I'll out of the belfrey as fast as I can, Moll. [*Retires.*

Miss. O. Get you from my shop!

Moll. I come to buy.

Mis. O. I'll sell ye nothing; I warn ye my house and shop.

Moll. You, goody Openwork, you that prick out a poor living,
And sews many a bawdy skin-coat together;
Thou private pandress between shirt and smock;
I wish thee for a minute but a man,
Thou shouldst ne'er use more shapes; but as thou art,
I pity my revenge. Now my spleen's up,
I would not mock it willingly.—

Enter a Fellow, *with a long rapier by his side.*

Ha! be thankful;
Now I forgive thee.

Mis. O. Marry, hang thee, I never asked forgiveness in my life.

Moll. You, goodman swine's face!

Fel. What, will you murder me?

Moll. You remember, slave, how you abused me t'other night in a tavern.

Fel. Not I, by this light!

Moll. No, but by candle-light you did: you have tricks

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to save your oaths; reservations have you? and I have reserved somewhat for you [*strikes him*]. As you like that, call for more; you know the sign again.

Fel. Pox on't, had I brought any company along with me to have borne witness on't, 'twould ne'er have grieved me; but to be struck and nobody by, 'tis my ill fortune still. Why, tread upon a worm, they say 'twill turn tail; but indeed a gentleman should have more manners. [*Aside, and exit.*

Lax. Gallantly performed, i'faith, Moll, and manfully! I love thee for ever for't: base rogue, had he offered but the least counter-buff, by this hand, I was prepared for him!

Moll. You prepared for him? why should you be prepared for him? was he any more than a man?

Lax. No, nor so much by a yard and a handful, London measure.

Moll. Why do you speak this then? do you think I cannot ride a stone-horse, unless one lead him by th' snaffle?

Lax. Yes, and sit him bravely; I know thou canst, Moll: 'twas but an honest mistake through love, and I'll make amends for't anyway. Prithee, sweet, plump Moll, when shall thou and I go out a' town together?

Moll. Whither? to Tyburn, prithee?

Lax. Mass, that's out a' town indeed: thou hangest so many jests upon thy friends still! I mean honestly to Brainford,[1] Staines, or Ware.

[1] Brentford. It was a noted place for assignations, as were Staines and Ware.

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Moll. What to do there?

Lax. Nothing but be merry and lie together: I'll hire a coach with four horses.

Moll. I thought 'twould be a beastly journey. You may leave out one well; three horses will serve, if I play the jade myself.

Lax. Nay, push, thou'rt such another kicking wench! Prithee, be kind, and let's meet.

Moll. 'Tis hard but we shall meet, sir.

Lax. Nay, but appoint the place then; there's ten angels in fair gold, Moll: you see I do not trifle with you; do but say thou wilt meet me, and I'll have a coach ready for thee.

Moll. Why, here's my hand, I'll meet you, sir.

Lax. O good gold! [*Aside.*]—The place, sweet Moll?

Moll. It shall be your appointment.

Lax. Somewhat near Holborn, Moll.

Moll. In Gray's-Inn-Fields then.

Lax. A match.

Moll. I'll meet you there.

Lax. The hour?

Moll. Three.

Lax. That will be time enough to sup at Brainford.

Open. I am of such a nature, sir, I cannot endure the house when she scolds: sh'as a tongue will be heard further in a still morning than Saint Antling's bell.[1]

[1] See note 1, vol. i. p. 313 "At St. Antholin's church there used to be a lecture early in the morning, which was much frequented by the Puritans of the times."—*Reed.*

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She rails upon me for foreign wenching, that I being a freeman must needs keep a whore i' th' suburbs, and seek to impoverish the liberties. When we fall out, I trouble you still to make all whole with my wife.

Gos. No trouble at all; 'tis a pleasure to me to join things together.

Open. Go thy ways, I do this but to try thy honesty, Goshawk. [*Aside.*] [*At the feather-shop.*

J. Dap. How likest thou this, Moll?

Moll. O, singularly; you're fitted now for a bunch.—He looks for all the world, with those spangled feathers, like a nobleman's bed-post. The purity of your wench would I fain try; she seems like Kent[1] unconquered, and, I believe, as many wiles are in her. O, the gallants of these times are shallow lechers! they put not their courtship home enough to a wench: 'tis impossible to know what woman is throughly honest, because she's ne'er thoroughly tried; I am of that certain belief, there are more queans in this town of their own making than of any man's provoking: where lies the slackness then? many a poor soul would down, and there's nobody will push 'em:

Women are courted, but ne'er soundly tried,
As many walk in spurs that never ride. [*Aside.*

[*At the sempster's shop.*

Mis. O. O, abominable!

Gos. Nay, more, I tell you in private, he keeps a whore i' th' suburbs.

[1] See De Vaynes' *Kentish Garland*, pp. 1–5 ("William the Conqueror and the Kentish men").

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Mis. O. O spittle[1] dealing! I came to him a gentlewoman born: I'll show you mine arms when you please, sir.

Gos. I had rather see your legs, and begin that way.

[*Aside.*

Mis. O. 'Tis well known he took me from a lady's service, where I was well beloved of the steward: I had my Latin tongue, and a spice of the French, before I came to him; and now doth he keep a suburbian whore under my nostrils?

Gos. There's ways enough to cry quit with him: hark in thine ear. [*Whispers her.*

Mis. O. There's a friend worth a million!

Moll. I'll try one spear against your chastity, mistress Tiltyard, though it prove too short by the burgh.[2]

[*Aside.*

Enter TRAPDOOR.

Trap. Mass, here she is: I'm bound already to serve her, though it be but a sluttish trick. [*Aside.*]—Bless my hopeful young mistress with long life and great limbs; send her the upper hand of all bailiffs and their hungry adherents!

Moll. How now? what art thou?

---

[1] *Spittle* or *spital* = hospital (originally for lazars; afterwards for maimed whores).

[2] "The *burre* is a broad ring of iron behind the handle [of a tilting lance], which burre is brought into the suffiue or rest, when the tilter is ready to run against his enemy, or prepareth himself to combate or encounter his adverse party."—R. Holme's *Acad. of Armoury*, cited by Nares, *Gloss.* in v.

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Trap. A poor ebbing gentleman, that would gladly wait for the young flood of your service.

Moll. My service? what should move you to offer your service to me, sir?

Trap. The love I bear to your heroic spirit and masculine womanhood.

Moll. So, sir! put case we should retain you to us, what parts are there in you for a gentlewoman's service?

Trap. Of two kinds, right worshipful; moveable and immoveable—moveable to run of errands, and immoveable to stand when you have occasion to use me.

Moll. What strength have you?

Trap. Strength, mistress Moll? I have gone up into a steeple, and stayed the great bell as't has been ringing; stopt a windmill going——

Moll. And never struck down yourself?

Trap. Stood as upright as I do at this present.

[MOLL *trips up his heels.*

Moll. Come, I pardon you for this; it shall be no disgrace to you: I have struck up the heels of the high German's[1] size ere now. What, not stand?

Trap. I am of that nature, where I love, I'll be at my mistress' foot to do her service.

Moll. Why, well said; but say your mistress should

---

[1] Nares quotes from Dekker's *Owle's Almanacke*, 1618, p. 6:—"Since the *German fencer* cudgelled most of our English fencers now about five months past." Cf. Samuel Rowley's *Noble Soldier*, ii. 1:—"Shall I be that *German fencer* and beat all the knocking boys before me?" (*Old Plays*, ed. Bullen, i. 286.) See also Gifford's *Shirley*, iii. 407.

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receive injury, have you the spirit of fighting in you? durst you second her?

Trap. Life, I have kept a bridge myself, and drove seven at a time before me!

Moll. Ay?

Trap. But they were all Lincolnshire bullocks, by my troth. [*Aside.*

Moll. Well, meet me in Gray's Inn Fields between three and four this afternoon, and, upon better consideration, we'll retain you.

Trap. I humbly thank your good mistresship.—
I'll crack your neck for this kindness. [*Aside, and exit.*

Lax. Remember three. [MOLL *meets* LAXTON, *and*

Moll. Nay, if I fail you, hang me.

Lax. Good wench, i'faith!

Moll. Who's this? [*then* OPENWORK.

Open. 'Tis I, Moll.

Moll. Prithee, tend thy shop and prevent bastards.

Open. We'll have a pint of the same wine,[1] i'faith, Moll. [*Exit with* MOLL.] [*Bell rings.*

Gos. Hark, the bell rings! come, gentlemen. Jack Dapper, where shall's all munch?

J. Dap. I am for Parker's ordinary.

Lax. He's a good guest to'm, he deserves his board; he draws all the gentlemen in a term-time thither. We'll be your followers, Jack; lead the way.—Look you, by my faith, the fool has feathered his nest well.

[*Exeunt* JACK DAPPER, LAXTON, GOSHAWK, *and* GREENWIT.

[1] Bastard.—See note 2, vol. iii. p. 272.

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Enter GALLIPOT, TILTYARD, *and* Servants, *with water-spaniels and a duck.*

Tilt. Come, shut up your shops. Where's master Openwork?

Mis. G. Nay, ask not me, master Tiltyard.

Tilt. Where's his water-dog? puh—pist—hur—hur—pist!

Gal. Come, wenches, come; we're going all to Hogsdon.[1]

Mis. G. To Hogsdon, husband?

Gal. Ay, to Hogsdon, pigsnie.[2] 420

Mis. G. I'm not ready, husband.

Gal. Faith, that's well—hum—pist—pist.—

[*Spits in the dog's mouth.*

Come, mistress Openwork, you are so long!

Mis. O. I have no joy of my life, master Gallipot.

Gal. Push,[3] let your boy lead his water-spaniel along, and we'll show you the bravest sport at Parlous Pond.[4]—

---

[1] Hogsdon (Hoxton) was a favourite resort of holiday-makers; the apprentices went there with their sweethearts to eat plum-cakes and custards (as we learn from Glapthorne, Shirley, Jasper Mayne, &c.)

[2] Diminutive of *pig*. A common term of endearment.

[3] Pish.

[4] "This, I imagine, is the same place now called *Peerless Pool*. It is situated near the Old-street Road, and was formerly a spring that, overflowing its banks, caused a very dangerous pond, which, from the number of persons who lost their lives there, obtained the name of *Perilous Pool*. To prevent these accidents, it was in a manner filled up until the year 1743, when it was enclosed, and converted into a bathing-place."—*Reed.*

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Hey, Trug, hey, Trug, hey, Trug![1] here's the best duck in England, except my wife; hey, hey, hey! fetch, fetch, fetch!—
Come let's away:
Of all the year this is the sportful'st day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter SEBASTIAN WENGRAVE.

Seb. If a man have a free will, where should the use
More perfect shine than in his will to love?
All creatures have their liberty in that.

Enter behind Sir ALEXANDER WENGRAVE *listening.*

Though else kept under servile yoke and fear;
The very bond-slave has his freedom there.
Amongst a world of creatures voic'd and silent,
Must my desires wear fetters?—Yea, are you
So near? then I must break with my heart's truth,
Meet grief at a back way.—Well: why, suppose
The two-leav'd[2] tongues of slander or of truth

[1] "I suppose *Trug* is the name of the spaniel whom he is sending into the water to hunt ducks; or else that he means to say *trudge, trudge.*" —*Steevens.* The first explanation seems the more probable.

[2] "Old ed. '*two leaud tongues.*' The last editor of Dodsley's *Old Plays* printed 'two lewd tongues,'—*leaud* being, as he thinks, the old spelling of *lewd.* Qy. '*two* loud?'"—*Dyce.* The reading of the old ed. is intelligible.

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Pronounce Moll loathsome; if before my love
She appear fair, what injury have I?
I have the thing I like: in all things else
Mine own eye guides me, and I find 'em prosper.
Life! what should ail it now? I know that man
Ne'er truly loves,—if he gainsay't he lies,—
That winks and marries with his father's eyes:
I'll keep mine own wide open.

Enter MOLL *and a* Porter *with a viol on his back.*

S. Alex. Here's brave wilfulness!
A made match! here she comes; they met a' purpose.
[*Aside.*

Por. Must I carry this great fiddle to your chamber, mistress Mary? 21

Moll. Fiddle, goodman hog-rubber?[1] Some of these porters bear so much for others, they have no time to carry wit for themselves.

Por. To your own chamber, mistress Mary?

Moll. Who'll hear an ass speak? whither else, goodman pageant-bearer? They're people of the worst memories! [*Exit* Porter.

Seb. Why, 'twere too great a burden, love, to have them
Carry things in their minds and a' their backs together.

Moll. Pardon me, sir, I thought not you so near. 31

S. Alex. So, so, so! [*Aside.*

Seb. I would be nearer to thee, and in that fashion

[1] This word occurs in Webster's *Devil's Law-Case*, iv. 1.

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That makes the best part of all creatures honest:
No otherwise I wish it.

Moll. Sir, I am so poor to requite you, you must look for nothing but thanks of me: I have no humour to marry; I love to lie a' both sides a' th' bed myself: and again, a' th' other side, a wife, you know, ought to be obedient, but I fear me I am too headstrong to obey; therefore I'll ne'er go about it. I love you so well, sir, for your good will, I'd be loath you should repent your bargain after; and therefore we'll ne'er come together at first. I have the head now of myself, and am ~~man~~ enough for a woman: marriage is but a chopping and changing, where a maiden loses one head, and has a worse i' th' place. 47

S. Alex. The most comfortablest answer from a roaring girl
That ever mine ears drunk in! [*Aside.*

Seb. This were enough
Now to affright a fool for ever from thee,
When 'tis the music that I love thee for.

S. Alex. There's a boy spoils all again! [*Aside.*

Moll. Believe it, sir, I am not of that disdainful temper but I could love you faithfully.

S. Alex. A pox on you for that word! I like you not now.
You're a cunning roarer, I see that already. [*Aside.*

Moll. But sleep upon this once more, sir; you may chance shift a mind to-morrow: be not too hasty to wrong yourself; never while you live, sir, take a wife running; many have run out at heels that have done't.

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You see, sir, I speak against myself; and if every woman would deal with their suitor so honestly, poor younger brothers would not be so often gulled with old cozening widows, that turn o'er all their wealth in trust to some kinsman, and make the poor gentleman work hard for a pension. Fare you well, sir. 66

Seb. Nay, prithee, one word more.

S. Alex. How do I wrong this girl! she puts him off still. [*Aside.*

Moll. Think upon this in cold blood, sir: you make as much haste as if you were a-going upon a sturgeon voyage. Take deliberation, sir; never choose a wife as if you were going to Virginia.[1]

Seb. And[2] so we parted: my too-cursed fate!

S. Alex. She is but cunning, gives him longer time in't. [*Aside.*

Enter Tailor.

Tai. Mistress Moll, mistress Moll! so ho, ho, so ho!

Moll. There, boy, there, boy! what dost thou go a-hawking after me with a red clout on thy finger? 77

Tai. I forgot to take measure on you for your new breeches.

S. Alex. Hoyda, breeches? what, will he marry a monster with two trinkets? what age is this! if the wife go in breeches, the man must wear long coats[3] like a fool. [*Aside.*

---

1 "Great efforts were used about this time to settle Virginia."—*Reed.*

2 "A quotation, probably."—*Dyce.*

3 "*i.e.* petticoats: in some parts of Scotland they are still [?] worn by male idiots of the lowest class."—*Dyce.*

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Moll. What fiddling's here! would not the old pattern have served your turn?

Tai. You change the fashion: you say you'll have the great Dutch slop,[1] mistress Mary.

Moll. Why, sir, I say so still.

Tai. Your breeches, then, will take up a yard more.

Moll. Well, pray, look it be put in then.

Tai. It shall stand round and full, I warrant you.

Moll. Pray, make 'em easy enough.

Tai. I know my fault now, t'other was somewhat stiff between the legs; I'll make these open enough, I warrant you.

S. Alex. Here's good gear towards![2] I have brought up my son to marry a Dutch slop and a French doublet; a codpiece daughter! [*Aside.*

Tai. So, I have gone as far as I can go.

Moll. Why, then, farewell.

Tai. If you go presently to your chamber, mistress Mary, pray, send me the measure of your thigh by some honest body.

Moll. Well, sir, I'll send it by a porter presently. [*Exit.*

Tai. So you had need, it is a lusty one; both of them would make any porter's back ache in England. [*Exit.*

Seb. I have examin'd the best part of man,
Reason and judgment; and in love, they tell me,
They leave me uncontroll'd: he that is sway'd
By an unfeeling blood, past heat of love,

[1] Wide loose breeches.

[2] "Good gear towards" = fine business at hand.

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His spring-time must needs err; his watch ne'er goes right
That sets his dial by a rusty clock.
S. Alex. [*coming forward.*] So; and which is that rusty clock, sir, you?
Seb. The clock at Ludgate, sir; it ne'er goes true.
S. Alex. But thou go'st falser; not thy father's cares
Can keep thee right: when that insensible work
Obeys the workman's art, lets off the hour,
And stops again when time is satisfied:
But thou runn'st on; and judgment, thy main wheel,
Beats by all stops, as if the work would break,
Begun with long pains for a minute's ruin:
Much like a suffering man brought up with care,
At last bequeath'd to shame and a short prayer.
Seb. I taste you bitterer than I can deserve, sir.
S. Alex. What has bewitch['d] thee, son? what devil or drug
Hath wrought upon the weakness of thy blood,
And betray'd all her hopes to ruinous folly?
O, wake from drowsy and enchanted shame,
Wherein thy soul sits, with a golden dream
Flatter'd and poison'd! I am old, my son;
O, let me prevail quickly!
For I have weightier business of mine own
Than to chide thee: I must not to my grave
As a drunkard to his bed, whereon he lies
Only to sleep, and never cares to rise:
Let me despatch in time; come no more near her.
Seb. Not honestly? not in the way of marriage?

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S. Alex. What sayst thou? marriage? in what place? the Sessions-house?
And who shall give the bride, prithee? an indictment?
Seb. Sir, now ye take part with the world to wrong her.
S. Alex. Why, wouldst thou fain marry to be pointed at?
Alas, the number's great! do not o'erburden't.
Why, as good marry a beacon on a hill,
Which all the country fix their eyes upon,
As her thy folly doats on. If thou long'st
To have the story of thy infamous fortunes
Serve for discourse in ordinaries and taverns,
Thou'rt in the way; or to confound thy name,
Keep on, thou canst not miss it; or to strike
Thy wretched father to untimely coldness,
Keep the left hand still, it will bring thee to't.
Yet, if no tears wrung from thy father's eyes,
Nor sighs that fly in sparkles from his sorrows,
Had power to alter what is wilful in thee,
Methinks her very name should fright thee from her,
And never trouble me.
Seb. Why, is the name of Moll so fatal, sir?
S. Alex. Many one, sir, where suspect is enter'd;
For, seek all London from one end to t'other,
More whores of that name than of any ten other.
Seb. What's that to her? let those blush for themselves:
Can any guilt in others condemn her?
I've vow'd to love her: let all storms oppose me

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That ever beat against the breast of man,
Nothing but death's black tempest shall divide us.
S. Alex. O, folly that can doat on nought but shame!
Seb. Put case, a wanton itch runs through one name
More than another; is that name the worse,
Where honesty sits possest in't? it should rather
Appear more excellent, and deserve more praise,
When through foul mists a brightness it can raise.
Why, there are of the devils honest gentlemen
And well descended, keep an open house,
And some a' th' good man's[1] that are arrant knaves.
He hates unworthily that by rote contemns,
For the name neither saves nor yet condemns;
And for her honesty, I've made such proof on't
In several forms, so nearly watch'd her ways,
I will maintain that strict against an army,
Excepting you, my father. Here's her worst,
Sh'as a bold spirit that mingles with mankind,
But nothing else comes near it: and oftentimes
Through her apparel somewhat shames her birth;
But she is loose in nothing but in mirth:
Would all Molls were no worse!
S. Alex. This way I toil in vain, and give but aim[2]
To infamy and ruin: he will fall;
My blessing cannot stay him: all my joys
Stand at the brink of a devouring flood,

[1] "This seems to be an allusion to the proverbial saying, 'God's a good man:' see *Much ado about Nothing*, act iii. sc. 5, Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol. vii. p. 104, and Steevens's note."—*Dyce.*

[2] For the expression "give aim," see note 1, vol. iii. p. 258.

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And will be wilfully swallow'd, wilfully.
But why so vain let all these tears be lost?
I'll pursue her to shame, and so all's crost.
[*Aside, and exit.*

Seb. He's gone with some strange purpose, whose effect
Will hurt me little if he shoot so wide,
To think I love so blindly: I but feed
His heart to this match, to draw on the other,
Wherein my joy sits with a full wish crown'd,
Only his mood excepted, which must change
By opposite policies, courses indirect;
Plain dealing in this world takes no effect.
This mad girl I'll acquaint with my intent,
Get her assistance, make my fortunes known:
'Twixt lovers' hearts she's a fit instrument,
And has the art to help them to their own.
By her advice, for in that craft she's wise,
My love and I may meet, spite of all spies. [*Exit.*

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ACT III.

SCENE I.

Gray's Inn Fields.

Enter LAXTON *and* Coachman.

Lax. Coachman.

Coach. Here, sir.

Lax. There's a tester[1] more; prithee drive thy coach to the hither end of Marybone-park, a fit place for Moll to get in.

Coach. Marybone-park, sir?

Lax. Ay, it's in our way, thou knowest.

Coach. It shall be done, sir.

Lax. Coachman.

Coach. Anon, sir.

Lax. Are we fitted with good phrampel[2] jades?

Coach. The best in Smithfield,[3] I warrant you, sir.

---

[1] Sixpence.

[2] Spirited; more usually restless, unquiet. (The forms *frampold* and *frampul* are also found.)

[3] The worst jades came from Smithfield. Falstaff says:—"I bought him [Bardolph] in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: and I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived."

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Lax. May we safely take the upper hand of any coached velvet cap, or tuftaffety jacket? for they keep a vild[1] swaggering in coaches now-a-days; the highways are stopt with them.

Coach. My life for yours, and baffle[2] 'em too, sir: why, they are the same jades, believe it, sir, that have drawn all your famous whores to Ware.

Lax. Nay, then they know their business; they need no more instructions.

Coach. They're so used to such journeys, sir, I never use whip to 'em; for if they catch but the scent of a wench once, they run like devils.

[*Exit* Coachman *with his whip.*

Lax. Fine Cerberus! that rogue will have the start of a thousand ones; for whilst others trot a' foot, he'll ride prancing to hell upon a coach-horse. Stay, 'tis now about the hour of her appointment, but yet I see her not. [*The clock strikes three.*] Hark! what's this? one, two, three: three by the clock at Savoy; this is the hour, and Gray's Inn Fields the place, she swore she'd meet me. Ha! yonder's two Inns-a'-court men with one wench, but that's not she; they walk toward Islington out of my way. I see none yet drest like her; I must look for a shag-ruff, a frieze jerken, a short sword, and a safe-guard,[3] or I get none. Why, Moll, prithee, make haste, or the coachman will curse us anon.

---

[1] Vile.

[2] Pass contemptuously. See note 2, p. 26.

[3] See note 2, p. 38.

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Enter MOLL, *dressed as a man.*

Moll. O, here's my gentleman! If they would keep their days as well with their mercers as their hours with their harlots, no bankrout[1] would give seven score pound for a sergeant's place; for would you know a catchpoll rightly derived, the corruption of a citizen is the generation of a sergeant. How his eye hawks for venery! [*Aside.*]—Come, are you ready, sir?

Lax. Ready? for what, sir?

Moll. Do you ask that now, sir?
Why was this meeting 'pointed?

Lax. I thought you mistook me, sir: you seem to be some young barrister;
I have no suit in law, all my land's sold;
I praise heaven for't, 't has rid me of much trouble.

Moll. Then I must wake you, sir; where stands the coach?

Lax. Who's this? Moll, honest Moll?

Moll. So young, and purblind?
You're an old wanton in your eyes, I see that.

Lax. Thou'rt admirably suited for the Three Pigeons[2] at Brainford. I'll swear I knew thee not.

Moll. I'll swear you did not; but you shall know me now.

Lax. No, not here; we shall be spied, i'faith; the coach is better: come.

[1] Old form of *bankrupt*.

[2] An inn of which frequent mention is made. Lowin the actor kept it at a later date.

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Moll. Stay. [*Puts off her cloak.*
Lax. What, wilt thou untruss a point,[1] Moll?
Moll. Yes; here's the point [*Draws her sword.*
That I untruss; 't has but one tag, 'twill serve though
To tie up a rogue's tongue.
Lax. How!
Moll. There's the gold
With which you hir'd your hackney, here's her pace;
She racks hard, and perhaps your bones will feel it:
Ten angels of mine own I've put to thine;
Win 'em and wear 'em.
Lax. Hold, Moll! mistress Mary——
Moll. Draw, or I'll serve an execution on thee,
Shall lay thee up till doomsday.
Lax. Draw upon a woman! why, what dost mean, Moll?
Moll. To teach thy base thoughts manners: thou'rt one of those
That thinks each woman thy fond flexible whore;
If she but cast a liberal eye upon thee,
Turn back her head, she's thine; or amongst company
By chance drink first to thee, then she's quite gone,
There is no means to help her: nay, for a need,
Wilt swear unto thy credulous fellow-lechers,
That thou art more in favour with a lady
At first sight than her monkey all her lifetime.
How many of our sex, by such as thou,
Have their good thoughts paid with a blasted name

[1] "Untruss a point" = untie the tags of the breeches.

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That never deserv'd loosely, or did trip
In path of whoredom beyond cup and lip!
But for the stain of conscience and of soul,
Better had women fall into the hands
Of an act silent than a bragging nothing;
There is no mercy in't. What durst move you, sir,
To think me whorish? a name which I'd tear out
From the high German's[1] throat, if it lay leiger[2] there
To despatch privy slanders against me.
In thee I defy all men, their worst hates
And their best flatteries, all their golden witchcrafts,
With which they entangle the poor spirits of fools,
Distressed needle-women and trade-fallen wives;
Fish that must needs bite, or themselves be bitten;
Such hungry things as these may soon be took
With a worm fasten'd on a golden hook:
Those are the lecher's food, his prey; he watches
For quarrelling wedlocks[3] and poor shifting sisters;
'Tis the best fish he takes. But why, good fisherman,
Am I thought meat for you, that never yet
Had angling rod cast towards me? 'cause, you'll say,
I'm given to sport, I'm often merry, jest:
Had mirth no kindred in the world but lust,
O shame take all her friends then! but howe'er
Thou and the baser world censure my life,

---

[1] See note, p. 46.

[2] A resident ambassador at a foreign court.

[3] "*i.e.* wives. So in *The Poetaster*, act iv. sc. 3, 'Which of these is thy *wedlock*, Menelaus?'"—*Reed.* Cf. Fletcher's *Valentinian*, v. 6:—"The most true constant lover of his *wedlock*."

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I'll send 'em word by thee, and write so much
Upon thy breast, 'cause thou shalt bear't in mind,
Tell them 'twere base to yield where I have conquer'd;
I scorn to prostitute myself to a man,
I that can prostitute a man to me;
And so I greet thee.

Lax. Hear me——

Moll. Would the spirits
Of all my sland[er]ers were clasp'd in thine,
That I might vex an army at one time! [*They fight.*

Lax. I do repent me; hold!

Moll. You'll die the better Christian then.

Lax. I do confess I have wronged thee, Moll.

Moll. Confession is but poor amends for wrong,
Unless a rope would follow.

Lax. I ask thee pardon.

Moll. I'm your hir'd whore, sir!

Lax. I yield both purse and body.

Moll. Both are mine,
And now at my disposing.

Lax. Spare my life!

Moll. I scorn to strike thee basely.

Lax. Spoke like a noble girl, i'faith!—Heart, I think I fight with a familiar, or the ghost of a fencer. Sh'as wounded me gallantly. Call you this a lecherous viage?[1] here's blood would have served me this seven year in broken heads and cut fingers; and it now runs all out

[1] Voyage, journey.

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together. Pox a' the Three Pigeons! I would the coach were here now to carry me to the chirurgeon's.

[*Aside, and exit.*

Moll. If I could meet my enemies one by one thus,
I might make pretty shift with 'em in time,
And make 'em know that she has wit and spirit,
May scorn
To live beholding to her body for meat;
Or for apparel, like your common dame,
That makes shame get her clothes to cover shame.
Base is that mind that kneels unto her body,
As if a husband stood in awe on's wife:
My spirit shall be mistress of this house
As long as I have time in't.—O,

Enter TRAPDOOR.

Here comes my man that would be: 'tis his hour.
Faith, a good well-set fellow, if his spirit
Be answerable to his umbles;[1] he walks stiff,
But whether he'll stand to't stiffly, there's the point:
Has a good calf for't; and ye shall have many a woman
Choose him she means to make her head by his calf:
I do not know their tricks in't. Faith, he seems
A man without; I'll try what he's within.

Trap. She told me Gray's Inn Fields, 'twixt three and four;

[1] The entrails of a deer.

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I'll fit her mistress-ship with a piece of service:
I'm hir'd to rid the town of one mad girl.
[MOLL *jostles him.*
What a pox ails you, sir?

Moll. He begins like a gentleman.

Trap. Heart, is the field so narrow, or your eye-sight——
Life, he comes back again!

Moll. Was this spoke to me, sir?

Trap. I cannot tell, sir.

Moll. Go, you're a coxcomb!

Trap. Coxcomb?

Moll. You're a slave!

Trap. I hope there's law for you, sir.

Moll. Yea, do you see, sir? [*Turns his hat.*

Trap. Heart, this is no good dealing! pray, let me know what house you're of.

Moll. One of the Temple, sir. [*Fillips him.*

Trap. Mass, so methinks.

Moll. And yet sometime I lie about Chick Lane.

Trap. I like you the worse because you shift your lodging so often: I'll not meddle with you for that trick, sir.

Moll. A good shift; but it shall not serve your turn.

Trap. You'll give me leave to pass about my business, sir?

Moll. Your business? I'll make you wait on me
Before I ha' done, and glad to serve me too.

Trap. How, sir? serve you? not if there were no more men in England.

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Moll. But if there were no more women in England,
I hope you'd wait upon your mistress then?

Trap. Mistress?

Moll. O, you're a tried spirit at a push, sir?

Trap. What would your worship have me do?

Moll. You a fighter!

Trap. No, I praise heaven, I had better grace and more manners.

Moll. As how, I pray, sir?

Trap. Life, 'thad been a beastly part of me to have drawn my weapons upon my mistress; all the world would a' cried shame of me for that.

Moll. Why, but you knew me not.

Trap. Do not say so, mistress; I knew you by your wide straddle, as well as if I had been in your belly.

Moll. Well, we shall try you further; i' th' mean time
We give you entertainment.

Trap. Thank your good mistress-ship.

Moll. How many suits have you?

Trap. No more suits than blacks, mistress.

Moll. Well, if you deserve, I cast off this, next week,
And you may creep into't.

Trap. Thank your good worship.

Moll. Come, follow me to St. Thomas Apostle's:
I'll put a livery cloak upon your back
The first thing I do.

Trap. I follow, my dear mistress. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

GALLIPOT'S *Shop.*

Enter MISTRESS GALLIPOT *as from supper*, GALLIPOT *following her.*

Gal. What, Pru! nay, sweet Prudence!

Mis. G. What a pruing keep you! I think the baby would have a teat, it kyes[1] so. Pray, be not so fond of me, leave your city humours; I'm vexed at you, to see how like a calf you come bleating after me.

Gal. Nay, honey Pru, how does your rising up before all the table show, and flinging from my friends so uncivilly! fie, Pru, fie! come.

Mis. G. Then up and ride, i'faith!

Gal. Up and ride? nay, my pretty Pru, that's far from my thought, duck: why, mouse, thy mind is nibbling at something; what is't? what lies upon thy stomach?

Mis. G. Such an ass as you: hoyda, you're best turn midwife, or physician! you're a 'pothecary already, but I'm none of your drugs.

Gal. Thou art a sweet drug, sweetest Pru, and the more thou art pounded, the more precious.

Mis. G. Must you be prying into a woman's secrets, say ye?

Gal. Woman's secrets? 20

[1] "*i.e.* cries. She imitates the jargon talked by nurses to infants."—*Steevens.*

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Mis. G. What! I cannot have a qualm come upon me, but your teeth waters till your nose hang over it!

Gal. It is my love, dear wife.

Mis. G. Your love? your love is all words; give me deeds: I cannot abide a man that's too fond over me,—so cookish! Thou dost not know how to handle a woman in her kind.

Gal. No, Pru? why, I hope I have handled——

Mis. G. Handle a fool's head of your own,—fie, fie!

Gal. Ha, ha, 'tis such a wasp! it does me good now to have her s[t]ing me, little rogue!

Mis. G. Now, fie, how you vex me! I cannot abide these apron husbands;[1] such cotqueans![2] you overdo your things, they become you scurvily.

Gal. Upon my life she breeds: heaven knows how I have strained myself to please her night and day. I wonder why we citizens should get children so fretful and untoward in the breeding, their fathers being for the most part as gentle as milch kine. [*Aside.*]—Shall I leave thee, my Pru?

Mis. G. Fie, fie, fie!

Gal. Thou shalt not be vexed no more, pretty, kind rogue; take no cold, sweet Pru? [*Exit.*

Mis. G. As your wit has done. Now, master Laxton, show your head; what news from you? would any husband suspect that a woman crying, *Buy any scurvy-*

---

[1] "*i.e.* husbands who follow their wives as if tied to their *apron*-strings."—*Steevens.*

[2] *Cotquean* (*cock-quean*) is a man who meddles with affairs that should be managed by the wife.

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grass, should bring love-letters amongst her herbs to his wife? pretty trick! fine conveyance! had jealousy a thousand eyes, a silly woman with scurvy-grass blinds them all.

Laxton, with bays
Crown I thy wit for this, it deserves praise:
This makes me affect thee more, this proves thee wise:
'Lack, what poor shift is love forc'd to devise!—
To th' point. [*Reads letter.*] *O sweet creature*—a sweet beginning!—*pardon my long absence, for thou shalt shortly be possessed with my presence: though Demopho[o]n was false to Phyllis, I will be to thee as Pan-da-rus was to Cres-sida;*[1] *though Æneas made an ass of Dido, I will die to thee ere I do so. O sweetest creature, make much of me! for no man beneath the silver moon shall make more of a woman than I do of thee: furnish me therefore with thirty pounds; you must do it of necessity for me; I languish till I see some comfort come from thee. Protesting not to die in thy debt, but rather to live, so as hitherto I have and will,*

Thy true Laxton ever.

Alas, poor gentleman! troth, I pity him.
How shall I raise this money? thirty pound!
'Tis thirty sure, a 3 before an o;
I know his threes too well. My childbed linen,
Shall I pawn that for him? then if my mark
Be known, I am undone; it may be thought
My husband's bankrout.[2] Which way shall I turn?

---

[1] "So in old ed., to mark the difficulty with which such hard names were read by mistress Gallipot."—*Dyce.* [2] Old form of *bankrupt*.

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Laxton, what with my own fears and thy wants,
I'm like a needle 'twixt two adamants.

Re-enter GALLIPOT *hastily.*

Gal. Nay, nay, wife, the women are all up—Ha! how? reading a' letters? I smell a goose, a couple of capons, and a gammon of bacon, from her mother out of the country. I hold my life—steal, steal—— [*Aside.*

Mis. G. O, beshrew your heart!

Gal. What letter's that? I'll see't. [MIS. G. *tears the letter.*

Mis. G. O, would thou had'st no eyes to see the downfal
Of me and [of] thyself! I am for ever,
For ever I'm undone!

Gal. What ails my Pru?
What paper's that thou tear'st?

Mis. G. Would I could tear
My very heart in pieces! for my soul
Lies on the rack of shame, that tortures me
Beyond a woman's suffering.

Gal. What means this?

Mis. G. Had you no other vengeance to throw down,
But even in height of all my joys——

Gal. Dear woman——

Mis. G. When the full sea of pleasure and content
Seem'd to flow over me?

Gal. As thou desir'st

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To keep me out of Bedlam, tell what troubles thee!
Is not thy child at nurse fallen sick, or dead?
Mis. G. O, no!
Gal. Heavens bless me! are my barns and houses
Yonder at Hockley-hole consum'd with fire?
I can build more, sweet Pru.
Mis. G. 'Tis worse, 'tis worse!
Gal. My factor broke? or is the Jonas sunk?
Mis. G. Would all we had were swallow'd in the waves,
Rather than both should be the scorn of slaves!
Gal. I'm at my wit's end.
Mis. G. O my dear husband!
Where once I thought myself a fixed star,
Plac'd only in the heaven of thine arms,
I fear now I shall prove a wanderer.
O Laxton, Laxton! is it then my fate
To be by thee o'erthrown?
Gal. Defend me, wisdom,
From falling into frenzy! On my knees,
Sweet Pru, speak; what's that Laxton, who so heavy
Lies on thy bosom?
Mis. G. I shall sure run mad!
Gal. I shall run mad for company then. Speak to me;
I'm Gallipot thy husband—Pru—why, Pru
Art sick in conscience for some villanous deed
Thou wert about to act? didst mean to rob me?
Tush, I forgive thee: hast thou on my bed
Thrust my soft pillow under another's head?

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I'll wink at all faults, Pru: 'las, that's no more
Than what some neighbours near thee have done before!
Sweet honey Pru, what's that Laxton?
Mis. G. O!
Gal. Out with him!
Mis. G. O, he's born to be my undoer!
This hand, which thou call'st thine, to him was given,
To him was I made sure[1] i' th' sight of heaven.
Gal. I never heard this thunder.
Mis. G. Yes, yes, before
I was to thee contracted, to him I swore:
Since last I saw him,[2] twelve months three times told
The moon hath drawn through her light silver bow;
For o'er the seas he went, and it was said,
But rumour lies, that he in France was dead:
But he's alive, O he's alive! he sent
That letter to me, which in rage I rent;
Swearing with oaths most damnably to have me,
Or tear me from this bosom: O heavens, save me!
Gal. My heart will break; sham'd and undone for ever!

[1] *Made sure* = contracted.

[2] "Perhaps this scene is by Dekker: in his *Whore of Babylon*, 1607, we find:

'Fiue summers haue scarce *drawn* their glimmering nights
Through the Moons siluer bowe.' Sig. A 4."—*Dyce.*

These particular lines may be Dekker's, but the greater part of the scene I believe to be by Middleton, who has a similar scene in *A Trick to Catch the Old One*, where the Courtesan feigns to have been pre-contracted to Witgood.

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Mis. G. So black a day, poor wretch, went o'er thee never!

Gal. If thou should'st wrestle with him at the law,
Thou'rt sure to fall. No odd slight? no prevention?
I'll tell him thou'rt with child.

Mis. G. Umh!

Gal. Or give out
One of my men was ta'en a-bed with thee.

Mis. G. Umh, umh!

Gal. Before I lose thee, my dear Pru,
I'll drive it to that push.

Mis. G. Worse and worse still;
You embrace a mischief, to prevent an ill.

Gal. I'll buy thee of him, stop his mouth with gold:
Think'st thou 'twill do?

Mis. G. O me! heavens grant it would!
Yet now my senses are set more in tune.
He writ, as I remember, in his letter,
That he in riding up and down had spent,
Ere he could find me, thirty pounds: send that;
Stand not on thirty with him.

Gal. Forty, Pru!
Say thou the word, 'tis done: we venture lives
For wealth, but must do more to keep our wives.
Thirty or forty, Pru?

Mis. G. Thirty, good sweet;
Of an ill bargain let's save what we can:
I'll pay it him with my tears; he was a man,
When first I knew him, of a meek spirit,
All goodness is not yet dried up, I hope.

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Gal. He shall have thirty pound, let that stop all:
Love's sweets taste best when we have drunk down gall.

Enter TILTYARD, MISTRESS TILTYARD, GOSHAWK, *and* MISTRESS OPENWORK.

God's-so, our friends! come, come, smooth your cheek:
After a storm the face of heaven looks sleek.

Tilt. Did I not tell you these turtles were together?

Mis. T. How dost thou, sirrah?[1] why, sister Gallipot——

Mis. O. Lord, how she's chang'd!

Gos. Is your wife ill, sir?

Gal. Yes, indeed, la, sir, very ill, very ill, never worse.

Mis. T. How her head burns! feel how her pulses work!

Mis. O. Sister, lie down a little; that always does me good.

Mis. T. In good sadness,[2] I find best ease in that too. Has she laid some hot thing to her stomach?

Mis. G. No, but I will lay something anon.

Tilt. Come, come, fools, you trouble her.—Shall's go, master Goshawk?

Gos. Yes, sweet master Tiltyard.—Sirrah Rosamond, I hold my life Gallipot hath vext his wife.

Mis. O. She has a horrible high colour indeed.

Gos. We shall have your face painted with the same red soon at night, when your husband comes from his

[1] A term frequently applied to women.
[2] Seriousness.

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rubbers in a false alley: thou wilt not believe me that his bowls run with a wrong bias.

Mis. O. It cannot sink into me that he feeds upon stale mutton [1] abroad, having better and fresher at home.

Gos. What if I bring thee where thou shalt see him stand at rack and manger?

Mis. O. I'll saddle him in's kind, and spur him till he kick again.

Gos. Shall thou and I ride our journey then?

Mis. O. Here's my hand.

Gos. No more.—Come, master Tiltyard, shall we leap into the stirrups with our women, and amble home?

Tilt. Yes, yes.—Come, wife.

Mis. T. In troth, sister, I hope you will do well for all this.

Mis. G. I hope I shall. Farewell, good sister. Sweet master Goshawk.

Gal. Welcome, brother; most kindly welcome, sir,

All. Thanks, sir, for our good cheer.

[*Exeunt all but* GALLIPOT *and* MIS. GALLIPOT.

Gal. It shall be so: because a crafty knave
Shall not outreach me, nor walk by my door
With my wife arm in arm, as 'twere his whore.
I'll give him a golden coxcomb, thirty pound.
Tush, Pru, what's thirty pound? sweet duck, look cheerly.

Mis. G. Thou'rt worthy of my heart, thou buy'st it dearly.

---

[1] A cant term for a whore.

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Enter LAXTON *muffled.*

Lax. Uds light, the tide's against me; a pox of your 'pothecaryship! O for some glister to set him going! 'Tis one of Hercules' labours to tread one of these city hens, because their cocks are still crowing over them. There's no turning tail here, I must on. [*Aside.*

Mis. G. O husband, see he comes!

Gal. Let me deal with him.

Lax. Bless you, sir.

Gal. Be you blest too, sir, if you come in peace.

Lax. Have you any good pudding tobacco, sir?

Mis. G. O, pick no quarrels, gentle sir! my husband
Is not a man of weapon, as you are;
He knows all, I have open'd all before him,
Concerning you.

Lax. Zounds, has she shown my letters? [*Aside.*

Mis. G. Suppose my case were yours, what would you do?
At such a pinch, such batteries, such assaults
Of father, mother, kindred, to dissolve
The knot you tied, and to be bound to him;
How could you shift this storm off?

Lax. If I know, hang me!

Mis. G. Besides a story of your death was read
Each minute to me.

Lax. What a pox means this riddling? [*Aside.*

Gal. Be wise, sir; let not you and I be tost

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[1] See note 2, vol. iii. p. 324.

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On lawyers' pens; they have sharp nibs, and draw
Men's very heart-blood from them. What need you, sir,
To beat the drum of my wife's infamy,
And call your friends together, sir, to prove
Your precontract, when sh'as confest it?
Lax. Umh, sir,
Has she confest it?
Gal. Sh'as, 'faith, to me, sir,
Upon your letter sending.
Mis. G. I have, I have.
Lax. If I let this iron cool, call me slave. [*Aside.*
Do you hear, you dame Prudence? think'st thou, vile woman,
I'll take these blows and wink?
Mis. Gal. Upon my knees. [*Kneeling.*
Lax. Out, impudence.
Gal. Good sir——
Lax. You goatish slaves!
No wild[1] fowl to cut up but mine?
Gal. Alas, sir,
You make her flesh to tremble; fright her not:
She shall do reason, and what's fit.
Lax. I'll have thee,
Wert thou more common than an hospital,
And more diseas'd.
Gal. But one word, good sir!
Lax. So, sir.

[1] "To cut up wild fowl" was a cant expression, the meaning of which is sufficiently obvious.

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Gal. I married her, have lien with her, and got
Two children on her body: think but on that:
Have you so beggarly an appetite,
When I upon a dainty dish have fed
To dine upon my scraps, my leavings? ha, sir?
Do I come near you now, sir?
Lax. Be-lady,[1] you touch me!
Gal. Would not you scorn to wear my clothes, sir?
Lax. Right, sir.
Gal. Then, pray, sir, wear not her; for she's a garment
So fitting for my body, I am loath
Another should put it on: you'll undo both.
Your letter, as she said, complain'd you had spent,
In quest of her, some thirty pound; I'll pay it:
Shall that, sir, stop this gap up 'twixt you two?
Lax. Well, if I swallow this wrong, let her thank you:
The money being paid, sir, I am gone:
Farewell. O women, happy's he trusts none!
Mis. G. Despatch him hence, sweet husband.
Gal. Yes, dear wife:
Pray, sir, come in: ere master Laxton part,
Thou shalt in wine drink to him.
Mis. G. With all my heart.— [*Exit* GALLIPOT.
How dost thou like my wit?

[1] A corruption of *By our Lady.*

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Lax. Rarely: that wile,
By which the serpent did the first woman beguile,
Did ever since all women's bosoms fill;
You're apple-eaters all, deceivers still. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Holborn.

Enter Sir ALEXANDER WENGRAVE, Sir DAVY DAPPER, *and* SIR ADAM APPLETON *on one side, and* TRAPDOOR *on the other.*

S. Alex. Out with your tale, sir Davy, to sir Adam: A knave is in mine eye deep in my debt.

S. Davy. Nay, if he be a knave, sir, hold him fast.

[SIR D. DAPPER *and* SIR A. APPLETON *talk apart.*

S. Alex. Speak softly; what egg is there hatching now?

Trap. A duck's egg, sir, a duck that has eaten a frog; I have cracked the shell, and some villany or other will peep out presently: the duck that sits is the bouncing ramp,[1] that roaring girl my mistress; the drake that must tread is your son Sebastian.

S. Alex. Be quick.

Trap. As the tongue of an oyster-wench.

S. Alex. And see thy news be true.

---

[1] "*i.e.* ramping, rampant creature: 'although she were a lusti *bounsing rampe*, somewhat like Gallemella,' &c.—G. Harvey's *Pierces Supererogation*, 1593, p. 145."—*Dyce.* Cf. *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, iii. 1: "Nay fie on thee, thou *ramp*, thou rig, with all that take thy part."

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Trap. As a barber's every Saturday night. Mad Moll——

S. Alex. Ah——

Trap. Must be let in, without knocking, at your back gate.

S. Alex. So.

Trap. Your chamber will be made bawdy.

S. Alex. Good.

Trap. She comes in a shirt of mail.

S. Alex. How? shirt of mail?

Trap. Yes, sir, or a male shirt; that's to say, in man's apparel.

S. Alex. To my son?

Trap. Close to your son: your son and her moon will be in conjunction, if all almanacks lie not; her black saveguard[1] is turned into a deep slop,[2] the holes of her upper body to button-holes, her waistcoat to a doublet, her placket[3] to the ancient seat of a cod-piece, and you shall take 'em both with standing collars.

S. Alex. Art sure of this?

Trap. As every throng is sure of a pick-pocket; as sure as a whore is of the clients all Michaelmas term, and of the pox after the term.

S. Alex. The time of their tilting?

Trap. Three.

S. Alex. The day?

Trap. This.

[1] See note 2, p. 38.
[2] See note 1, p. 53.
[3] The forepart of the shift.

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S. Alex. Away; ply it, watch her.

Trap. As the devil doth for the death of a bawd; I'll watch her, do you catch her.

S. Alex. She's fast: here weave thou the nets. Hark.

Trap. They are made.

S. Alex. I told them thou didst owe me money: hold it up; maintain't.

Trap. Stiffly, as a puritan does contention.—Pox, I owe thee not the value of a halfpenny halter.

S. Alex. Thou shalt be hang'd in it ere thou 'scape so:
Varlet, I'll make thee look th[o]rough a grate![1]

Trap. I'll do't presently, through a tavern grate: drawer! pish. [*Exit.*

S. Adam. Has the knave vex'd you, sir?

S. Alex. Ask'd him my money,
He swears my son receiv'd it. O, that boy
Will ne'er leave heaping sorrows on my heart,
Till he has broke it quite!

S. Adam. Is he still wild?

S. Alex. As is a Russian bear.

S. Adam. But he has left
His old haunt with that baggage?

S. Alex. Worse still and worse;
He lays on me his shame, I on him my curse.

[1] The prison-grating, through which the poor prisoners let down their boxes or baskets to receive money or food from the charitable. Cf. stage-direction in Rowley's *A Woman never Vext*:—"Old Foster, and above at the *grate* a box hanging down."

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S. Davy. My son, Jack Dapper, then shall run with him
All in one pasture.
S. Adam. Proves your son bad too, sir?
S. Davy. As villany can make him: your Sebastian
Doats but on one drab, mine on a thousand;
A noise[1] of fiddlers, tobacco, wine, and a whore,
A mercer that will let him take up more,
Dice, and a water-spaniel with a duck,—O
Bring him a-bed with these: when his purse gingles,
Roaring boys[2] follow at's tail, fencers and ningles,[3]
Beasts Adam ne'er gave name to; these horse-leeches suck
My son; he being drawn dry, they all live on smoke.
S. Alex. Tobacco?
S. Davy. Right: but I have in my brain
A windmill going that shall grind to dust
The follies of my son, and make him wise,
Or a stark fool. Pray lend me your advice.
S. Alex. } That shall you, good sir Davy.
S. Adam. }
S. Davy. Here's the springe
I ha' set to catch this woodcock[4] in: an action
In a false name, unknown to him, is enter'd
I' the Counter to arrest Jack Dapper.

[1] A company of musicians. The reader will remember how the drawer at the Boar's Head sent for "Sneak's *noise*" to play before Falstaff.
[2] See p. 6. [3] Or *ingles*. See note 2, vol. i. p. 90.
[4] "Springes to catch woodcocks" (*Hamlet*, i. 4 l. 115), *i.e.* devices to delude the simple, was a proverbial expression.

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S. Alex. } Ha, ha, he!
S. Adam. }

S. Davy. Think you the Counter cannot break him?

S. Adam. Break him?
Yes, and break's heart too, if he lie there long.

S. Davy. I'll make him sing a counter-tenor sure.

S. Adam. No way to tame him like it; there he shall learn
What money is indeed, and how to spend it.

S. Davy. He's bridled there.

S. Alex. Ay, yet knows not how to mend it.
Bedlam cures not more madmen in a year
Than one of the Counters does; men pay more dear
There for their wit than anywhere: a Counter!
Why, 'tis an university,[1] who not sees?
As scholars there, so here men take degrees,
And follow the same studies all alike.
Scholars learn first logic and rhetoric;
So does a prisoner: with fine honey'd speech
At's first coming in he doth persuade, beseech
He may be lodg'd with one that is not itchy,
To lie in a clean chamber, in sheets not lousy;
But when he has no money, then does he try,
By subtle logic and quaint sophistry,
To make the keepers trust him.

S. Adam. Say they do.

S. Alex. Then he's a graduate.

S. Davy. Say they trust him not.

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[1] See note 2, vol. i. p. 192.

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S. Alex. Then is he held a freshman and a sot,
And never shall commence ;[1] but being still barr'd,
Be expuls'd from the Master's side[2] to th' Twopenny ward,
Or else i' th' Hole beg place.[3]
S. Adam. When then, I pray,
Proceeds a prisoner?
S. Alex. When, money being the theme,
He can dispute with his hard creditors' hearts,
And get out clear, he's then a master of arts.
Sir Davy, send your son to Wood Street college,
A gentleman can no where get more knowledge.
S. Davy. There gallants study hard.
S. Alex. True, to get money.
S. Davy. 'Lies[4] by th' heels, i'faith : thanks, thanks; I ha' sent
For a couple of bears shall paw him.
S. Adam. Who comes yonder?
S. Davy. They look like puttocks ;[5] these should be they.

Enter CURTLEAX *and* HANGER.

S. Alex. I know 'em,
They are officers ; sir, we'll leave you.

---

[1] A Cambridge term (take his Master's degree).
[2] *Master's Side*, &c. See note 3, vol. i. p. 192.
[3] Old ed. "plac't."—Perhaps we should read "be placed."
[4] *'Lies* = a lies, he lies.
[5] Kites.

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S. Davy. My good knights,
Leave me; you see I'm haunted now with sprites.[1]

S. Alex. } Fare you well, sir. [*Exeunt.*
S. Adam. }

Cur. This old muzzle-chops should be he by the fellow's description.—Save you, sir.

S. Davy. Come hither, you mad varlets; did not my man tell you I watched here for you?

Cur. One in a blue coat,[2] sir, told us that in this place an old gentleman would watch for us; a thing contrary to our oath, for we are to watch for every wicked member in a city.

S. Davy. You'll watch then for ten thousand: what's thy name, honesty?

Cur. Sergeant Curtleax I, sir.

S. Davy. An excellent name for a sergeant, Curtleax:
Sergeants indeed are weapons of the law;
When prodigal ruffians far in debt are grown,
Should not you cut them, citizens were o'erthrown.
Thou dwell'st hereby in Holborn, Curtleax?

Cur. That's my circuit, sir; I conjure most in that circle.

S. Davy. And what young toward whelp is this?

Han. Of the same litter; his yeoman, sir; my name's Hanger.

S. Davy. Yeoman Hanger:

---

[1] Old ed. "spirits."
[2] "Blue coat"—the livery of serving-men.

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One pair of shears[1] sure cut out both your coats;
You have two names most dangerous to men's throats;
You two are villanous loads on gentlemen's backs;
Dear ware this Hanger and this Curtleax!

Cur. We are as other men are, sir; I cannot see but he who makes a show of honesty and religion, if his claws can fasten to his liking, he draws blood: all that live in the world are but great fish and little fish, and feed upon one another;[2] some eat up whole men, a sergeant cares but for the shoulder of a man. They call us knaves and curs; but many times he that sets us on worries more lambs one year than we do in seven.

S. Davy. Spoke like a noble Cerberus! is the action entered?

Han. His name is entered in the book of unbelievers.

S. Davy. What book's that?

Cur. The book where all prisoners' names stand; and not one amongst forty, when he comes in, believes to come out in haste.

S. Davy. Be as dogged to him as your office allows you to be.

Both. O sir!

S. Davy. You know the unthrift, Jack Dapper?

---

[1] "There went but a pair of shears between them," was a common proverbial expression.

[2] Cf. *Pericles*, ii. 1:—"*Third Fish.* Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea. *First Fish.* Why, as men do a-land, the great ones eat up the little ones." See the comparison elaborately pursued in J. W.'s *Valiant Scot*, 1637, F. 2 v., and compare Day's *Law Tricks*, ed. Bullen, p. 15.

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Cur. Ay, ay, sir, that gull, as well as I know my yeoman.

S. Davy. And you know his father too, sir Davy Dapper?

Cur. As damned a usurer as ever was among Jews: if he were sure his father's skin would yield him any money, he would, when he dies, flea[1] it off, and sell it to cover drums for children at Bartholomew fair.

S. Davy. What toads are these to spit poison on a man to his face! [*Aside.*]—Do you see, my honest rascals? yonder Greyhound is the dog he hunts with; out of that tavern Jack Dapper will sally: sa, sa; give the counter; on, set upon him!

Both. We'll charge him upo' th' back, sir.

S. Davy. Take no bail; put mace[2] enough into his caudle; double your files, traverse your ground.

Both. Brave, sir.

S. Davy. Cry arm, arm, arm!

Both. Thus, sir.

S. Davy. There, boy, there, boy! away: look to your prey, my true English wolves; and so I vanish. [*Exit.*

Cur. Some warden of the sergeants begat this old fellow, upon my life: stand close.

Han. Shall the ambuscado lie in one place?

Cur. No; nook thou yonder. [*They retire.*

---

[1] I have kept the old form of "flay."

[2] Sergeants carried maces. We have had the same pun in *A Mad World, my Masters*, vol. iii. p. 300.

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Enter MOLL *and* TRAPDOOR.

Moll. Ralph.

Trap. What says my brave captain male and female?

Moll. This Holborn is such a wrangling street!

Trap. That's because lawyers walks to and fro in't.

Moll. Here's such jostling, as if every one we met were drunk and reeled.

Trap. Stand, mistress! do you not smell carrion?

Moll. Carrion? no; yet I spy ravens.

Trap. Some poor, wind-shaken gallant will anon fall into sore labour, and these men-midwives[1] must bring him to bed i' the Counter: there all those that are great with child with debts lie in.

Moll. Stand up.

Trap. Like your new Maypole.

Han. Whist, whew!

Cur. Hump, no.

Moll. Peeping? it shall go hard, huntsmen, but I'll spoil your game. They look for all the world like two infected malt-men coming muffled up in their cloaks in a frosty morning to London.

Trap. A course, captain; a bear comes to the stake.

---

[1] "So in *The Whore of Babylon*, 1607, by Dekker, 'Doe not you know, mistresse, what Serieants are? . . . why they are certaine *men mid-wiues, that neuer bring people to bed*, but when they are sore in labour, that no body els can deliuer them.' Sig. D."—*Dyce.*

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Enter JACK DAPPER *and* GULL.

Moll. It should be so, for the dogs struggle to be let loose.

Han. Whew!

Cur. Hemp.

Moll. Hark, Trapdoor, follow your leader.

J. Dap. Gull.

Gull. Master?

J. Dap. Didst ever see such an ass as I am, boy?

Gull. No, by my troth, sir; to lose all your money, yet have false dice of your own; why, 'tis as I saw a great fellow used t'other day; he had a fair sword and buckler, and yet a butcher dry beat him with a cudgel.

Trap.[1] Honest servant, fly!

Moll. Fly, master Dapper! you'll be arrested else.

J. Dap. Run, Gull, and draw.

Gull. Run, master; Gull follows you.

[*Exeunt* DAPPER *and* GULL.

Cur. [MOLL *holding him.*] I know you well enough; you're but a whore to hang upon any man!

Moll. Whores, then, are like sergeants; so now hang you.—Draw, rogue, but strike not: for a broken pate they'll keep their beds, and recover twenty marks damages.

Cur. You shall pay for this rescue.—Run down Shoe Lane and meet him.

---

[1] Old ed. "*Both.* Honest Serieant fly, flie Maister Dapper," &c.

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Trap. Shu! is this a rescue, gentlemen, or no?
Moll. Rescue? a pox on 'em! Trapdoor, let's away;
[*Exeunt* CURTLEAX *and* HANGER.
I'm glad I've done perfect one good work to-day.
If any gentleman be in scrivener's bands,
Send but for Moll, she'll bail him by these hands.
[*Exeunt.*

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Room in Sir ALEXANDER WENGRAVE'S *House.*

Enter Sir ALEXANDER WENGRAVE.

S. Alex. Unhappy in the follies of a son,
Led against judgment, sense, obedience,
And all the powers of nobleness and wit!

Enter TRAPDOOR.

O wretched father!—Now, Trapdoor, will she come?

Trap. In man's apparel, sir; I'm in her heart now, And share in all her secrets.

S. Alex. Peace, peace, peace!
Here, take my German watch,[1] hang't up in sight,
That I may see her hang in English for't.

Trap. I warrant you for that now, next sessions rids her, sir. This watch will bring her in better than a hundred constables. [*Hangs up the watch.*

S. Alex. Good Trapdoor, sayst thou so? thou cheer'st my heart 12

[1] See note 2, vol. iii. p. 317.

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After a storm of sorrow. My gold chain too;
Here, take a hundred marks in yellow links.

Trap. That will do well to bring the watch to light, sir;
And worth a thousand of your headborough's lanterns.

S. Alex. Place that a' the court-cupboard;[1] let it lie
Full in the view of her thief-whorish eye.

Trap. She cannot miss it, sir; I see't so plain,
That I could steal't myself. [*Places the chain.*

S. Alex. Perhaps thou shalt too,
That or something as weighty: what she leaves
Thou shalt come closely in and filch away,
And all the weight upon her back I'll lay.

Trap. You cannot assure that, sir.

S. Alex. No? what lets it?

Trap. Being a stout girl, perhaps she'll desire pressing;
Then all the weight must lie upon her belly.

S. Alex. Belly or back, I care not, so I've one.

Trap. You're of my mind for that, sir.

S. Alex. Hang up my ruff-band with the diamond at it;
It may be she'll like that best.

Trap. It's well for her, that she must have her choice; he thinks nothing too good for her. [*Aside.*]—If you hold on this mind a little longer, it shall be the first work I do to turn thief myself; ['t]would do a man good to be hanged when he is so well provided for.

[*Hangs up the ruff-band.*

[1] A moveable side-board on which plate was displayed. We also find the term *cupboard of plate.*

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S. Alex. So, well said; all hangs well: would she hung so too!
The sight would please me more than all their glisterings.
O that my mysteries[1] to such straits should run,
That I must rob myself to bless my son! [*Exeunt.*

Enter SEBASTIAN WENGRAVE, MARY FITZALLARD *disguised as a page, and* MOLL *in her male dress.*

Seb. Thou'st done me a kind office, without touch
Either of sin or shame; our loves are honest.
Moll. I'd scorn to make such shift to bring you together else.
Seb. Now have I time and opportunity
Without all fear to bid thee welcome, love!
[*Kisses* MARY.
Mary. Never with more desire and harder venture!
Moll. How strange this shows, one man to kiss another!
Seb. I'd kiss such men to choose, Moll;
Methinks a woman's lip tastes well in a doublet.
Moll. Many an old madam has the better fortune then,
Whose breaths grew stale before the fashion came:
If that will help 'em, as you think 'twill do,
They'll learn in time to pluck on the hose too.
Seb. The older they wax, Moll, troth I speak seriously,
As some have a conceit their drink tastes better

[1] Devices. Dyce suggests *miseries*.

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In an outlandish cup than in our own,
So methinks every kiss she gives me now
In this strange form is worth a pair of two.
Here we are safe, and furthest from the eye
Of all suspicion; this is my father's chamber,
Upon which floor he never steps till night:
Here he mistrusts me not, nor I his coming;
At mine own chamber he still pries unto me,
My freedom is not there at mine own finding,
Still check'd and curb'd; here he shall miss his purpose.

Moll. And what's your business, now you have your mind, sir?

At your great suit I promis'd you to come:
I pitied her for name's sake, that a Moll
Should be so crost in love, when there's so many
That owes nine lays[1] a-piece, and not so little.
My tailor fitted her; how like you his work?

Seb. So well, no art can mend it, for this purpose:
But to thy wit and help we're chief in debt,
And must live still beholding.

Moll. Any honest pity
I'm willing to bestow upon poor ringdoves.

Seb. I'll offer no worse play.

Moll. Nay, and you should, sir,
I should draw first, and prove the quicker man.

Seb. Hold, there shall need no weapon at this meeting;
But 'cause thou shalt not loose thy fury idle,

[1] Wagers.

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Here take this viol, run upon the guts,
And end thy quarrel singing.

[*Takes down and gives her a viol.*

Moll. Like a swan above bridge;[1]
For look you here's the bridge,[2] and here am I.

Seb. Hold on, sweet Moll!

Mary. I've heard her much commended, sir, for one
That was ne'er taught.

Moll. I'm much beholding to 'em.
Well, since you'll needs put us together, sir,
I'll play my part as well as I can: it shall ne'er
Be said I came into a gentleman's chamber,
And let his instrument hang by the walls.

Seb. Why, well said, Moll, i'faith; it had been a shame for that gentleman then that would have let it hung still, and ne'er offered thee it.

Moll. There it should have been still then for Moll;
For though the world judge impudently of me,
I never came into that chamber yet
Where I took down the instrument myself.

Seb. Pish, let 'em prate abroad; thou'rt here where thou art known and loved; there be a thousand close dames that will call the viol an unmannerly instrument for a woman, and therefore talk broadly of thee, when you shall have them sit wider to a worse quality.

Moll. Push,

---

[1] It is hardly necessary to say that the Thames abounded with swans at this date. In 1632 John Witherings published *The Orders, Lawes, and Ancient Customes of Swanns.*

[2] Of the viol-de-gambo.

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I ever fall asleep and think not of 'em, sir;
And thus I dream.

Seb. Prithee, let's hear thy dream, Moll.

Moll [*sings.*]

I dream there is a mistress,
And she lays out the money;
She goes unto her sisters,
She never comes at any.

Re-enter Sir ALEXANDER *behind.*

She says she went to th' Burse[1] *for patterns;*
You shall find her at Saint Kathern's,
And comes home with never a penny.

Seb. That's a free mistress, faith!

S. Alex. Ay, ay, ay,
Like her that sings it; one of thine own choosing.
[*Aside.*

Moll. But shall I dream again? [*Sings.*]

Here comes a wench will brave ye;
Her courage was so great,
She lay with one of the navy,
Her husband lying i' the Fleet.
Yet oft with him she cavell'd;
I wonder what she ails:
Her husband's ship lay gravell'd,
When her's could hoise up sails:
Yet she began, like all my foes,

[1] The New Exchange in the Strand.

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To call whore first; for so do those—
A pox of all false tails!

Seb. Marry, amen, say I!

S. Alex. So say I too. [*Aside.*

Moll. Hang up the viol now, sir: all this while I was in a dream; one shall lie rudely then;
But being awake, I keep my legs together.
A watch? what's a' clock here?

S. Alex. Now, now she's trapt! [*Aside.*

Moll. Between one and two; nay, then I care not. A watch and a musician are cousin-germans in one thing, they must both keep time well, or there's no goodness in 'em; the one else deserves to be dashed against a wall, and t'other to have his brains knocked out with a fiddle-case.
What! a loose chain and a dangling diamond?
Here were a brave booty for an evening thief now:
There's many a younger brother would be glad
To look twice in at a window for't,
And wriggle in and out, like an eel in a sand-bag.
O, if men's secret youthful faults should judge 'em,
'Twould be the general'st execution
That e'er was seen in England!
There would be but few left to sing the ballads,
There would be so much work: most of our brokers
Would be chosen for hangmen; a good day for them;
They might renew their wardrobes of free cost then.

Seb. This is the roaring wench must do us good.

Mary. No poison, sir, but serves us for some use;
Which is confirm'd in her.

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Seb. Peace, peace—
'Foot, I did hear him sure, where'er he be.
Moll. Who did you hear?
Seb. My father;
'Twas like a sigh[1] of his: I must be wary.
S. Alex. No? wilt not be? am I alone so wretched
That nothing takes? I'll put him to his plunge[2] for't.
[*Aside.*
Seb. Life! here he comes.—Sir, I beseech you take it;
Your way of teaching does so much content me,
I'll make it four pound; here's forty shillings, sir—
I think I name it right—help me, good Moll—
Forty in hand. [*Offering money.*
Moll. Sir, you shall pardon me:
I've more of the meanest scholar I can teach;
This pays me more than you have offer'd yet.
Seb. At the next quarter,
When I receive the means my father 'lows me,
You shall have t'other forty.
S. Alex. This were well now,
Were't to a man whose sorrows had blind eyes:
But mine behold his follies and untruths
With two clear glasses. [*Aside—then coming forward.*
How now?
Seb. Sir?
S. Alex. What's he there?
Seb. You're come in good time, sir; I've a suit to you;
I'd crave your present kindness.

[1] Old ed. "sight"—a not uncommon form.
[2] Difficulty, straits. See Halliwell's *Nares*.

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S. Alex. What's he there.

Seb. A gentleman, a musician, sir; one of excellent fingering.

S. Alex. Ay, I think so;—I wonder how they 'scap'd her. [*Aside.*

Seb. Has the most delicate stroke, sir.

S. Alex. A stroke indeed!—I feel it at my heart. [*Aside.*

Seb. Puts down all your famous musicians.

S. Alex. Ay, a whore may put down a hundred of 'em. [*Aside.*

Seb. Forty shillings is the agreement, sir, between us: Now, sir, my present means mounts but to half on't.

S. Alex. And he stands upon the whole?

Seb. Ay, indeed does he, sir.

S. Alex. And will do still; he'll ne'er be in other tale.

Seb. Therefore I'd stop his mouth, sir, and[1] I could.

S. Alex. Hum, true; there is no other way indeed;—
His folly hardens; shame must needs succeed.—
[*Aside.*
Now, sir, I understand you profess music.

Moll. I'm a poor servant to that liberal science, sir.

S. Alex. Where is't you teach?

Moll. Right against Clifford's Inn.

S. Alex. Hum, that's a fit place for't: you've many scholars?

Moll. And some of worth, whom I may call my masters.

---

[1] If.

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S. Alex. Ay, true, a company of whoremasters.
[*Aside.*
You teach to sing, too?
Moll. Marry, do I, sir.
S. Alex. I think you'll find an apt scholar of my son,
Especially for prick-song.
Moll. I've much hope of him.
S. Alex. I'm sorry for't, I have the less for that.
[*Aside.*
You can play any lesson?
Moll. At first sight, sir.
S. Alex. There's a thing call'd the Witch; can you play that?
Moll. I would be sorry any one should mend me in't.
S. Alex. Ay, I believe thee; thou'st so bewitch'd my son,
No care will mend the work that thou hast done.
I have bethought myself, since my art fails,
I'll make her policy the art to trap her.
Here are four angels mark'd with holes in them
Fit for his crack'd companions: gold he'll give her;
These will I make induction to her ruin,
And rid shame from my house, grief from my heart.
[*Aside.*
Here, son, in what you take content and pleasure,
Want shall not curb you; pay the gentleman
His latter half in gold. [*Gives money.*
Seb. I thank you, sir.

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S. Alex. O may the operation on't end three;
In her life, shame in him, and grief in me!
[*Aside, and exit.*

Seb. Faith, thou shalt have 'em; 'tis my father's gift:
Never was man beguil'd with better shift.

Moll. He that can take me for a male musician,
I can't choose but make him my instrument,
And play upon him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before GALLIPOT'S *Shop.*

Enter MISTRESS GALLIPOT *and* MISTRESS OPENWORK.

Mis. G. Is, then, that bird of yours, master Goshawk, so wild?

Mis. O. A Goshawk? a puttock;[1] all for prey: he angles for fish, but he loves flesh better.

Mis. G. Is't possible his smooth face should have wrinkles in't, and we not see them?

Mis. O. Possible? why, have not many handsome legs in silk stockings villanous splay feet, for all their great roses?[2]

Mis. G. Troth, sirrah, thou sayst true.

Mis. O. Didst never see an archer, as thou'st walked by Bunhill,[3] look a-squint when he drew his bow?

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[1] Kite.

[2] Knots of ribbons worn on the shoe.

[3] Where archery matches and artillery practice were held. On and

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Mis. G. Yes, when his arrows have flíne[1] toward Islington, his eyes have shot clean contrary towards Pimlico.[2]

Mis. O. For all the world so does master Goshawk double with me.

Mis. G. O, fie upon him: if he double once, he's not for me.

Mis. O. Because Goshawk goes in a shag-ruff[3] band, with a face sticking up in't which shows like an agate set in a cramp ring,[4] he thinks I'm in love with him.

Mis. G. 'Las, I think he takes his mark amiss in thee!

Mis. O. He has, by often beating into me, made me believe that my husband kept a whore.

Mis. G. Very good.

Mis. O. Swore to me that my husband this very morning went in a boat, with a tilt over it, to the Three Pigeons at Brainford, and his punk with him under his tilt.

Mis. G. That were wholesome.

Mis. O. I believed it; fell a-swearing at him, cursing

September 1623, Middleton received twenty marks "for his services at the shooting on Bunhill, and at the Conduit Head before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen" (*Remembrancia*, p. 305).

[1] Flown.

[2] A part of Hoxton.

[3] We have had the term "shag-ruff" once or twice before in this play. Cf. Rowland's *Knave of Hearts*,—"Rose hat-band with the *shagged-ragged-ruff*."

[4] *Cramp rings* were rings which had been consecrated on Good Friday and were supposed to preserve the wearer against cramp. See Brand's *Popular Antiquities*.

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of harlots; made me ready to hoise up sail and be there as soon as he.

Mis. G. So, so.

Mis. O. And for that voyage Goshawk comes hither incontinently:[1] but, sirrah, this water-spaniel dives after no duck but me; his hope is having me at Brainford, to make me cry quack.

Mis. G. Art sure of it?

Mis. O. Sure of it? my poor innocent Openwork came in as I was poking my ruff:[2] presently hit I him i' the teeth with the Three Pigeons; he forswore all; I up and opened all; and now stands he in a shop hard by, like a musket on a rest,[3] to hit Goshawk i' the eye, when he comes to fetch me to the boat.

Mis. G. Such another lame gelding offered to carry me through thick and thin,—Laxton, sirrah,—but I am rid of him now.

Mis. O. Happy is the woman can be rid of 'em all! 'las, what are your whisking gallants to our husbands, weigh 'em rightly, man for man?

Mis. G. Troth, mere shallow things.

Mis. O. Idle, simple things, running heads; and yet let 'em run over us never so fast, we shopkeepers, when all's done, are sure to have 'em in our pursenets[4] at

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[1] Immediately.

[2] See note 3, vol. i. p. 64.

[3] "A support for the ancient musket. It consisted of a pole of tough wood with an iron spike at the end to fix it in the ground, and a semi-circular piece of iron at the top to rest the musket on. The soldier carried it by strings fastened over the shoulder."—*Halliwell.*

[4] Nets of which the ends are drawn together by a string.

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length; and when they are in, lord, what simple animals they are! then they hang the head——

Mis. G. Then they droop——

Mis. O. Then they write letters——

Mis. G. Then they cog[1]——

Mis. O. Then deal they underhand with us, and we must ingle[1] with our husbands a-bed; and we must swear they are our cousins, and able to do us a pleasure at court.

Mis. G. And yet, when we have done our best, all's but put into a riven dish; we are but frumped[2] at and libelled upon.

Mis. O. O, if it were the good Lord's will there were a law made, no citizen should trust any of 'em all!

Enter GOSHAWK.

Mis. G. Hush, sirrah! Goshawk flutters.

Gos. How now? are you ready?

Mis. O. Nay, are you ready? a little thing, you see, makes us ready.

Gos. Us? why, must she make one i' the voyage?

Mis. O. O, by any means! do I know how my husband will handle me?

Gos. 'Foot, how shall I find water to keep these two mills going? [*Aside.*]—Well, since you'll needs be clapped under hatches, if I sail not with you both till all split,[3] hang me up at the mainyard and duck me.—

---

[1] *Cog, ingle* = wheedle.

[2] Mocked.

[3] *Make all split* was a common phrase. Bottom says, "I could play

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It's but liquoring them both soundly, and then you shall see their cork heels [1] fly up high, like two swans when their tails are above water, and their long necks under water diving to catch gudgeons. [*Aside.*]—Come, come, oars stand ready; the tide's with us; on with those false faces; blow winds and thou shalt take thy husband casting out his net to catch fresh salmon at Brainford.

Mis. G. I believe you'll eat of a cod's head of your own dressing before you reach half way thither. [*Aside.*]

[*She and* MISTRESS OPENWORK *mask themselves.*

Gos. So, so, follow close; pin as you go.

Enter LAXTON *muffled.*

Lax. Do you hear?

Mis. G. Yes, I thank my ears.

Lax. I must have a bout with your 'pothecaryship.

Mis. G. At what weapon?

Lax. I must speak with you.

Mis. G. No.

Lax. No? you shall.

Mis. G. Shall? away, souced sturgeon! half fish, half flesh.

Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to *make all split.*" It appears to have been originally a sailor's phrase, as shown from a passage (quoted in Dyce's *Shakespeare Glossary*) of Greene's *Never too Late*:—"He set down this period with such a sigh that, *as the mariners say*, a man would have thought *all would have split again.*"

[1] There are frequent allusions in the dramatists to the high cork-heels worn by women. Cf. Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, iii. 1—"Dost not wear high *cork-shoes*, choppines?"

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Lax. Faith, gib,[1] are you spitting? I'll cut your tail, puss-cat, for this.

Mis. G. 'Las, poor Laxton, I think thy tail's cut already! your worst.

Lax. If I do not—— [*Exit.*

Gos. Come, ha' you done?

Enter OPENWORK.

'Sfoot, Rosamond, your husband!

Open. How now? sweet master Goshawk! none more welcome;
I've wanted your embracements: when friends meet,
The music of the spheres sounds not more sweet
Than does their conference. Who's this? Rosamond?
Wife? how now, sister?

Gos. Silence, if you love me!

Open. Why mask'd?

Mis. O. Does a mask grieve you, sir?

Open. It does.

Mis. O. Then you're best get you a mumming.

Gos. 'Sfoot, you'll spoil all!

Mis. G. May not we cover our bare faces with masks,
As well as you cover your bald heads with hats?

Open. No masks; why, they're thieves to beauty, that rob eyes
Of admiration in which true love lies.
Why are masks worn? why good? or why desir'd?
Unless by their gay covers wits are fir'd

[1] A term of abuse for a scold: literally a tom-cat.

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To read the vildest[1] looks: many bad faces,
Because rich gems are treasur'd up in cases,
Pass by their privilege current; but as caves
Damn misers' gold, so masks are beauties' graves.
Men ne'er meet women with such muffled eyes,
But they curse her that first did masks devise,
And swear it was some beldam. Come, off with't.

Mis. O. I will not.

Open. Good faces mask'd are jewels kept by sprites;[2]
Hide none but bad ones, for they poison men's sights;
Show, then, as shopkeepers do their broider'd stuff,
By owl-light; fine wares can't be open enough.
Prithee, sweet Rose, come, strike this sail.

Mis. O. Sail?

Open. Ha!
Yes, wife, strike sail, for storms are in thine eyes.

Mis. O. They're here, sir, in my brows, if any rise.

Open. Ha, brows?—What says she, friend? pray, tell me why
Your two flags[3] were advanc'd; the comedy,
Come, what's the comedy?

Mis. G.[4] *Westward ho.*[5]

Open. How?

Mis. O. 'Tis *Westward ho*, she says.

Gos. Are you both mad?

---

[1] Vilest.
[2] Old ed. "spirits."
[3] Flags were placed at the tops of theatres.
[4] Old ed. "*Mist. Open.*"
[5] By Webster and Dekker; printed in 1607 (but written before 1605). "Westward ho!" was a cry of the watermen.

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Mis. O. Is't market-day at Brainford, and your ware
Not sent up yet?
Open. What market-day? what ware?
Mis. O. A pie with three pigeons in't: 'tis drawn,
And stays your cutting up.
Gos. As you regard my credit——
Open. Art mad?
Mis. O. Yes, lecherous goat, baboon!
Open. Baboon? then toss me in a blanket.
Mis. O. Do I it well?
Mis. G. Rarely.
Gos. Belike, sir, she's not well; best leave her.
Open. No;
I'll stand the storm now, how fierce soe'er it blow.
Mis. O. Did I for this lose all my friends, refuse
Rich hopes and golden fortunes, to be made
A stale[1] to a common whore?
Open. This does amaze me.
Mis. O. O God, O God! feed at reversion now?
A strumpet's leaving?
Open. Rosamond!
Gos. I sweat; would I lay in Cold Harbour![2]
[*Aside.*

[1] "Our old writers use the term in the sense of a substitute for another in wickedness, especially in adultery, or sometimes as a cover for another's guilt—

> 'You have another mistress, go to her,
> I will not be her stale.'
> *The Shepheards Holyday*, sig. G. 1."—*Halliwell.*

[2] See note 2, vol. ii. p. 277.

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Mis. O. Thou'st struck ten thousand daggers through my heart!

Open. Not I, by heaven, sweet wife!

Mis. O. Go, devil, go; that which thou swear'st by damns thee!

Gos. 'S heart, will you undo me?

Mis. O. Why stay you here? the star by which you sail
Shines yonder above Chelsea; you lose your shore;
If this moon light you, seek out your light whore.

Open. Ha!

Mis. G. Push, your western pug![1]

Gos. Zounds, now hell roars!

Mis. O. With whom you tilted in a pair of oars
This very morning.

Open. Oars?

Mis. O. At Brainford, sir.

Open. Rack not my patience.—Master Goshawk,
Some slave has buzz'd this into her, has he not?
I run a tilt in Brainford with a woman?
'Tis a lie!
What old bawd tells thee this? 's death, 'tis a lie!

Mis. O. 'Tis one [who] to thy face shall justify
All that I speak.

Open. Ud'soul, do but name that rascal!

Mis. O. No, sir, I will not.

---

[1] "'I doubt the sand-eyde asse will kicke like a *Westerne Pugge*, if I rubbe him on the gall.'—Greene's *Theeves falling out*, &c., sig. C., ed. 1637. 'In so much that [during the plague] euen the *Westerne Pugs* receiuing mony here, have tyed it in a bag at the end of their barge, and so trailed it through the Thames,' &c.—Dekker's *Wonderfull Yeare*, 1603, sig. F. 3."—*Dyce*.

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Gos. Keep thee there, girl, then! [*Aside.*
Open.[1] Sister, know you this varlet?
Mis. G. Yes.
Open. Swear true;
Is there a rogue so low damn'd? a second Judas?—
A common hangman, cutting a man's throat,
Does it to his face,—bite me behind my back?
A cur dog? swear if you know this hell-hound.
Mis. G. In truth, I do.
Open. His name?
Mis. G. Not for the world;
To have you to stab him.
Gos. O brave girls, worth gold![2] [*Aside.*
Open. A word, honest master Goshawk.
[*Drawing his sword.*
Gos. What do you mean, sir.
Open. Keep off, and if the devil can give a name
To this new fury, holla it through my ear,
Or wrap it up in some hid character.
I'll ride to Oxford and watch out mine eyes,
But I will hear the Brazen Head[3] speak, or else
Show me but one hair of his head or beard,
That I may sample it. If the fiend I meet
In mine own house, I'll kill him; [in] the street,

---

[1] Old ed. "*Mist. Open.*"

[2] "A girl worth gold" was a proverbial expression: it is the after-title of Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West.*

[3] In the prose-tract of the *Famous Historie of Fryer Bacon* it is related how "Friar Bacon made a Brazen Head to speak, by which he would have walled England about with brass." See Dyce's *Greene*, pp. 179–180 (1 vol. ed.)

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Or at the church-door,—there, 'cause he seeks t' untie
The knot God fastens, he deserves most to die.
Mis. O. My husband titles him!
Open. Master Goshawk, pray, sir,
Swear to me that you know him, or know him not,
Who makes me at Brainford to take up a petticoat
Besides my wife's.
Gos. By heaven, that man I know not!
Mis. O. Come, come, you lie!
Gos. Will you not have all out?
By heaven, I know no man beneath the moon
Should do you wrong, but if I had his name,
I'd print it in text letters.
Mis. O. Print thine own then:
Didst not thou swear to me he kept his whore!
Mis. G. And that in sinful Brainford they'd commit
That which our lips did water at, sir,—ha?
Mis. O. Thou spider that hast woven thy cunning web
In mine own house t' ensnare me! hast not thou
Suck'd nourishment even underneath this roof,
And turn'd it all to poison, spitting it
On thy friend's face, my husband, (he as 'twere sleeping),
Only to leave him ugly to mine eyes,
That they might glance on thee?
Mis. G. Speak, are these lies?
Gos. Mine own shame me confounds!
Open.[1] No more; he's stung.
Who'd think that in one body there could dwell

[1] Old ed. "*Mist. Open.*"

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Deformity and beauty, heaven and hell?
Goodness I see is but outside; we all set
In rings of gold stones that be counterfeit:
I thought you none.
Gos. Pardon me!
Open. Truth I do:
This blemish grows in nature, not in you;
For man's creation stick[s] even moles in scorn
On fairest cheeks.—Wife, nothing's perfect born.
Mis. O. I thought you had been born perfect.
Open. What's this whole world but a gilt rotten pill?
For at the heart lies the old core still.
I'll tell you, master Goshawk, ay, in your eye
I have seen wanton fire; and then, to try
The soundness of my judgment, I told you
I kept a whore, made you believe 'twas true,
Only to feel how your pulse beat; but find
The world can hardly yield a perfect friend.
Come, come, a trick of youth, and 'tis forgiven;
This rub put by, our love shall run more even.
Mis. O. You'll deal upon men's wives no more?
Gos. No; you teach me
A trick for that.
Mis. O. Troth, do not; they'll o'erreach thee.
Open. Make my house yours, sir, still.
Gos. No.
Open. I say you shall:
Seeing thus besieg'd it holds out, 'twill never fall.

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Enter GALLIPOT, *followed by* GREENWIT *disguised as a Sumner;*[1] *and* LAXTON *muffled aloof off.*[2]

Open.
Gos., &c.[3] } How now?

Gal. With me, sir?

Green. You, sir. I have gone snuffling[4] up and down by your door this hour, to watch for you.

Mis. G. What's the matter, husband?

Green. I have caught a cold in my head, sir, by sitting up late in the Rose tavern; but I hope you understand my speech.

Gal. So, sir.

Green. I cite you by the name of Hippocrates Gallipot, and you by the name of Prudence Gallipot, to appear upon *Crastino*,—do you see?—*Crastino sancti Dunstani*, this Easter term, in Bow Church.

Gal. Where, sir? what says he?

Green. Bow, Bow Church, to answer to a libel of precontract on the part and behalf of the said Prudence and another: you're best, sir, take a copy of the citation, 'tis but twelvepence.

Open.
Gos., &c. } A citation!

Gal. You pocky-nosed rascal, what slave fees you to this!

---

[1] See note 1, vol. iii. p. 76.

[2] We have had the expression "aloof off" in *Michaelmas Term*, i. 1 and iii. 1.

[3] Old ed. "*Omnes.*"

[4] Old ed. "snaffling."

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Lax. [*coming forward.*] Slave? I ha' nothing to do with you; do you hear, sir?

Gos. Laxton, is't not? What fagary[1] is this?

Gal. Trust me, I thought, sir, this storm long ago
Had been full laid, when, if you be remember'd,
I paid you the last fifteen pound, besides
The thirty you had first; for then you swore——

Lax. Tush, tush, sir, oaths,—
Truth, yet I'm loath to vex you—tell you what,
Make up the money I had an hundred pound,
And take your bellyful of her.

Gal. An hundred pound?

Mis. G. What, a hundred pound? he gets none: what, a hundred pound?

Gal. Sweet Pru, be calm; the gentleman offers thus:
If I will make the moneys that are past
A hundred pound, he will discharge all courts,
And give his bond never to vex us more.

Mis. G. A hundred pound? 'Las, take, sir, but threescore!
Do you seek my undoing?

Lax. I'll not 'bate one sixpence.—
I'll maul you, puss, for spitting.

Mis. G. Do thy worst.—
Will fourscore stop thy mouth?

Lax. No.

Mis. G. You're a slave;

[1] Vagary.

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Thou cheat, I'll now tear money from thy throat.—
Husband, lay hold on yonder tawny coat.[1]

Green. Nay, gentlemen, seeing your women are so hot, I must lose my hair[2] in their company, I see.

[*Takes off his false hair.*

Mis. O. His hair sheds off, and yet he speaks not so much in the nose as he did before.

Gos. He has had the better chirurgeon.—Master Greenwit, is your wit so raw as to play no better a part than a sumner's?

Gal. I pray, who plays *A knack to know an honest man*,[3] in this company?

Mis. G. Dear husband, pardon me, I did dissemble,
Told thee I was his precontracted wife,
When letters came from him for thirty pound:
I had no shift but that.

Gal. A very clean shift,
But able to make me lousy: on.

Mis. G. Husband, I pluck'd,
When he had tempted me to think well of him,
Gelt feathers[4] from thy wings, to make him fly
More lofty.

Gal. A' the top of you, wife: on.

Mis. G. He having wasted them, comes now for more,

---

[1] Apparitors [and bishops' retainers] wore tawny coats.

[2] A reference to the effects of *lues venerea*.

[3] The name of an anonymous comedy.

[4] "*i.e.* golden feathers. But I am by no means confident that I have restored the right reading. Old ed. 'Get *fethers*.'"—*Dyce*.

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Using me as a ruffian doth his whore,
Whose sin keeps him in breath. By heaven, I vow,
Thy bed he ne'er wronged more than he does now!

Gal. My bed? ha, ha! like enough; a shopboard will serve
To have a cuckold's coat cut out upon:
Of that we'll talk hereafter.—You're a villain.

Lax. Hear me but speak, sir, you shall find me none.

Open.
Gos., &c. } Pray, sir, be patient, and hear him.

Gal. I'm muzzl'd for biting, sir; use me how you will.

Lax. The first hour that your wife was in my eye,
Myself with other gentlemen sitting by
In your shop tasting smoke, and speech being us'd,
That men who've fairest wives are most abus'd,
And hardly scape[1] the horn, your wife maintain'd
That only such spots in city dames were stain'd
Justly but by men's slanders: for her own part,
She vow'd that you had so much of her heart,
No man, by all his wit, by any wile
Never so fine-spun, should yourself beguile
Of what in her was yours.

Gal. Yet, Pru, 'tis well.—
Play out your game at Irish,[2] sir: who wins?

Mis. O. The trial is when she comes to bearing.[3]

---

[1] Old ed. "scapt."

[2] A game resembling backgammon. It is described in the *Complete Gamester*, 1674.

[3] "'*Bear* as fast as you can". . . when you *come to bearing*, have a

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Lax. I scorn'd one woman thus should brave all men,
And, which more vex'd me, a she-citizen;
Therefore I laid siege to her: out she held,
Gave many a brave repulse, and me compell'd
With shame to sound retreat to my hot lust:
Then, seeing all base desires rak'd up in dust,
And that to tempt her modest ears, I swore
Ne'er to presume again: she said, her eye
Would ever give me welcome honestly;
And, since I was a gentleman, if't run low,
She would my state relieve, not to o'erthrow
Your own and hers: did so; then seeing I wrought
Upon her meekness, me she set at nought;
And yet to try if I could turn that tide,
You see what stream I strove with; but, sir, I swear
By heaven, and by those hopes men lay up there,
I neither have nor had a base intent
To wrong your bed! what's done, is merriment:
Your gold I pay back with this interest,
When I'd most power to do't, I wrong'd you least.

Gal. If this no gullery be, sir——

Open. *Gos. &c.* } No, no, on my life!

Gal. Then, sir, I am beholden—not to you, wife,—
But, master Laxton, to your want of doing
Ill, which it seems you have not.—Gentlemen,
Tarry and dine here all.

---

care,' &c.—*The Compleat Gamester*, pp. 155–6, ed. 1674."—*Dyce.* Cf. *Northward Ho*, iv. 1:—"Did I not tell you, old man, that she'd win at any game *when she came to bearing?*"

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Open. Brother, we've a jest,
As good as yours, to furnish out a feast.
Gal. We'll crown our table with't.—Wife, brag no more
Of holding out: who most brags is most whore.
[*Exeunt.*

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ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter JACK DAPPER, MOLL, Sir BEAUTEOUS GANYMEDE, *and* Sir THOMAS LONG.

J. Dap. But, prithee, master captain Jack, be plain and perspicuous with me; was it your Meg[1] of Westminster's courage that rescued me from the Poultry puttocks[2] indeed?

Moll. The valour of my wit, I ensure you, sir, fetched you off bravely, when you were i' the forlorn hope among those desperates. Sir Beauteous Ganymede here, and sir Thomas Long, heard that cuckoo, my man Trapdoor, sing the note of your ransom from captivity.

S. Beau. Uds so, Moll, where's that Trapdoor? 10

Moll. Hanged, I think, by this time: a justice in this

---

[1] A virago whose exploits are celebrated in a black-letter tract entitled *The life and pranks of long Meg of Westminster*, 1582 (re-issued in 1635). She was the heroine of a lost play acted in 1594–5. See Henslowe's *Diary*, p. 49. From Field's *Amends for Ladies* we learn that a play of Long Meg was acted at the Fortune (circ. 1618). She is introduced in the anti-masque of Ben Jonson's *Fortunate Isles*.

[2] Kites.

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town, that speaks nothing but *make a mittimus, away with him to Newgate,* used that rogue like a firework,[1] to run upon a line betwixt him and me.

All. How, how?

Moll. Marry, to lay trains of villany to blow up my life: I smelt the powder, spied what linstock[2] gave fire to shoot against the poor captain of the galley-foist,[3] and away slid I my man like a shovel-board shilling.[4] He strouts[5] up and down the suburbs, I think, and eats up whores, feeds upon a bawd's garbage.

S. Tho. Sirrah, Jack Dapper——

J. Dap. What sayst, Tom Long?

S. Tho. Thou hadst a sweet-faced boy, hail-fellow with thee, to your little Gull: how is he spent?

J. Dap. Troth, I whistled the poor little buzzard off a' my fist, because, when he waited upon me at the ordinaries, the gallants hit me i' the teeth still, and said I looked like a painted alderman's tomb, and the boy at my elbow like a death's head.—Sirrah Jack, Moll——

Moll. What says my little Dapper?

---

[1] "So Dekker in his *Whore of Babylon*, 1607:

'Let vs behold these *fire-workes, that must run Vpon short lines of life.*'—Sig. E 4."—*Dyce.*

The expression is not uncommon. Cf. Marston's *Fawn*, i. 2:—"There be squibs, sir; which squibs *running upon lines*, like some of our gaudy gallants, sir, keep a smother, sir."

[2] The stick that held the gunner's match (lint-stock).

[3] A long barge with oars, used on state occasions.

[4] A shilling used in the game of shovel-board: it was smooth in order to slip easily. The game (which is not quite obsolete) is described by Strutt.

[5] Struts.

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S. Beau. Come, come; walk and talk, walk and talk.

J. Dap. Moll and I'll be i' the midst.

Moll. These knights shall have squires' places belike then: well, Dapper, what say you?

J. Dap. Sirrah captain, mad Mary, the gull my own father, Dapper sir Davy, laid these London boot-halers,[1] the catchpolls, in ambush to set upon me.

All. Your father? away, Jack! 40

J. Dap. By the tassels of this handkercher, 'tis true: and what was his warlike stratagem, think you? he thought, because a wicker cage tames a nightingale, a lousy prison could make an ass of me.

All. A nasty plot!

J. Dap. Ay, as though a Counter, which is a park in which all the wild beasts of the city run head by head, could tame me!

Moll. Yonder comes my lord Noland.

Enter LORD NOLAND.

All. Save you, my lord. 50

L. Nol. Well met, gentlemen all.—Good sir Beauteous Ganymede, sir Thomas Long,—and how does master Dapper?

J. Dap. Thanks, my lord.

Moll. No tobacco, my lord?

L. Nol. No, faith, Jack.

J. Dap. My lord Noland, will you go to Pimlico[2] with

[1] A cant term for highwaymen.

[2] A part of Hoxton. See note, p. 48.

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us? we are making a boon voyage to that nappy land of spice-cakes.

L. Nol. Here's such a merry ging,[1] I could find in my heart to sail to the world's end with such company: come, gentlemen, let's on.

J. Dap. Here's most amorous weather, my lord.

All. Amorous weather! [*They walk.*

J. Dap. Is not amorous a good word?

Enter TRAPDOOR *disguised as a poor Soldier with a patch over one eye, and* TEARCAT *all in tatters.*

Trap. Shall we set upon the infantry, these troops of foot? Zounds, yonder comes Moll, my whorish master and mistress! would I had her kidneys between my teeth!

Tear. I had rather have a cow-heel.

Trap. Zounds, I am so patched up, she cannot discover me: we'll on.

Tear. Alla corago,[1] then!

Trap. Good your honours and worships, enlarge the ears of commiseration, and let the sound of a hoarse military organ-pipe penetrate your pitiful bowels, to extract out of them so many small drops of silver as may give a hard straw-bed lodging to a couple of maimed soldiers.

J. Dap. Where are you maimed?

Tear. In both our nether limbs.

Moll. Come, come, Dapper, let's give 'em something: 'las, poor men! what money have you? by my troth, I love a soldier with my soul.

---

[1] Company.

[2] A corruption of Ital. *coraggio.*

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S. Beau. Stay, stay; where have you served?

S. Tho. In any part of the Low Countries?

Trap. Not in the Low Countries, if it please your manhood, but in Hungary against the Turk at the siege of Belgrade.

L. Nol. Who served there with you, sirrah?

Trap. Many Hungarians, Moldavians, Vallachians, and Transylvanians, with some Sclavonians; and retiring home, sir, the Venetian galleys took us prisoners, yet freed us, and suffered us to beg up and down the country.

J. Dap. You have ambled all over Italy, then?

Trap. O sir, from Venice to Roma, Vecchia, Bononia, Romagna, Bologna,[1] Modena, Piacenza, and Tuscana, with all her cities, as Pistoia, Valteria,[2] Mountepulchena,[3] Arezzo; with the Siennois, and divers others.

Moll. Mere rogues! put spurs to 'em once more.

J. Dap. Thou lookest like a strange creature, a fat butter-box, yet speakest English: what art thou?

Tear. Ick, mine here? ick bin den ruffling Tearcat, den brave soldado; ick bin dorick all Dutchlant gereisen; der schellum das meer ine beasa ine woert gaeb, ick slaag um stroakes on tom cop; dastick den hundred touzun divel halle, frollick, mine here.

S. Beau. Here, here; let's be rid of their jobbering.[4]

[*About to give money.*

Moll. Not a cross,[5] sir Beauteous.—You base rogues, I have taken measure of you better than a tailor can;

---

[1] *Bononia* and *Bologna* are of course one and the same place.
[2] Volterra. [3] Montepulciano. [4] Jabbering.
[5] A piece of money marked with a cross on one side.

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and I'll fit you, as you, monster with one eye, have fitted me.

Trap. Your worship will not abuse a soldier?

Moll. Soldier? thou deservest to be hanged up by that tongue which dishonours so noble a profession: soldier? you skeldering[1] varlet! hold, stand; there should be a trapdoor here abouts. [*Pulls off his patch.*

Trap. The balls of these glasiers[2] of mine, mine eyes, shall be shot up and down in any hot piece of service for my invincible mistress.

J. Dap. I did not think there had been such knavery in black patches[3] as now I see.

Moll. O sir, he hath been brought up in the Isle of Dogs,[4] and can both fawn like a spaniel, and bite like a mastiff, as he finds occasion.

L. Nol. What are you, sirrah? a bird of this feather too?

Tear. A man beaten from the wars, sir.

S. Tho. I think so, for you never stood to fight.

J. Dap. What's thy name, fellow soldier?

Tear. I am called by those that have seen my valour, Tearcat.

All. Tearcat?

Moll. A mere whip-jack,[5] and that is, in the common-

---

[1] Swindling. A cant term (used by Ben Jonson, &c.)

[2] A cant term for eyes. It occurs in Harman's *Caveat for Cursitors* and Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candlelight.*

[3] Ornamental black patches were worn by ladies and fops.

[4] A place of refuge for debtors and criminals.

[5] There is a similar description of a *whipjacke* in Dekker's *Belman of London*, 1608.

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wealth of rogues, a slave that can talk of sea-fight, name all your chief pirates, discover more countries to you than either the Dutch, Spanish, French, or English ever found out; yet indeed all his service is by land, and that is to rob a fair, or some such venturous exploit. Tear-cat? 'foot, sirrah, I have your name, now I remember me, in my book of horners; horns for the thumb,[1] you know how.

Tear. No indeed, captain Moll, for I know you by sight, I am no such nipping Christian, but a maunderer upon the pad,[2] I confess; and meeting with honest Trap-door here, whom you had cashiered from bearing arms, out at elbows, under your colours, I instructed him in the rudiments of roguery, and by my map made him sail over any country you can name, so that now he can maunder better than myself.

J. Dap. So, then, Trapdoor, thou art turned soldier now?

Trap. Alas, sir, now there's no wars, 'tis the safest course of life I could take!

Moll. I hope, then, you can cant, for by your cudgels, you, sirrah, are an upright man.[3]

---

[1] *Horn-thumb* was a cant term for a cutpurse. A case of horn was put on the thumb to resist the edge of the knife in cutting purses. Cf. Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, ii. 11:—"I mean a child of the *horn-thumb*, a babe of booty, boy, a cutpurse,"—where see Gifford's note.

[2] "Maund upon the pad" = beg on the highroad.

[3] "Is a sturdy big-bonde knaue, that neuer walkes but (like a Commander) with a short truncheon in his hand, which hee cals his Filchman. At Markets, Fayres, and other meetings his voice among Beggars is of the same sound that a Constables is of, it is not to be controld. He is free of all the shiers in England, but neuer stayes in any place

Trap. As any walks the highway, I assure you.

Moll. And, Tearcat, what are you? a wild rogue,[1] an angler,[2] or a ruffler?[3]

---

long, &c. &c. . . . These [upright men] cary the shapes of soldiers, and can talke of the Low Countries, though they neuer were beyond Dover."—Dekker's *Belman of London*, 1608, sig. C 3. All the cant terms that occur in the present scene are explained in Dekker's tracts, the *Belman of London* and *Lanthorne and Candlelight*. For his information Dekker was largely indebted to Harman's *Caveat for Cursitors*. Fletcher in his *Beggar's Bush* and Brome in *A Jovial Crew* give us a taste of Pedlar's French; but Dekker in the present scene doses us severely. I have retained the explanatory quotations which Dyce gave (verbatim and literatim) from the *Belman of London* and *Lanthorne and Candlelight*. Dr. Grosart's complete collection (now in course of publication) of Dekker's prose works will supply a want which has long been felt.

[1] "Is a spirit that cares not in what circle he rises, nor into the company of what Diuels hee falles: in his swadling clouts is he marked to be a villaine, and in his breeding is instructed to be so. . . . These Wilde Rogues (like wilde geese) keepe in flocks, and all the day loyter in the fields, if the weather bee warme, and at Bricke-kils, or else disperse themselues in cold weather, to rich mens doores, and at night haue their meetings in Barnes or other out places," &c. *Id.* sig. D.

[2] "Is a lymb of an Vpright man, as beeing deriued from him: their apparell in which they walke is commonly frieze Jerkins and gally slops: in the day time, they beg from house to house, not so much for reliefe, as to spy what lyes fit for their nets, which in the night following they fish for. The Rod they angle with is a staffe of fiue or six foote in length, in which within one inch of the top is a little hole boared quite thorough, into which hole they put an yron hooke, and with the same doe they angle at windowes about midnight, the draught they pluck vp beeing apparell, sheetes, couerlets, or whatsoeuer their yron hookes can lay hold of," &c. *Id.* sig. C 4.

[3] "The next in degree to him [the Vpright man] is cald a Ruffler: the Ruffler and the Vpright-man are so like in conditions, that you would sweare them brothers: they walke with cudgels alike; they profess armes alike. . . . These commonly are fellowes that haue stood aloofe in the warres, and whilst others fought, they tooke their heeles and ran away from their Captaine, or else they haue bin Seruing-men, whome for their behauiour no man would trust with a liuery," &c. *Id.* ibid.

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Tear. Brother to this upright man, flesh and blood; ruffling Tearcat is my name, and a ruffler is my style, my title, my profession.

Moll. Sirrah, where's your doxy? halt not with me.

All. Doxy, Moll? what's that?

Moll. His wench.

Trap. My doxy? I have, by the salomon,[1] a doxy that carries a kinchin[2] mort in her slate at her back, besides my dell and my dainty wild dell,[3] with all whom I'll[4] tumble this next darkmans in the strommel, and drink ben bouse,[5] and eat a fat gruntling cheat, a cackling cheat, and a quacking cheat.

J. Dap. Here's old[6] cheating!

Trap. My doxy stays for me in a bousing ken,[7] brave captain.

---

[1] By the mass. We have this cant expression in Harman's *Caveat*, Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candlelight*, Fletcher's *Beggar's Bush*, &c.

[2] Old ed. "kitchen-*mort*." "Kinching-morts are girles of a yeare or two old, which the Morts (their mothers) cary at their backes in their Slates (which in the Canting-Tongue are Sheetes); if they haue no children of their owne, they will steale them from others, and by some meane disfigure them, that by their parents they shall neuer be knowne:" —Dekker's *Belman of London*, 1608, sig. D 3.

[3] "A dell is a young wench, . . . but as yet not spoyled of her maidenhead. These Dells are reserued as dishes for the Vpright-men, for none but they must have the first taste of them. . . . Of these dells some are termed Wilde Dells, and those are such as are born and begotten under a hedge: the other are yong wenches that, either by death of parents, the Villainie of Executors, or the crueltie of maisters, and mistresses, fall into this infamous and damnable course of life."—*Id.* sig. D 3, 4.

[4] *i.e.* I'll tumble this next night in the straw, and drink good drink, and eat a fat pig, a capon, and a duck.

[5] Old ed. "baufe"—an evident misprint for the cant term "bouse."

[6] Fine, rare.

[7] "Bousing ken" = alehouse.

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Moll. He says his wench stays for him in an ale-house. You are no[1] pure rogues!

Tear. Pure rogues? no, we scorn to be pure rogues; but if you come to our lib[2] ken or our stalling ken, you shall find neither him nor me a queer cuffin.[3]

Moll. So, sir, no churl of you.

Tear. No, but a ben cove,[4] a brave cove, a gentry cuffin.

L. Nol. Call you this canting?

J. Dap. Zounds, I'll give a schoolmaster half-a-crown a-week, and teach me this pedlar's French.[5]

Trap. Do but stroll, sir, half a harvest with us, sir, and you shall gabble your bellyful.

Moll. Come, you rogue, cant with me.

S. Tho. Well said, Moll.—Cant with her, sirrah, and you shall have money, else not a penny.

Trap. I'll have a bout, if she please.

Moll. Come on, sirrah!

Trap. Ben mort, shall you and I heave a bough,[6] mill

---

[1] Ironical.

[2] "*i.e.* our house to lie in, or our house to receive stolen goods. See Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candlelight*, 1612, sig. C 2, 3 (where 'Stuling *ken*,' &c.)"—*Dyce.*

[3] "The word Coue or Cofe, or Cuffin, signifies a man, a fellow, &c. But differs something in his propertie, according as it meetes with other wordes: For a Gentleman is called A Gentry Coue, or Cofe: A good fellow is a Bene Cofe: a Churle is called a Quier Cuffin; Quier signifies naught," &c.—*Id.* sig. C.

[4] Old ed. "cane."

[5] "That pedlers french, or that Canting language, which is to be found among none but Beggars."—Dekker's *Belman of London*, 1608, sig. C.

[6] Old ed. here and in l. 202 "*heaue a booth.*" See Dekker's *Lanthorne*

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a ken, or nip a bung, and then we'll couch a hogshead under the ruffmans, and there you shall wap with me, and I'll niggle with you.

Moll. Out, you damned impudent rascal!

Trap. Cut benar[1] whids, and hold your fambles and your stamps.

L. Nol. Nay, nay, Moll, why art thou angry? what was his gibberish?

Moll. Marry, this, my lord, says he: *Ben mort*, good wench, *shall you and I heave a bough*,[2] *mill a ken, or nip a bung?* shall you and I rob a house or cut a purse?

All. Very good.

Moll. And then we'll couch a hogshead under the ruffmans; and then we'll lie under a hedge.

Trap. That was my desire, captain, as 'tis fit a soldier should lie.

Moll. And there you shall wap with me, and I'll niggle with you,—and that's all.

S. Beau. Nay, nay, Moll, what's that wap?

J. Dap. Nay, teach me what niggling is; I'd fain be niggling.

Moll. Wapping and niggling is all one, the rogue my man can tell you.

Trap. 'Tis fadoodling, if it please you.

S. Beau. This is excellent! One fit more, good Moll.

Moll. Come, you rogue, sing with me.

---

and Candlelight, 1612, sig. C 2, 3. Moll presently interprets the passage.

[1] *i.e.* Speak better words, and hold your hands and your legs. See *Id.* ibid.

[2] "Heave a bough" = rob a booth.

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Song by MOLL *and* TEARCAT.[1]

A gage[2] *of ben rom-bouse*
In a bousing ken of Rom-vile,
Is benar than a caster,
Peck, pennam, lap,[3] *or popler,*
Which we mill in deuse a vile.
O I wud lib all the lightmans,
O I wud lib all the darkmans
By the salomon, under the ruffmans,
By the salomon, in the hartmans,
And scour the queer cramp ring,
And couch till a palliard dock'd my dell,
So my bousy nab might skew rom-bouse well.
Avast to the pad, let us bing;
Avast to the pad, let us bing.

All. Fine knaves, i'faith!

J. Dap. The grating of ten new cart-wheels, and the

[1] The old ed. prefixes "*T. Cat.*" to the third and tenth lines of the song.

[2] "*i.e.* A quart pot of good wine in an alehouse of London is better than a cloak, meat, bread, butter-milk (or whey), or porridge, which we steal in the country. O I would lie all the day, O I would lie all the night, by the mass, under the woods (or bushes), by the mass, in the stocks, and wear bolts (or fetters), and lie till a palliard lay with my wench, so my drunken head might quaff wine well. Avast to the high-way, let us hence, &c. See Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candlelight*, 1612, sig. C 2, 3; and *The Groundworke of Connycatching*, 1592, sig. A 2. In the fourth line, as Reed observes, '*lay*' should probably be '*lap*.' A *palliard* is a beggar born: 'he likewise is cald a Clapperdugeon: his vpper garment is an old cloake made of as many pieces patch'd together, as there be villanies in him,' &c. &c.—Dekker's *Belman of London*, 1608, sig. D."—*Dyce.*

[3] Old ed. "lay."

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gruntling of five hundred hogs coming from Rumford market, cannot make a worse noise than this canting language does in my ears. Pray, my lord Noland, let's give these soldiers their pay.

S. Beau. Agreed, and let them march.

L. Nol. Here, Moll. [*Gives money.*

Moll. Now I see that you are stalled to the rogue,[1] and are not ashamed of your professions: look you, my lord Noland here and these gentlemen bestows upon you two two boards[2] and a half, that's two shillings sixpence.

Trap. Thanks to your lordship.

Tear. Thanks, heroical captain.

Moll. Away!

Trap. We shall cut ben whids[3] of your masters and mistress-ship wheresoever we come.

Moll. You'll maintain, sirrah, the old justice's plot to his face?

---

[1] "This done, the Grand Signior called for a Gage of Bowse, which belike signified a quart of drinke, for presently a pot of Ale being put into his hand, hee made the yong Squire kneele downe, and powring the full pot on his pate, vttered these wordes, I doe *stall thee to the Rogue* by vertue of this soueraigne English liquor, so that henceforth it shall be lawfull for thee to Cant (that is to say) to be a Vagabond and Beg," &c.—Dekker's *Belman of London*, 1608, sig. C. "*Stalling*, making or ordeyning."—Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candlelight*, 1612, sig. C 3. Cf. Fletcher's *Beggar's Bush*, iii. 4:—

> "I crown thy nab with a gage of ben-bowse,
> And stall thee by the salmon in the clowes," &c.

[2] "*Borde*, a shilling."—Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candlelight*, 1612, sig. C 2.

[3] *i.e.* speak good words. See *Id.* ibid.

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Trap. Else trine me on the cheats,[1]—hang me.

Moll. Be sure you meet me there.

Trap. Without any more maundering,[2] I'll do't.—Follow, brave Tearcat.

Tear. I præ, sequor: let us go, mouse.[3]

[*Exeunt* TRAPDOOR *and* TEARCAT.

L. Nol. Moll, what was in that canting song?

Moll. Troth, my lord, only a praise of good drink, the only milk which these wild beasts love to suck, and thus it was:

A rich cup of wine,
O it is juice divine!
More wholesome for the head
Than meat, drink, or bread:
To fill my drunken pate
With that, I'd sit up late;
By the heels would I lie,
Under a lowsy hedge die,
Let a slave have a pull
At my whore, so I be full
Of that precious liquor:

and a parcel of such stuff, my lord, not worth the opening.

---

[1] "Trine me on the cheats" = hang me on the gallows. See *Id.* sig. C 2, 3.

[2] See note 2, p. 125. Here the meaning is *muttering.*

[3] A common term of endearment.

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Enter a Cutpurse *very gallant,*[1] *with four or five others, one having a wand.*

L. Nol. What gallant comes yonder?

S. Tho. Mass, I think I know him; 'tis one of Cumberland.

First Cut. Shall we venture to shuffle in amongst yon heap of gallants, and strike?[2]

Sec. Cut. 'Tis a question whether there be any silver shells[3] amongst them, for all their satin outsides.

The Rest.[4] Let's try.

Moll. Pox on him, a gallant? Shadow me, I know him; 'tis one that cumbers the land indeed: if he swim near to the shore of any of your pockets, look to your purses.

L. Nol.
S. Beau., &c.[4] } Is't possible?

Moll. This brave[5] fellow is no better than a foist.

L. Nol.
S. Beau., &c.[4] } Foist! what's that?

Moll. A diver with two fingers, a pickpocket; all his train study the figging-law,[6] that's to say, cutting of

---

[1] Finely dressed.
[2] The cant term for picking a purse.
[3] Money. See *Belman of London*, 1608, sig. H 2.
[4] Old ed. "*Omnes.*"
[5] Finely dressed.
[6] "In making of which law, two persons haue the chiefe voices, that is to say, the Cutpurse and the Pickpocket, and all the branches of this

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purses and foisting. One of them is a nip; I took him once i' the two-penny[1] gallery at the Fortune: then there's a cloyer, or snap, that dogs any new brother in that trade, and snaps will have half in any booty. He with the wand is both a stale, whose office is to face a man i' the streets, whilst shells are drawn by another, and then with his black conjuring rod in his hand, he, by the nimbleness of his eye and juggling stick, will, in cheaping a piece of plate at a goldsmith's stall, make four or five rings mount from the top of his *caduceus*, and, as if it were at leap-frog, they skip into his hand presently.

Sec. Cut. Zounds, we are smoked!

The Rest.[2] Ha!

Sec. Cut. We are boiled,[3] pox on her! see, Moll, the roaring drab!

First Cut. All the diseases of sixteen hospitals boil her!—Away!

Moll. Bless you, sir.

---

law reach to none but them and such as are made free denizens of th eir incorporation. . . .

> "He that cuts the purse is called the Nip.
> He that is halfe with him is the Snap or the Cloyer
> . . . . . .
> He that picks the pocket is called a Foist.
> He that faceth the man is the Stale."
>
> Dekker's *Belman of London*, 1608, sig. H.

[1] See note 1, vol. iii. p. 347.

[2] Old ed. "*Omnes.*"

[3] "The spying of this villanie is called Smoaking or Boiling."—Dekker's *Belman of London*, 1608, sig. H 2.

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First Cut. And you, good sir.

Moll. Dost not ken me, man?

First Cut. No, trust me, sir.

Moll. Heart, there's a knight, to whom I'm bound for many favours, lost his purse at the last new play i' the Swan,[1] seven angels in't: make it good, you're best; do you see? no more.

First Cut. A synagogue shall be called, mistress Mary; disgrace me not; *pacus palabros*,[2] I will conjure for you: farewell. [*Exit with his companions.*

Moll. Did not I tell you, my lord? 321

L. Noll. I wonder how thou camest to the knowledge of these nasty villains.

S. Tho. And why do the foul mouths of the world call thee Moll Cutpurse? a name, methinks, damned and odious.

Moll. Dare any step forth to my face and say,
I've ta'en thee doing so, Moll? I must confess,
In younger days, when I was apt to stray,
I've sat amongst such adders; seen their stings, 330
As any here might, and in full playhouses
Watch'd their quick-diving hands, to bring to shame
Such rogues, and in that stream met an ill name.
When next, my lord, you spy any one of those,
So he be in his art a scholar, question him;

---

[1] A playhouse on the Bankside.

[2] A corruption of Span. *pocas palabras, i.e.* few words. Cf. *Taming of a Shrew*, i. 1:—"Therefore *paucas pallabris*, let the world slide, Sessa;"—where see Steevens' note.

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Tempt him with gold to open the large book
Of his close villanies; and you yourself shall cant
Better than poor Moll can, and know more laws
Of cheators,[1] lifters,[2] nips, foists, puggards,[3] curbers,[4]
With all the devil's black-guard,[5] than it's fit
Should be discovered to a noble wit,
I know they have their orders, offices,
Circuits, and circles, unto which they're bound
To raise their own damnation in.

J. Dap. How dost thou know it?

Moll. As you do; I show't you, they to me show it.
Suppose, my lord, you were in Venice——

L. Nol. Well.

Moll. If some Italian pander there would tell
All the close tricks of courtesans, would not you
Hearken to such a fellow?

L. Noll. Yes.

---

[1] "The Cheating Law, or the art of winning money by false dyce: Those that practise this studie call themselues Cheators, the dyce Cheaters, and the money which they purchase Cheates."—Dekker's *Belman of London*, 1608, sig. E 2.

[2] "The Lifting Law . . . teacheth a kind of lifting of goods cleane away."—*Id.* sig. G 3, where various kinds of lifters are described. Concerning *nips* and *foists*, see note 6, p. 133.

[3] Examples of the word *puggard* (thief) are wanted. In a note on Autolycus' "*pugging* tooth" Steevens mentioned that he had met the word *pug* in one of Greene's tracts; but he gave no reference.

[4] "The Curbing Law [teaches] how to hooke goodes out of a windowe. . . . He that hookes is cald the Curber. . . . The Hooke is the Courb."—Dekker's *Belman of London*, 1608, sig. G.

[5] Properly, the smutty kitchen-drudges who attended royal progresses ensconced among the pots and pans.

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Moll. And here,
Being come from Venice, to a friend most dear
That were to travel thither, you'd proclaim
Your knowledge in those villanies, to save
Your friend from their quick danger: must you have
A black ill name, because ill things you know?
Good troth, my lord, I'm made Moll Cutpurse so.
How many are whores in small ruffs and still looks!
How many chaste whose names fill Slander's books!
Were all men cuckolds whom gallants in their scorns
Call so, we should not walk for goring horns.
Perhaps for my mad going some reprove me;
I please myself, and care not else who love[1] me.

L. Nol.
S. Beau., &c.[2] } A brave mind, Moll, i'faith!

S. Tho. Come, my lord, shall's to the ordinary?

L. Nol. Ay, 'tis noon sure.

Moll. Good my lord, let not my name condemn me to you, or to the world: a fencer I hope may be called a coward; is he so for that? If all that have ill names in London were to be whipt, and to pay but twelvepence a-piece to the beadle, I would rather have his office than a constable's.

J. Dap. So would I, captain Moll: 'twere a sweet tickling office, i'faith. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Old ed. "loues."

[2] Old ed. "*Omnes.*"

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SCENE II.

A Garden attached to Sir ALEXANDER WENGRAVE'S *House.*

Enter Sir ALEXANDER WENGRAVE, GOSHAWK, GREENWIT, *and others.*

S. Alex. My son marry a thief, that impudent girl,
Whom all the world stick their worst eyes upon!
Green. How will your care prevent it?
Gos. 'Tis impossible:
They marry close, they're gone, but none knows whither.
S. Alex. O gentlemen, when has a father's heart-strings

Enter Servant.

Held out so long from breaking?—Now what news, sir?
Seb. They were met upo' th' water an hour since, sir,
Putting in towards the Sluice.
S. Alex. The Sluice? come, gentlemen,
'Tis Lambeth works against us. [*Exit* Servant.
Green. And that Lambeth
Joins more mad matches than your six wet towns[1]
'Twixt that and Windsor Bridge, where fares lie soaking.

[1] "These I should apprehend to be Fulham, Richmond, Kingston, Hampton, Chertsey, Staines. The other intermediate towns are Chelsea, Battersea, Kew, Isleworth, Twickenham, and Walton. N."—Note in Reed's ed. of Dodsley's *Old Plays.*

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S. Alex. Delay no time, sweet gentlemen: to Blackfriars!
We'll take a pair of oars, and make after 'em.

Enter TRAPDOOR.

Trap. Your son and that bold masculine ramp[1] my mistress
Are landed now at Tower.
S. Alex. Hoyda, at Tower?
Trap. I heard it now reported.
S. Alex. Which way, gentlemen,
Shall I bestow my care? I'm drawn in pieces
Betwixt deceit and shame.

Enter Sir GUY FITZALLARD.

S. Guy. Sir Alexander,
You are well met, and most rightly served;
My daughter was a scorn to you.
S. Alex. Say not so, sir.
S. Guy. A very abject she, poor gentlewoman!
Your house had been dishonour'd. Give you joy, sir,
Of your son's gascoyne bride![2] you'll be a grandfather shortly
To a fine crew of roaring sons and daughters;
'Twill help to stock the suburbs passing well, sir.
S. Alex. O, play not with the miseries of my heart!
Wounds should be drest and heal'd, not vex'd, or left

[1] See note, p. 79.
[2] A bride who wears galligaskins (loose breeches).

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Wide open, to the anguish of the patient,
And scornful air let in; rather let pity
And advice charitably help to refresh 'em.
S. Guy. Who'd place his charity so unworthily?
Like one that gives alms to a cursing beggar:
Had I but found one spark of goodness in you
Toward my deserving child, which then grew fond
Of your son's virtues, I had eas'd you now;
But I perceive both fire of youth and goodness
Are rak'd up in the ashes of your age,
Else no such shame should have come near your house,
Nor such ignoble sorrow touch your heart.
S. Alex. If not for worth, for pity's sake assist me!
Green. You urge a thing past sense; how can he help you?
All his assistance is as frail as ours:
Full as uncertain where's the place that holds 'em;
One brings us water-news; then comes another
With a full-charg'd mouth, like a culverin's voice,
And he reports the Tower: whose sounds are truest?
Gos. In vain you flatter him.—Sir Alexander——
S. Guy. I flatter him? gentlemen, you wrong me grossly.
Green. He does it well, i'faith.
S. Guy. Both news are false,
Of Tower or water; they took no such way yet.
S. Alex. O strange! hear you this, gentlemen? yet more plunges.[1]

[1] Difficulties.

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S. Guy. They're nearer than you think for, yet more close
Than if they were further off.
S. Alex. How am I lost
In these distractions!
S. Guy. For your speeches, gentlemen,
In taxing me for rashness, 'fore you all
I will engage my state to half his wealth,
Nay, to his son's revenues, which are less,
And yet nothing at all till they come from him,
That I could, if my will stuck to my power,
Prevent this marriage yet, nay, banish her
For ever from his thoughts, much more his arms.
S. Alex. Slack not this goodness, though you heap upon me
Mountains of malice and revenge hereafter!
I'd willingly resign up half my state to him,
So he would marry the meanest drudge I hire.
Green. He talks impossibilities, and you believe 'em.
S. Guy. I talk no more than I know how to finish,
My fortunes else are his that dares stake with me.
The poor young gentleman I love and pity;
And to keep shame from him (because the spring
Of his affection was my daughter's first,
Till his frown blasted all), do but estate him
In those possessions which your love and care
Once pointed out for him, that he may have room
To entertain fortunes of noble birth,
Where now his desperate wants casts him upon her;
And if I do not, for his own sake chiefly,

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Rid him of this disease that now grows on him,
I'll forfeit my whole state before these gentlemen.
Green. Troth, but you shall not undertake such matches;
We'll persuade so much with you.
S. Alex. Here's my ring [*Gives ring.*
He will believe this token. 'Fore these gentlemen
I will confirm it fully: all those lands
My first love 'lotted him, he shall straight possess
In that refusal.
S. Guy. If I change it not,
Change me into a beggar.
Green. Are you mad, sir?
S. Guy. 'Tis done.
Gos. Will you undo yourself by doing,
And show a prodigal trick in your old days?
S. Alex. 'Tis a match, gentlemen.
S. Guy. Ay, ay, sir, ay.
I ask no favour, trust to you for none;
My hope rests in the goodness of your son. [*Exit.*
Green. He holds it up well yet.
Gos. Of an old knight, i'faith.
S. Alex. Curst be the time I laid his first love barren,
Wilfully barren, that before this hour
Had sprung forth fruits of comfort and of honour!
He lov'd a virtuous gentlewoman.

Enter MOLL *in her male dress.*

Gos. Life, here's Moll!
Green. Jack?

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Gos. How dost thou, Jack?
Moll. How dost thou, gallant?
S. Alex. Impudence, where's my son?
Moll. Weakness, go look him.
S. Alex. Is this your wedding gown?
Moll. The man talks monthly:[1]
Hot broth and a dark chamber for the knight!
I see he'll be stark mad at our next meeting. [*Exit.*
Gos. Why, sir, take comfort now, there's no such matter,
No priest will marry her, sir, for a woman
Whiles that shape's on; and it was never known]
Two men were married and conjoin'd in one
Your son hath made some shift to love another.
S. Alex. Whate'er she be, she has my blessing with her:
May they be rich and fruitful, and receive
Like comfort to their issue as I take
In them! has pleas'd me now; marrying not this,
Through a whole world he could not choose amiss.
Green. Glad you're so penitent for your former sin, sir.
Gos. Say he should take a wench with her smock-dowry,
No portion with her but her lips and arms?
S. Alex. Why, who thrive better, sir? they have most blessing,

[1] "*i.e.* madly; as if under the influence of the moon."—*Steevens.* Cf. the Shakespearean expression "in his lunes."

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Though other have more wealth, and least repent:
Many that want most know the most content.
Green. Say he should marry a kind youthful sinner?
S. Alex. Age will quench that; any offence but theft
And drunkenness, nothing but death can wipe away;
Their sins are green even when their heads are grey.
Nay, I despair not now; my heart's cheer'd, gentlemen;
No face can come unfortunately to me.—

Re-enter Servant.

Now, sir, your news?
Ser. Your son, with his fair bride,
Is near at hand.
S. Alex. Fair may their fortunes be!
Green. Now you're resolv'd,[1] sir, it was never she.
S. Alex. I find it in the music of my heart.

Enter SEBASTIAN WENGRAVE *leading in* MOLL *in her female dress and masked, and* Sir GUY FITZALLARD.

See where they come.
Gos. A proper lusty presence, sir.
S. Alex. Now has he pleas'd me right: I always counsell'd him
To choose a goodly, personable creature:
Just of her pitch was my first wife his mother.
Seb. Before I dare discover my offence,
I kneel for pardon. [*Kneels.*
S. Alex. My heart gave it thee

[1] Convinced.

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Before thy tongue could ask it:
Rise; thou hast rais'd my joy to greater height
Than to that seat where grief dejected it.
Both welcome to my love and care for ever!
Hide not my happiness too long; all's pardon'd;
Here are our friends.—Salute her, gentlemen.
[*They unmask her.*
All. Heart, who's this? Moll!
S. Alex. O my reviving shame! is't I must live
To be struck blind? be it the work of sorrow,
Before age take't in hand!
S. Guy. Darkness and death!
Have you deceiv'd me thus? did I engage
My whole estate for this?
S. Alex. You ask'd no favour,
And you shall find as little: since my comforts
Play false with me, I'll be as cruel to thee
As grief to fathers' hearts.
Moll. Why, what's the matter with you,
'Less too much joy should make your age forgetful?
Are you too well, too happy?
S. Alex. With a vengeance!
Moll. Methinks you should be proud of such a daughter,
As good a man as your son.
S. Alex. O monstrous impudence!
Moll. You had no note before, an unmark'd knight;
Now all the town will take regard on you,
And all your enemies fear you for my sake:

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You may pass where you list, through crowds most thick,
And come off bravely with your purse unpick'd.
You do not know the benefits I bring with me;
No cheat dares work upon you with thumb or knife,
While you've a roaring girl to your son's wife.
S. Alex. A devil rampant!
S. Guy. Have you so much charity
Yet to release me of my last rash bargain,
And I'll give in your pledge?
S. Alex. No, sir, I stand to't;
I'll work upon advantage, as all mischiefs
Do upon me.
S. Guy. Content. Bear witness all, then,
His are the lands; and so contention ends:
Here comes your son's bride 'twixt two noble friends.

Enter LORD NOLAND *and* Sir BEAUTEOUS GANYMEDE *with* MARY FITZALLARD *between them;* GALLIPOT, TILTYARD, OPENWORK, *and their Wives.*

Moll. Now are you gull'd as you would be; thank me for't,
I'd a forefinger in't.
Seb. Forgive me, father!
Though there before your eyes my sorrow feign'd,
This still was she for whom true love complain'd.
S. Alex. Blessings eternal, and the joys of angels,
Begin your peace here to be sign'd in heaven!

[1] See note 1, p. 125.

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How short my sleep of sorrow seems now to me,
To this eternity of boundless comforts,
That finds no want but utterance and expression!
My lord, your office here appears so honourably,
So full of ancient goodness, grace, and worthiness,
I never took more joy in sight of man
Than in your comfortable presence now.

L. Nol. Nor I more delight in doing grace to virtue
Than in this worthy gentlewoman your son's bride,
Noble Fitzallard's daughter, to whose honour
And modest fame I am a servant vow'd;
So is this knight.

S. Alex. Your loves make my joys proud.
Bring forth those deeds of land my care laid ready,
[*Exit* Servant, *who presently returns with deeds.*
And which, old knight, thy nobleness may challenge,
Join'd with thy daughter's virtues, whom I prize now
As dearly as that flesh I call mine own.
Forgive me, worthy gentlewoman; 'twas my blindness:
When I rejected thee, I saw thee not;
Sorrow and wilful rashness grew like films
Over the eyes of judgment; now so clear
I see the brightness of thy worth appear.

Mary. Duty and love may I deserve in those!
And all my wishes have a perfect close.

S. Alex. That tongue can never err, the sound's so sweet.
Here, honest son, receive into thy hands
The keys of wealth, possession of those lands
Which my first care provided; they're thine own;

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Heaven give thee a blessing with 'em! the best joys
That can in worldly shapes to man betide
Are fertile lands and a fair fruitful bride,
Of which I hope thou'rt sped.

Seb. I hope so too, sir.

Moll. Father and son, I ha' done you simple service here.

Seb. For which thou shalt not part, Moll, unrequited.

S. Alex. Thou'rt a mad girl, and yet I cannot now
Condemn thee.

Moll. Condemn me? troth, and you should, sir,
I'd make you seek out one to hang in my room:
I'd give you the slip at gallows, and cozen the people.
Heard you this jest, my lord?

L. Nol. What is it, Jack?

Moll. He was in fear his son would marry me,
But never dream't that I would ne'er agree.

L. Nol. Why, thou had'st a suitor once, Jack: when wilt marry?

Moll. Who, I, my lord? I'll tell you when, i'faith;
When you shall hear
Gallants void from sergeants' fear,
Honesty and truth unslander'd,
Woman mann'd, but never pander'd,
Cheats[1] booted, but not coach'd,
Vessels older ere they're broach'd;
If my mind be then not varied,
Next day following I'll be married.

[1] Dyce suggests "cheators" (for which see note 1, p. 136), a more rhythmical reading.

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L. Nol. This sounds like doomsday.
Moll. Then were marriage best;
For if I should repent, I were soon at rest.
S. Alex. In troth thou'rt a good wench: I'm sorry now
The opinion was so hard I conceiv'd of thee:

Enter TRAPDOOR.

Some wrongs I've done thee.
Trap. Is the wind there now?
'Tis time for me to kneel and confess first,
For fear it come too late, and my brains feel it. [*Aside.*
Upon my paws I ask you pardon, mistress!
Moll. Pardon! for what, sir? what has your rogueship done now?
Trap. I've been from time to time hired to confound you
By this old gentleman.
Moll. How?
Trap. Pray, forgive him:
But may I counsel you, you should never do't.
Many a snare t' entrap your worship's life
Have I laid privily; chains, watches, jewels;
And when he saw nothing could mount you up,
Four hollow-hearted angels he then gave you,
By which he meant to trap you, I to save you.
S. Alex. To all which shame and grief in me cry guilty.
Forgive me: now I cast the world's eyes from me,

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And look upon thee freely with mine own,
I see the most of many wrongs before me,[1]
Cast from the jaws of Envy and her people,
And nothing foul but that. I'll never more
Condemn by common voice, for that's the whore
That deceives man's opinion, mocks his trust,
Cozens his love, and makes his heart unjust.
Moll. Here be the angels, gentlemen; they were given me
As a musician: I pursue no pity;
Follow the law, and you can cuck[2] me, spare not;
Hang up my viol by me, and I care not.
S. Alex. So far I'm sorry, I'll thrice double 'em,
To make thy wrongs amends.
Come, worthy friends, my honourable lord,
Sir Beauteous Ganymede, and noble Fitzallard,
And you kind gentlewomen,[3] whose sparkling presence
Are glories set in marriage, beams of society,
For all your loves give lustre to my joys:
The happiness of this day shall be remember'd
At the return of every smiling spring;
In my time now 'tis born; and may no sadness
Sit on the brows of men upon that day,
But as I am, so all go pleas'd away! [*Exeunt omnes.*

---

[1] Old ed. "hee."
[2] *i.e.* if you can put me in the cucking-stool.
[3] Addressed to Mistress Gallipot and the others.—Old ed. "gentlewoman."

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EPILOGUE.

A painter having drawn with curious art
The picture of a woman, every part
Limn'd to the life, hung out the piece to sell.
People who pass'd along, viewing it well,
Gave several verdicts on it: some disprais'd
The hair; some said the brows too high were rais'd;
Some hit her o'er the lips, mislik'd their colour;
Some wish'd her nose were shorter; some, the eyes
fuller;
Others said roses on her cheeks should grow,
Swearing they look'd too pale; others cried no.
The workman still, as fault was found, did mend it,
In hope to please all: but this work being ended,
And hung open at stall, it was so vile,
So monstrous, and so ugly, all men did smile
At the poor painter's folly. Such, we doubt,
Is this our comedy: some perhaps do flout
The plot, saying, 'tis too thin, too weak, too mean;
Some for the person will revile the scene,
And wonder that a creature of her being
Should be the subject of a poet, seeing
In the world's eye none weighs so light: others look

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For all those base tricks, publish'd in a book [1]
Foul as his brains they flow'd from, of cutpurse[s],
Of nips and foists, nasty, obscene discourses,
As full of lies as empty of worth or wit,
For any honest ear or eye unfit.
And thus,
If we to every brain that's humorous
Should fashion scenes, we, with the painter, shall,
In striving to please all, please none at all.
Yet for such faults as either the writer's wit
Or negligence of the actors do commit,
Both crave your pardons : if what both have done
Cannot full pay your expectation,
The Roaring Girl herself, some few days hence,
Shall on this stage give larger recompence.
Which mirth that you may share in, herself does woo you,
And craves this sign, your hands to beckon her to you.

[1] I should be sorry to think that there is an allusion to Day's *Mad Pranks of Merry Moll of the Bankside* (licensed on 7th August 1610), of which no copy is now known.

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A FAIR QUARREL.

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A Faire Quarrell. As it was Acted before the King and diuers times publikely by the Prince his Highnes Seruants. Written

By Thomas Midleton and William Rowley. *Gentl.*

Printed at London for I. T. and are to bee sold at Christ Church Gate. 1617. 4to.

The unsold copies were re-issued in the same year with a new title-page :—*A Faire Quarrell. With new Additions of Mr. Chaughs and Trimtram's Roaring, and the Bauds Song. Neuer before Printed*, &c. The additions consisted of three leaves, which the binder was directed to place "at the latter end of the fourth act." Another edition appeared in 1622, 4to.

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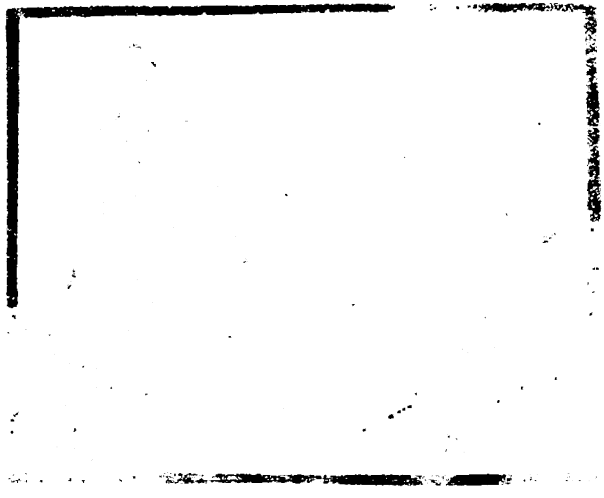

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A Faire Quarrell.

With new Additions of Mr. *Chaughs* and *Trimtrams* Roaring, and the Bauds Song.
Neuer before Printed.

As it was Acted before the King, by the Prince his Highneſſe Seruants.

{ Written by *Thomas Midleton*, and *William Rowley*. } Gent.

Printed at London for *I. T.* and are to be ſold at Chriſt Church Gate. 1617.

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TO THE

NOBLY DISPOSED, VIRTUOUS, AND FAITHFUL-BREASTED

ROBERT GREY, ESQUIRE,

ONE OF THE GROOMS OF HIS HIGHNESS' BED-CHAMBER,

His poor well-willer wisheth his best wishes, hic et supra.

WORTHY SIR,

'Tis but a play, and a play is but a butt, against which many shoot many arrows of envy; 'tis the weaker part, and how much more noble shall it be in you to defend it: yet if it be (as some philosophers have left behind 'em), that this megacosm, this great world, is no more than a stage, where every one must act his part, you shall of necessity have many partakers, some long, some short, some indifferent, all some; whilst indeed the players themselves have the least part of it, for I know few that have lands (which are a part of the world), and therefore no grounded men; but howsoever they serve for mutes, happily they must wear good clothes for attendance, yet all have exits, and must all be stript in the tiring-house (viz. the grave), for none must carry any thing out of the stock. You see, sir, I write as I speak, and I speak as I am, and that's excuse enough

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for me. I did not mean to write an epistle of praise to you; it looks so like a thing I know you love not, flattery, which you exceedingly hate actively, and unpleasingly accept passively: indeed, I meant to tell you your own, that is, that this child of the Muses is yours; whoever begat it, 'tis laid to your charge, and, for aught I know, you must father and keep it too: if it please you, I hope you shall not be ashamed of it neither, for it has been seen, though I say it, in good companies, and many have said it is a handsome, pretty-spoken infant. Now be your own judge; at your leisure look on it, at your pleasure laugh at it; and if you be sorry it is no better, you may be glad it is no bigger.

Yours ever,

WILLIAM ROWLEY.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

RUSSELL, *brother to Lady Ager and father to Jane.*
The Colonel.
CAPTAIN AGER, *son to Lady Ager.*
Friends of the Colonel.
Friends of Captain Ager.
FITZALLEN, *privately married to Jane.*
CHOUGH, *a Cornish gentleman.*
TRIMTRAM, *his servant.*
Physician.
Surgeon.
Usher of the Roaring School.
CAPTAIN ALBO, *a pander.*
VAPOUR, *a tobacco-seller.*
Sergeants, Roarers, Servants.

LADY AGER, *mother to the captain and sister to Russell.*
JANE, *daughter to Russell, and privately married to Fitzallen.*
The Colonel's sister.
ANNE, *sister to the Physician.*
Dutch Nurse.
MEG, *a bawd.*
PRISS, *a harlot.*

Scene : LONDON and its neighbourhood.

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A FAIR QUARREL.

—o—

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Court before RUSSELL'S *House.*

Enter RUSSELL.

Rus. It must be all my care; there's all my love,
And that pulls on the other.[1] Had I been left
In a son behind me, while I had been here
He should have shifted as I did before him,
Liv'd on the freeborn portion of his wit;
But a daughter, and that an only one,—O,
We cannot be too careful o' her, too tender!
'Tis such
A brittle niceness, a mere cupboard of glasses,
The least shake breaks or cracks 'em. All my aim is
To cast her upon riches; that's the thing
We rich men call perfection; for the world
Can perfect nought without it: 'tis not neatness,

[1] Old eds. "the tother."

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Either in handsome wit or handsome outside,
With which one gentleman, far in debt, has courted her;
Which boldness he shall rue. He thinks me blind
And ignorant: I've let him play a long time,
Seem'd to believe his worth, which I know nothing:
He may perhaps laugh at my easy confidence,
Which closely I requite upon his fondness,
For this hour snaps him; and before his mistress,
His saint, forsooth, which he inscribes my girl,
He shall be rudely taken and disgrac'd.
The trick will prove an everlasting scarecrow
To fright poor gallants from our rich men's daughters.

Enter LADY AGER *and two* Servants.

Sister! I've such a joy to make you a welcome of,
Better you never tasted.

Lady Ager. Good, sir, spare it not.

Rus. Colonel's come, and your son captain Ager.

Lady Ager. My son? [*Weeps.*

Rus. I know your eye would be first serv'd;
That's the soul's taster still for grief or joy.

Lady Ager. O, if a mother's dear suit may prevail with him,
From England he shall never part again!

Rus. No question he'll be rul'd, and grant you that.

Lady Ager. I'll bring all my desires to that request.
[*Exit with* Servants.

Rus. Affectionate sister! she has no daughter now;

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It follows all the love must come to him,
And he has a worth deserves it, were it dearer.

Enter Friend *of the* Colonel *and* Friend *of* CAPTAIN AGER.

Col.'s Fr. I must not give way to't.
Rus. What's here to question? [*Aside.*
Col.'s Fr. Compare young captain Ager with the Colonel!
Cap.'s Fr. Young? why, do you
Make youth stand for an imputation?
That which you now produce for his disgrace
Infers his nobleness, that, being young,
Should have an anger more inclin'd to courage
And moderation than the Colonel;
A virtue as rare as chastity in youth;
And let the cause be good—conscience in him,
Which ever crowns his acts, and is indeed
Valour's prosperity—he dares then as much
As ever made him famous that you plead for.
Col.'s Fr. Then I forbear too long.
Cap.'s Fr. His worth for me! [*They fight.*
Rus. Here's noble youths! belike some wench has cross'd 'em,
And now they know not what to do with their blood.
[*Aside.*

Enter the Colonel *and* CAPTAIN AGER.

Col. How now?
Cap. Ager. Hold, hold! what's the incitement?

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Col. So serious at your game! come come, the quarrel?

Col.'s Fr. Nothing, good faith, sir.

Col. Nothing? and you bleed?

Col.'s Fr. Bleed! where? pish, a little scratch by chance, sir.

Col. What need this niceness,[1] when you know so well
That I must know these things, and truly know 'em?
Your daintiness makes me but more impatient;
This strange concealment frets me.

Col.'s Fr. Words did pass
Which I was bound to answer, as my opinion
And love instructed me;
And should I take in general fame into 'em,
I think I should commit no error in't.

Col. What words, sir, and of whom?

Col.'s Fr. This gentleman
Parallel'd captain Ager's worth with yours.

Col. With mine?

Col.'s Fr. It was a thing I could not listen to
With any patience.

Cap. Ager. What should ail you, sir?
There was little wrong done to your friend i' that.

Col. How? little wrong to me?

Cap. Ager. I said so, friend,
And I suppose that you'll esteem it so.

Col. Comparisons!

---

[1] Scrupulousness.

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Cap. Ager. Why, sir, 'twixt friend and friend
There is so even and level a degree,
It will admit of no superlative.
Col. Not in terms of manhood?
Rus. [*coming forward.*] Nay, gentlemen——
Col. Good sir, give me leave—in terms of manhood,
What can you dispute more questionable?
You're a captain, sir; I give you all your due.
Cap. Ager. And you are a colonel, a title
Which may include within it many captains:
Yet, sir, but throwing by those titular shadows,
Which add no substance to the men themselves,
And take them uncompounded, man and man,
They may be so with fair equality.
Col. You're a boy, sir!
Cap. Ager. And you have a beard, sir:
Virginity and marriage are both worthy;
And the positive purity there are some
Have made the nobler.
Col. How now?
Rus. Nay, good sir——
Cap. Ager. I shrink not; he that goes the foremost may
Be overtaken.
Col. Death, how am I weigh'd!
Cap. Ager. In an even balance, sir; a beard put in
Gives but a small advantage: man and man,
And lift the scales.
Col. Patience shall be my curse,
If it ride me further! [*They draw their swords.*

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Rus. How now, gallants?
Believe me then, I must give aim[1] no longer:
Can words beget swords, and bring 'em forth, ha?
Come, they're abortive propagations;
Hide 'em, for shame! I had thought soldiers
Had been musical, would not strike out of time,
But to the consort[2] of drum, trumps, and fife:
'Tis madman-like to dance without music,
And most unpleasing shows to the beholders,
A Lydian ditty to a Doric note.
Friends embrace with steel hands! fie, it meets too hard!
I must have those encounters here debarr'd.
Col. Shall I lose here what I have safe brought home
Through many dangers?
Cap. Ager. What's that, sir?
Col. My fame,
Life of the life, my reputation.
Death! I am squar'd and measur'd out;
My heights, depths, breadth, all my dimensions taken!
Sure I have yet beyond your astrolabe
A spirit unbounded.
Cap. Ager. Sir, you might weigh——
Rus. Tush!
All this is weighing fire, vain and fruitless:
The further it runs into argument,
The further plung'd; beseech you, no more on't.
I have a little claim, sir, in your blood,

[1] See note 1, vol. iii. p. 258. [2] Concert.

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As near as the brother to your mother,
If that may serve for power to move your quiet;
The rest I shall make up with courtesy
And an uncle's love.
Cap. Ager. I have done, sir, but——
Rus. But? I'll have no more shooting at these butts.
Col. We'll to pricks[1] when he please.
Rus. You rove all still.
Sir, I have no motive proof to disgest[2]
Your raised choler back into temperate blood;
But if you'll make mine age a counsellor,—
As all ages have hitherto allow'd it,
Wisdom in men grows up as years increase,—
You shall make me blessed in making peace,
And do your judgment right.
Col. In peace at home
Grey hairs are senators, but to determine
Soldiers and their actions——

Enter FITZALLEN *and* JANE.

Rus. 'Tis peace here, sir:
And see, here comes a happy interim;
Here enters now a scene of loving arms;
This couple will not quarrel so.
Col.'s Fr. Be advis'd, sir;
This gentleman, Fitzallen, is your kinsman;
You may o'erthrow his long-labour'd fortunes

[1] The *prick* was the point in the centre of the butts. To *rove* was to shoot an arrow at an elevation, not point-blank.
[2] The old form of *digest*.

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With one angry minute; 'tis a rich churl,
And this his sole inheritrix; blast not
His hopes with this tempest.
Col. It shall calm me:
All the town's conjurers and their demons could not
Have laid my spirit so.
Fitz. Worthy coz,
I gratulate your fair return to peace!
Your swift fame was at home long before you.
Col. It meets, I hope, your happy fortunes here,
And I am glad in't. I must salute your joys, coz,
With a soldier's encounter. [*Kisses* JANE.
Fitz. Worthy captain Ager!
I hope, my kinsman shortly.
Rus. You must come short indeed,
Or the length of my device will be ill-shrunk.— [*Aside.*
Why, now it shows finely! I'll tell you, sir,—
Sir?—nay, son, I know i' th' end 'twill be so——
Fitz. I hope so, sir.
Rus. Hope? nay, 'tis past all hope, son:
Here has been such a stormy encounter 'twixt[1]
My cousin[2] captain and this brave Colonel,
About I know not what—nothing indeed—
Competitions, degrees, and comparatives
Of soldiership; but this smooth passage of love
Has calm'd it all.—Come, I will have it sound;
Let me see your hearts combined in your hands,

[1] Old eds. "betwixt."
[2] A familiar term of address.

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And then I will believe the league is good:
It shall be the grape's, if we drink any blood.
Col. I have no anger, sir.
Cap. Ager. I have had none,
My blood has not yet rose to a quarrel;
Nor have you had cause——
Col. No cause of quarrel?
Death! if my father should tell me so——
Rus. Again?
Fitz. Good sir, for my sake——
Col. Faith, I have done, coz;
You do too hastily believe mine anger:
And yet, to say diminiting[1] valour
In a soldier is no cause of quarrel——
Rus. Nay, then, I'll remove the cause, to kill th' effect.
Kinsman, I'll press you to't, if either love
Or consanguinity may move you to't:
I must disarm you; though ye are a soldier,
Pray, grant me your weapon; it shall be safe
[*Takes* CAPTAIN AGER'S *sword.*
At your regress from my house. Now I know
No words can move this noble soldier's sword
To a man undefenc'd so: we shall parle,[2]
And safely make all perfect friends again.
Col. To show my will, sir, accept mine to you;
[*Gives his sword to* RUSSELL.
As good not wear it as not dare to use it.

[1] Diminishing. [2] Parley.

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Col.'s Fr. Nay, then, sir, we will be all exampl'd;
We'll have no arms here now but lovers' arms.
[*Gives his sword to* RUSSELL.
Cap.'s Fr. No seconds must begin a quarrel: take mine, sir. [*Gives his sword to* RUSSELL.
Rus. Why, la, what a fine sunshine's here! these clouds
My breath has blown into another climate.
I'll be your armorer;[1] they are not pawn'd.—
These were the fish that I did angle for;
I have caught 'em finely. Now for my trick;
My project's lusty, and will hit the nick.
[*Exit with weapons.*
Col. What, is't a match, beauty? I would now have
Alliance with my worthy captain Ager,
To knit our loves the faster: here is witness
Enough, if you confirm it now.
Jane. Sir, my voice
Was long since given, since that I gave my hand.
Col. Would you had seal'd too!
Jane. That wish comes too late,
For I too soon fear my delivery.— [*Aside.*
My father's hand sticks yet, sir; you may now
Challenge a lawful interest in his:
He took your hand from your enraged blood,
And gave it freely to your opposite,
My cousin Ager: methinks you should claim from him,
In the less quality of calmer blood,

[1] Old eds. "armourers."

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To join the hands of two divided friends,
Even these two that would offer willingly
Their own embrace.

Col.'s Fr.[1] Troth, she instructs you well,
Colonel, and you shall do a lover's part
Worth one brave act of valour.

Col. Why, I did
Misdoubt no scruple; is there doubt in it?

Fitz. Faith, sir, delays, which at the least are doubts;
But here's a constant resolution fix'd,
Which we wish willingly he would accord to.

Col. Tush, he shall do't, I will not be denied;
He owes me so much in the recompense
Of my reconcilement.—Captain Ager,
You will take our parts against your uncle
In this quarrel?

Cap. Ager. I shall do my best, sir;
Two denials shall not repulse me: I love
Your worthy kinsman, and wish him mine; I know
He doubts it not.

Col. See, he's return'd.

Re-enter RUSSELL *with* Servant.

Rus. Your cue,
Be sure you keep it; 'twill be spoken quickly,
Therefore watch it. [*Exit* Servant.

Col. Let's set on him all at once.

All. Sir, we have a suit to you.

Rus. What, all at once?

[1] Old eds. "*Capt. friend.*"

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All. All, all, i'faith, sir.

Rus. One speaker may yet deliver: say, say;
I shall not dare to stand out 'gainst so many.

Col. Faith, sir, here's a brabbling[1] matter hangs on demur;
I make the motion for all without a fee;
Pray you, let it be ended this term.

Rus. Ha, ha, ha!—
That is the rascal's cue, and he has miss'd it.— [*Aside.*
What is't, what is't, sir?

Col. Why, sir, here's a man
And here's a woman—you're scholar good enough—
Put em together, and tell me what it spells?

Rus. Ha, ha, ha!—
There's his cue once again:

Re-enter Servant.

O, he's come—humph! [*Aside.*

Ser. My master laughs; that is his cue to mischief. [*Aside.*

Col. What say you, sir?

Ser. Sir——

Rus. Ha! what say you, sir?

Ser. Sir, there's a couple desire speedily to speak with you.

Rus. A couple, sir, of what? hounds or horses?

Ser. Men, sir; gentlemen or yeomen, I know not which,
But the one, sure, they are.

---

[1] "Brabbling" = wrangling, brawling.

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Rus. Hast thou no other description of them?

Ser. They come with commission, they say, sir, to taste of your earth; if they like it, they'll turn it into gunpowder.

Rus. O, they are saltpetre-men—before me,[1]
And they bring commission, the king's power indeed![2]
They must have entrance: but the knaves will be brib'd;
There's all the hope we have in officers;
They were too dangerous in a commonwealth,
But that they will be very well corrupted;
Necessary varlets.

Ser. Shall I enter in,[3] sir?

Rus. By all fair means, sir,
And with all speed, sir: give 'em very good words,
To save my ground unravish'd, unbroke up:

[*Exit* Servant.

---

[1] We have the same form of asseveration on p. 181 :—"*'fore me*, and thou look'st half-ill indeed!"

[2] In October 1595 the Lord Mayor wrote to the Lords in Council to protest against the high-handed way in which the saltpetre-men executed their commission. On 13th March 1616–17 the Earl of Worcester obtained a patent to make all saltpetre and gunpowder for the space of thirty-one years, and appears to have been very vigorous in exercising his monopoly. "Before the discovery and importation of Indian nitre, saltpetre was manufactured from earth impregnated with animal matter, and being the chief ingredient of gunpowder, was claimed by the Government, and in most cases became a State Monopoly. Patents for making saltpetre were expressly exempted in 1624 from the Statute against Monopolies (21 Jac. I. c. 3, s. 10) and the saltpetre-man was empowered to break open all premises, and to dig up the floors of stables, and even dwelling-houses."—*Remembrancia*, p. 114, n. 2.

[3] Dyce suggests "enter 'em," which may be the right reading. "Enter in" = show them in.

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Mine's yet
A virgin earth; the worm hath not been seen
To wriggle in her chaste bowels, and I'd be loath
A gunpowder fellow should deflower her now.
Col. Our suit is yet delay'd by this means, sir.
Rus. Alas, I cannot help it! these fellows gone,
As I hope I shall despatch 'em quickly,
A few articles shall conclude your suit:
Who? master Fitzallen? the only man
That my adoption aims at.
Col. There's good hope then.

Enter two Sergeants *in disguise.*

First Serg. Save you, sir.
Rus. You are welcome, sir, for ought I know yet.
Sec. Serg. We come to take a view and taste of your ground, sir.
Rus. I'd rather feed you with better meat, gentlemen;
But do your pleasures, pray.
First Serg. This is our pleasures:—We arrest you, sir,
In the king's name. [*They arrest* FITZALLEN.
Fitz. Ha! at whose suit?
Rus. How's that?
Col. Our weapons, good sir, furnish us!
Jane. Ay me!
Rus. Stay, stay, gentlemen, let's inquire the cause:
It may be but a trifle; a small debt
Shall need no rescue here.
Sec. Serg. Sir, betwixt three creditors, master Leach,

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master Swallow, and master Bonesuck, the debts are a thousand pounds.

Rus. A thousand pounds! beshrow[1] me, a good[2] man's substance!

Col. Good sir, our weapons! we'll teach these varlets to walk
In their own parti-colour'd coats, that they
May be distinguishèd from honest men.

First Serg. Sir, attempt no rescue; he's our prisoner:
You'll make the danger worse by violence.

Col. A plague upon your gunpowder-treason,
Ye quick-damn'd varlets! is this your saltpetre-proving,
Your tasting earth? would you might ne'er feed better,
Nor none of your catchpoll tribe!—Our weapons, good sir!
We'll yet deliver him.

Rus. Pardon me, sir;
I dare not suffer [any] rescue here,
At least not by so great an accessary
As to furnish you: had you had your weapons—
But to see the ill fate on't!—My fine trick, i'faith!
Let beggars beware to love rich men's daughters:
I'll teach 'em the new morrice; I learnt it myself
Of another careful father. [*Aside.*

Fitz. May I not be bail'd?

Sec. Serg. Yes, but not with swords.

Col. Slaves, here are sufficient men!

First Serg. Ay, i' th' field,

[1] *i.e.* "beshrew" (the reading of ed. 1622).

[2] "*i.e.* as Shylock explains it, *sufficient*—in a pecuniary sense."—*Dyce.*

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But not in the city.—Sir, if this gentleman
Will be one, we'll easily admit the second.
Rus. Who, I? sir, pray, pardon me: I am wrong'd,
Very much wrong'd in this; I must needs speak it.—
Sir, you have not dealt like an honest lover
With me nor my child: here you boast to me
Of a great revenue, a large substance,
Wherein you would endow and state my daughter:
Had I miss'd this, my opinion yet[1]
Thought you a frugal man, to understand
The sure wards against all necessities;
Boldly to defend your wife and family,
To walk unmuffl'd, dreadless of these flesh-hooks,
Even in the daring'st streets through all the city;
But now I find you a loose prodigal,
A large unthrift: a whole thousand pound!—
Come from him, girl, his inside is not sound.
Fitz. Sir, I am wrong'd; these are malicious plots
Of some obscure enemies that I have;
These debts are none of mine.
Rus. Ay, all say so:
Perhaps you stand engag'd for other men;
If so you do, you must then call't your own:
The like arrearage do I run into
Should I bail you; but I have vow'd against it,
And I will keep my vows; that is religious.

[1] By reading "yet my opinion" we should have a smoother line; but the numerous metrical irregularities that we find in the present scene are not due (*meo judicio*) to corruption of the text, but to Rowley's natural ruggedness.

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Fitz. All this is nothing so, sir.
Rus. Nothing so?
By my faith, 'tis, sir; my vows are firm.
Fitz. I neither
Owe these debts, nor [am I] engag'd for others.
Rus. The easier is your liberty regain'd:
These appear proofs to me.
Col. Liberty, sir?
I hope you will not see him go to prison.
Rus. I do not mean to bear him company
So far, but I will see him out of my doors:
O, sir, let him go to prison! 'tis a school
To tame wild bloods, he'll be much better for't.
Col. Better for lying in prison?
Rus. In prison; believe it,
Many an honest man lies in prison, else all
The keepers are knaves; they told me so themselves.
Col. Sir, I do now suspect you have betray'd him
And us, to cause us to be weaponless:
If it be so, you're a blood-sucking churl,
One that was born in a great frost, when charity
Could not stir a finger; and you shall die
In heat of a burning fever i' th' dog-days,
To begin your hell to you: I've said your grace for you;
Now get you to supper as soon as you can;
Pluto, the master of the house, is set already.
Cap. Ager. Sir, you do wrong mine uncle.
Col. Pox on your uncle

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And all his kin! if my kinsman mingle
No blood with him.

Cap. Ager. You are a foul-mouth'd fellow!

Col. Foul-mouth'd I will be—thou'rt the son of a whore!

Cap. Ager. Ha! whore? plagues and furies! I'll thrust that back,
Or pluck thy heart out after!—son of a whore?

Col. On thy life I'll prove it.

Cap. Ager. Death, I am naked!—
Uncle, I'll give you my left hand for my sword
To arm my right with—O this fire will flame me
Into present ashes!

Col. Sir, give us weapons;
We ask our own; you will not rob us of them?

Rus. No, sir, but still restrain your furies here:
At my door I'll give you them, nor at this time
My nephew's; a time will better suit you:
And I must tell you, sir, you have spoke swords,
And 'gainst the law of arms, poison'd the blades,
And with them wounded the reputation
Of an unblemish'd woman: would you were out of my doors!

Col. Pox on your doors, and let it run all your house o'er!
Give me my sword!

Cap. Ager. We shall meet, Colonel?

Col. Yes, better provided: to spur thee more,
I do repeat my words—son of a whore!

[*Exit with his* Friend.

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Cap.'s Fr. Come, sir; 'tis no worse than it was; you can
Do nothing now. [*Exit with* CAPTAIN AGER.
Rus. No, I'll bar him now.—Away with that beggar!
[*Exit.*
Jane. Good sir,
Let this persuade you for two minutes' stay:
At this price, I know, you can wait all day.
[*Giving money.*
First Serg. You know the remora[1] that stays our ship always.
Jane. Your ship sinks many when this hold lets go.—
O my Fitzallen! what is to be done?
Fitz. To be still thine is all my part to be,
Whether in freedom or captivity.
Jane. But art thou so engag'd as this pretends?
Fitz. By heaven, sweet Jane, 'tis all a hellish plot!
Your cruel-smiling father all this while
Has candied o'er a bitter pill for me,
Thinking by my remove to plant some other,
And then let go his fangs.
Jane. Plant some other?
Thou hast too firmly stampt me for thine own,
Ever to be ras'd out: I am not current
In any other's hand; I fear too soon
I shall discover it.
Fitz. Let come the worst;

[1] A barnacle. It was supposed to have the power of stopping a ship's course by adhering to the rudder.—See Pliny's *Hist. Nat.* 32, 1.

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Bind but this knot with an unloosed line,
I will be still thine own.

Jane. And I'll be thine.

First Serg. My watch has gone two minutes, master.

Fitz. It shall not be renew'd; I go, sir—Farewell!

Jane. Farewell! we both are prison'd, though not together;
But here's the difference in our luckless chance,
I fear mine own, wish thy deliverance.

Fitz. Our hearts shall hourly visit: I'll send to thee;
Then 'tis no prison where the mind is free.

[*Exit with* Sergeants.

Re-enter RUSSELL.

Rus. So, let him go!—Now, wench, I bring thee joys,
A fair sunshine after this angry storm.
It was my policy to remove this beggar:
What? shall rich men wed their only daughters
To two fair suits of clothes, and perhaps yet
The poor tailor is unpaid? no, no, my girl,
I have a lad of thousands coming in:
Suppose he have more wealth than wit to guide it,
Why, there's thy gains; thou keep'st the keys of all,
Disposest all; and for generation,
Man does most seldom stamp 'em from the brain;
Wise men begets fools, and fools are the fathers
To many wise children; *hysteron proteron*,
A great scholar may beget an idiot,

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And from the plough-tail may come a great scholar;
Nay, they are frequent propagations.
Jane. I am not well, sir.
Rus. Ha! not well, my girl?
Thou shalt have a physician then, [i'faith],
The best that gold can fetch upon his footcloth,[1]
Thou know'st my tender pity to thee ever;
Want nothing that thy wishes can instruct thee
To call for,—'fore me, and thou look'st half-ill indeed!
But I'll bring one within a day to thee
Shall rouse thee up, for he's come up already;
One master Chough, a Cornish gentleman;
Has as much land of his own fee-simple
As a crow can fly over in half a day:
And now I think on't, at the Crow at Aldgate
His lodging is:—he shall so stir thee up!—
Come, come, be cheer'd! think of thy preferment:
Honour and attendance, these will bring thee health;
And the way to 'em is to climb by wealth. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Long cloth housings of a horse or mule. A mule (or horse) and footcloth were formerly considered indispensable articles for a physician of standing. In Bullein's *Dialogue against the Fever Pestilence*, 1564, Medicus says that one of his patients gave him a "mule with a velvet footcloth." Aubrey (*Letters from Bodl. Libr.*, ii. 386, quoted by Nares) relates that "Harvey rode on horseback with a *footcloth* to visit his patients, his man following on foot, as the fashion then was, which was very decent, now quite discontinued."

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ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Room in LADY AGER'S *House.*

Enter CAPTAIN AGER.

Cap. Ager. The son of a whore ?
There is not such another murdering-piece [1]
In all the stock of calumny ; it kills
At one report two reputations,
A mother's and a son's. If it were possible
That souls could fight after the bodies fell,
This was a quarrel for 'em ; he should be one, indeed,
That never heard of heaven's joys or hell's torments,
To fight this out : I am too full of conscience,
Knowledge, and patience, to give justice to't ;
So careful of my eternity, which consists
Of upright actions, that unless I knew
It were a truth I stood for, any coward
Might make my breast his foot-pace : and who lives
That can assure the truth of his conception,

[1] The name of a small piece of artillery.—See Dyce's *Shakespeare Glossary*, s. v.

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More than a mother's carriage makes it hopeful?
And is't not miserable valour then,
That man should hazard all upon things doubtful?
O, there's the cruelty of my foe's advantage!
Could but my soul resolve my cause were just,
Earth's mountain nor sea's surge should hide him from me!
E'en to hell's threshold would I follow him,
And see the slanderer in before I left him!
But as it is, it fears[1] me; and I never
Appear'd too conscionably just till now.
My good opinion of her life and virtues
Bids me go on, and fain would I be rul'd by't;
But when my judgment tells me she's but woman,
Whose frailty[2] let in death to all mankind,
My valour shrinks at that. Certain, she's good;
There only wants but my assurance in't,
And all things then were perfect: how I thirst for't!
Here comes the only she that could resolve[3]—
But 'tis too vild[4] a question to demand indeed.

Enter LADY AGER.

Lady Ager. Son, I've a suit to you.

Cap. Ager. That may do well.— [*Aside.*
To me, good madam? you're most sure to speed in't,
Be't i' my power to grant it.

---

[1] Frightens.
[2] Ed. 1 "frailleto."—Ed. 1622 "frailtie to."
[3] Convince. [4] Vile.

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Lady Ager. 'Tis my love
Makes the request, that you would never part
From England more.
Cap. Ager. With all my heart 'tis granted!—
I'm sure I'm i' the way never to part from't. [*Aside.*
Lady Ager. Where left you your dear friend the Colonel?
Cap. Ager. O, the dear Colonel,—I should meet him soon.
Lady Ager. O fail him not then! he's a gentleman
The fame and reputation of your time
Is much engag'd to.
Cap. Ager. Yes, and[1] you knew all, mother.
Lady Ager. I thought I'd known so much of his fair goodness,
More could not have been look'd for.
Cap. Ager. O, yes, yes, madam,
And this his last exceeded all the rest.
Lady Ager. For gratitude's sake, let me know this, I prithee!
Cap. Ager. Then thus; and I desire your censure[2] freely,
Whether it appear'd not a strange noble kindness in him.
Lady Ager. Trust me, I long to hear't.
Cap. Ager. You know he's hasty,—
That by the way.

---

[1] If. [2] Judgment.

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Lady Ager. So are the best conditions ;[1]
Your father was the like.
Cap. Ager. I begin now
To doubt me more : why am not I so too then ?
Blood follows blood through forty generations,
And I've a slow-pac'd wrath—a shrewd dilemma !
[*Aside.*
Lady Ager. Well, as you were saying, sir——
Cap. Ager. Marry, thus, good madam :
There was in company a foul-mouth'd villain—
Stay, stay,
Who should I liken him to that you have seen ?
He comes so near one that I would not match him with ;
Faith, just a' th' Colonel's pitch,[2] he's ne'er the worse man ;
Usurers have been compar'd to magistrates,
Extortioners to lawyers, and the like ;
But they all prove ne'er the worse men for that.
Lady Ager. That's bad enough ; they need not.
Cap. Ager. This rude fellow,
A shame to all humanity or manners,
Breathes from the rottenness of his gall and malice
The foulest stain that ever man's fame blemish'd ;
Part of which fell upon your honour, madam,
Which heighten'd my affliction.

---

[1] Dispositions.
[2] Properly the height to which a falcon soar'd ; then height in general.

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Lady Ager. Mine? my honour, sir?

Cap. Ager. The Colonel, soon enrag'd, as he's all touchwood,
Takes fire before me, makes the quarrel his,
Appoints the field; my wrath could not be heard,
His was so high-pitch'd, so gloriously mounted.
Now, what's the friendly fear that fights within me,
Should his brave noble fury undertake
A cause that were unjust in our defence,
And so to lose him everlastingly
In that dark depth where all bad quarrels sink
Never to rise again, what pity 'twere
First to die here, and never to die there!

Lady Ager. Why, what's the quarrel—speak, sir—that should raise
Such fearful doubt, my honour bearing part on't?
The words, whate'er they were.

Cap. Ager. Son of a whore!

Lady Ager. Thou liest! [*Strikes him.*
And were my love ten thousand times more to thee,
Which is as much now as e'er mother's was,
So thou should'st feel my anger. Dost thou call
That quarrel doubtful? where are all my merits?
Not one stand up to tell this man his error?
Thou might'st as well bring the sun's truth in question
As thy birth or my honour!

Cap. Ager. Now blessings crown you for't!
It is the joyfull'st blow that e'er flesh felt.

Lady Ager. Nay, stay, stay, sir; thou art not left so soon:

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This is no question to be slighted off,
And at your pleasure clos'd up fair again,
As though you'd never touch'd it: no, honour doubted
Is honour deeply wounded; and it rages
More than a common smart, being of thy making;
For thee to fear my truth, it kills my comfort:
Where should fame seek for her reward, when he
That is her own by the great tie of blood,
Is farthest off in bounty? O poor goodness!
That only pay'st thyself with thy own works,
For nothing else looks towards thee. Tell me, pray,
Which of my loving cares dost thou requite
With this vild [1] thought, which of my prayers or wishes?
Many thou ow'st me for: this seven year hast thou known me
A widow, only married to my vow;
That's no small witness of my faith and love
To him that in life was thy honour'd father;
And live I now to know that good mistrusted?

Cap. Ager. No; 't shall appear that my belief is cheerful,
For never was a mother's reputation
Noblier defended: 'tis my joy and pride
I have a firm [faith] to bestow upon it.

Lady Ager. What's that you said, sir?

Cap. Ager. 'Twere too bold and soon yet
To crave forgiveness of you; I'll earn it first:
Dead or alive I know I shall enjoy it.

[1] Vile.

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Lady Ager. What's all this, sir?
Cap. Ager. My joy's beyond expression!
I do but think how wretched I had been
Were this another's quarrel, and not mine.
Lady Ager. Why, is it yours?
Cap. Ager. Mine? think me not so miserable,
Not to be mine; then were I worse than abject,
More to be loath'd than vileness or sin's dunghill:
Nor did I fear your goodness, faithful madam,
But came with greedy joy to be confirm'd in't,
To give the nobler onset. Then shines valour,
And admiration from her fix'd sphere draws,
When it comes burnish'd with a righteous cause;
Without which I'm ten fathoms under coward,
That now am ten degrees above a man,
Which is but one of virtue's easiest wonders.
Lady Ager. But, pray, stay; all this while I understood you
The Colonel was the man.
Cap. Ager. Yes, he's the man,
The man of injury, reproach, and slander,
Which I must turn into his soul again.
Lady Ager. The Colonel do't? that's strange!
Cap. Ager. The villain did it;
That's not so strange:—your blessing and your leave.
Lady Ager. Come, come, you shall not go!
Cap. Ager. Not go? were death
Sent now to summon me to my eternity,
I'd put him off an hour; why, the whole world
Has not chains strong enough to bind me from't:

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The strongest is my reverence to you,
Which if you force upon me in this case,
I must be forc'd to break it.
Lady Ager. Stay, I say!
Cap. Ager. In anything command me but in this, madam.
Lady Ager. 'Las, I shall lose him! [*Aside.*]—You will hear me first?
Cap. Ager. At my return I will.
Lady Ager. You'll never hear me more, then.
Cap. Ager. How?
Lady Ager. Come back, I say!
You may well think there's cause I call so often.
Cap. Ager. Ha, cause! what cause?
Lady Ager. So much, you must not go.
Cap. Ager. How?
Lady Ager. You must not go.
Cap. Ager. Must not! why?
Lady Ager. I know a reason for't,
Which I could wish you'd yield to, and not know;
If not, it must come forth: faith, do not know,
And yet obey my will.
Cap. Ager. Why, I desire
To know no other than the cause I have,
Nor should you wish it, if you take your injury,
For one more great I know the world includes not.
Lady Ager. Yes, one that makes this nothing: yet be rul'd,
And if you understand not, seek no further.
Cap. Ager. I must; for this is nothing.

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Lady Ager. Then take all;
And if amongst it you receive that secret
That will offend you, though you condemn me,
Yet blame yourself a little; for, perhaps,
I would have made my reputation sound
Upon another's hazard with less pity;
But upon yours I dare not.
Cap. Ager. How?
Lady Ager. I dare not:
'Twas your own seeking this.
Cap. Ager. If you mean evilly,
I cannot understand you; nor for all the riches
This life has, would I.
Lady Ager. Would you never might!
Cap. Ager. Why, your goodness, that I joy to fight for.
Lady Ager. In that you neither right your joy nor me.
Cap. Ager. What an ill orator has virtue got here!
Why, shall I dare to think it a thing possible
That you were ever false?
Lady Ager. O, fearfully!
As much as you come to.
Cap. Ager. O silence, cover me!
I've felt a deadlier wound than man can give me.
False!
Lady Ager. I was betray'd to a most sinful hour
By a corrupted soul I put in trust once,
A kinswoman.
Cap. Ager. Where is she? let me pay her!
Lady Ager. O, dead long since!

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Cap. Ager. Nay, then, sh'as all her wages.
False! do not say't, for honour's goodness, do not!
You never could be so. He I call'd father
Deserv'd you at your best, when youth and merit
Could boast at highest in you; y'had no grace
Or virtue that he match'd not, no delight
That you invented but he sent it crown'd
To your full-wishing soul.
Lady Ager. That heaps my guiltiness.
Cap. Ager. O, were you so unhappy to be false
Both to yourself and me? but to me chiefly.
What a day's hope is here lost! and with it
The joys of a just cause! Had you but thought
On such a noble quarrel, you'd ha' died
Ere you'd ha' yielded; for the sin's hate first,
Next for the shame of this hour's cowardice.
Curst be the heat that lost me such a cause,
A work that I was made for! Quench, my spirit,
And out with honour's flaming lights within thee!
Be dark and dead to all respects of manhood!
I never shall have use of valour more.
Put off your vow for shame! why should you hoard up
Such justice for a barren widowhood,
That was so injurious to the faith of wedlock?
[*Exit* LADY AGER.
I should be dead, for all my life's work's ended;
I dare not fight a stroke now, nor engage
The noble resolution of my friends:

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Enter two Friends *of* CAPTAIN AGER.

That were more vild.—They're here: kill me, my shame!
I am not for the fellowship of honour. [*Aside.*
First Fr. Captain! fie, come, sir! we've been seeking for you
Very late to-day; this was not wont to be:
Your enemy's i' th' field.
Cap. Ager. Truth enters cheerfully.
Sec. Fr. Good faith, sir, you've a royal quarrel on't.
Cap. Ager. Yes, in some other country, Spain or Italy,
It would be held so.
First Fr. How? and is't not here so?
Cap. Ager. 'Tis not so contumeliously receiv'd
In these parts, and you mark it.
First Fr. Not in these?
Why, prithee, what is more, or can be?
Cap. Ager. Yes;
That ordinary commotioner, the lie,
Is father of most quarrels in this climate,
And held here capital, and you go to that.
Sec. Fr. But, sir, I hope you will not go to that,
Or change your own for it: son of a whore!
Why, there's the lie down to posterity,
The lie to birth, the lie to honesty.
Why would you cozen yourself so, and beguile
So brave a cause, manhood's best masterpiece?
Do you e'er hope for one so brave again?
Cap. Ager. Consider then the man, [the] Colonel,

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Exactly worthy, absolutely noble,
However spleen and rage abuses him;
And 'tis not well or manly to pursue
A man's infirmity.
First Fr. O miracle!
So hopeful, valiant, and complete a captain
Possess'd with a tame devil! Come out! thou spoilest
The most improv'd young soldier of seven kingdoms;
Made captain at nineteen; which was deserv'd
The year before, but honour comes behind still:
Come out, I say! This was not wont to be;
That spirit ne'er stood in need of provocation,
Nor shall it now: away, sir!
Cap. Ager. Urge me not.
First Fr. By manhood's reverend honour, but we must!
Cap. Ager. I will not fight a stroke.
First Fr. O blasphemy
To sacred valour!
Cap. Ager. Lead me where you list.
First Fr. Pardon this traitorous slumber, clogg'd with evils:
Give captains rather wives than such tame devils!
[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

A Room in RUSSELL'S *House.*

Enter Physician *and* JANE.

Phy. Nay, mistress,[1] you must not be cover'd to me;
The patient must ope to the physician
All her dearest sorrows: art is blinded else,
And cannot show her mystical effects.
Jane. Can art be so dim-sighted, learned sir?
I did not think her so incapacious.
You train me, as I guess, like a conjuror,
One of our fine[2] oraculous wizards,
Who, from the help of his examinant,
By the near guess of his suspicion,
Points[3] out the thief by the marks he tells him.
Have you no skill in physiognomy?
What colour, says your coat, is my disease?
I am unmarried, and it cannot be yellow;[4]
If it be maiden-green, you cannot miss it.
Phy. I cannot see that vacuum in your blood:
But, gentlewoman, if you love yourself,
Love my advice; be free and plain with me:
Where lies your grief?

---

[1] "Old eds. 'Master'—the original MS. having had merely 'M.'"—*Dyce.*
[2] Old eds. "fiue."
[3] Old eds. "appoints."
[4] The colour of jealousy.

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Jane. Where lies my grief indeed?
I cannot tell the truth, where my grief lies,
But my joy is imprison'd.
Phy. This is mystical!
Jane. Lord, what plain questions you make problems of!
Your art is such a regular highway,
That put you out of it, and you are lost:
My heart's imprison'd in my body, sir;
There is all my joy; and my sorrow too
Lies very near it.
Phy. They are bad adjuncts;
Your joy and grief, lying so near together,
Can propagate no happy issue: remove
The one, and let it be the worst—your grief—
If you'll propose the best unto your joy.
Jane. Why, now comes your skill: what physic for it?
Phy. Now I have found you out; you are in love.
Jane. I think I am: what's[1] your appliance now?
Can all your Paracelsian mixtures cure it?
'T must be a surgeon of the civil law,
I fear, that must cure me.
Phy. Gentlewoman,
If you knew well my heart, you would not be
So circular;[2] the very common name
Of physician might reprove your niceness;[3]

[1] Ed. 1 "what."
[2] Tortuous, roundabout.
[3] Scrupulousness.

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We are as secret as your confessors,
And as firm obliged; 'tis a fine like death
For us to blab.

Jane. I will trust you; yet, sir,
I'd rather do it by attorney to you;
I else have blushes that will stop my tongue:
Have you no friend so friendly as yourself,
Of mine own sex, to whom I might impart
My sorrows to you at the second hand?

Phy. Why, la, there I hit you! and be confirm'd
I'll give you such a bosom-counsellor,
That your own tongue shall be sooner false to you.
Make yourself unready,[1] and be naked to her;
I'll fetch her presently. [*Exit.*

Jane. I must reveal;
My shame will else take tongue, and speak before me;
'Tis a necessity impulsive drives me.
O my hard fate, but my more hard father,
That father of my fate!—a father, said I?
What a strange paradox I run into!
I must accuse two fathers of my fate
And fault, a reciprocal generation:
The father of my fault would have repair'd
His faulty issue, but my fate's father hinders it:
Then fate and fault, wherever I begin,
I must blame both, and yet 'twas love did sin.

[1] "Make yourself unready" = undress yourself.

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Re-enter Physician *with* ANNE.

Phy. Look you, mistress, here's your closet; put in
What you please, you ever keep the key of it.
Jane. Let me speak private, sir.
Phy. With all my heart;
I will be more than mine ears' length from you.
[*Retires.*
Jane. You hold some endear'd place with this gentleman?
Anne. He is my brother, forsooth, I his creature;
He does command me any lawful office,
Either in act or counsel.
Jane. I must not doubt you;
Your brother has protested secrecy,
And strengthen'd me in you: I must lay ope
A guilty sorrow to you; I'm with child.
'Tis no black swan I show you; these spots stick
Upon the face of many go for maids:
I that had face enough to do the deed,
Cannot want tongue to speak it; but 'tis to you,
Whom I accept my helper.
Anne. Mistress, 'tis lock'd
Within a castle that's invincible:
It is too late to wish it were undone.
Jane. I've scarce a wish within myself so strong,
For, understand me, 'tis not all so ill
As you may yet conceit it: this deed was done
When heaven had witness to the jugal[1] knot;

[1] Nuptial.

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Only the barren ceremony wants,
Which by an adverse father is abridg'd.
Anne. Would my pity could help you!
Jane. Your counsel may.
My father yet shoots widest from my sorrow,
And, with a care indulgent, seeing me chang'd
From what I was, sends for your good brother
To find my grief, and practise remedy:
You know it, give it him; but if a fourth
Be added to this counsel, I will say
Ye're worse than you can call me at the worst,
At this advantage of my reputation.
Anne. I will revive a reputation
That women long has lost; I will keep counsel:
I'll only now oblige my teeth to you,
And they shall bite the blabber, if it offer
To breathe on an offending syllable.
Jane. I trust you; go, whisper.[1] Here comes my father.

Enter RUSSELL, CHOUGH, *and* TRIMTRAM.

Rus. Sir, you are welcome, more, and most welcome,
All the degrees of welcome; thrice welcome, sir.
Chough. Is this your daughter, sir?
Rus. Mine only joy, sir.
Chough. I'll show her the Cornish hug, sir [*embraces her*].—I have kissed you now, sweetheart, and I never

[1] *i.e.* make a confidant of your brother, explain my troubles to him.

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do any kindness to my friends but I use to hit 'em in the teeth with it presently.

Trim. My name is Trimtram, forsooth; look, what my master does, I use to do the like.

[*Attempts to kiss* ANNE.

Anne. You are deceived, sir; I am not this gentlewoman's servant, to make your courtesy equal.

Chough. You do not know me, mistress?

Jane. No indeed.—I doubt I shall learn too soon.

[*Aside.*

Chough. My name is Chough,[1] a Cornish gentleman; my man's mine own countryman too, i'faith: I warrant you took us for some of the small islanders.

Jane. I did indeed, between the Scotch and Irish.

Chough. Red-shanks?[2] I thought so, by my truth: no, truly,
We are right Cornish diamonds.

---

[1] "Old eds. 'Chawgh,' &c. Chough or chuff is a sea-bird, generally thought a stupid one, common in Cornwall: and a *Cornish chough* appears to have been a name for a silly fellow from the country:

> 'For here I might obserue *a Country gull*,
> Whose father's death had made his pockets full,
> Mount Ludgate-hill to buy a Spanish felt,
> Pull out his money, bid the Knaue go tel't.
> Notes from Black-fryers I presently might gather,
> For now *this Cornish Chough* mourns for his father
> In a Carnation feather,' &c.
> —Braithwait's *Honest Ghost*, 1658, p. 167."—*Dyce.*

[2] A term of contempt for Scottish Highlanders and native Irish. Cf. Harrison's *England*, p. 6, and Spenser's *View of the Present State of Ireland*, ed. Grosart, pp. 36, 176 (*Works*, vol. ix.) Dyce gives the following passage from a MS. quoted in Pilkington's *Hist. of Scot.*, ii. 396:—"Both summer and winter (except when the frost is most

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Trim. Yes, we cut
Out quarrels[1] and break glasses where we go.
Phy. If it be hidden from her father, yet
His ignorance understands well his knowledge,
For this I guess to be some rich coxcomb
He'd put upon his daughter.
Anne. That's plainly so.
Phy. Then only she's beholding to our help
For the close delivery of her burden,
Else all's overthrown.
Anne. And, pray, be faithful in that, sir.
Phy. Tush, we physicians are the truest
Alchemists, that from the ore and dross of sin
Can new distil a maidenhead again.
Rus. How do you like her, sir?
Chough. Troth, I do like her, sir, in the way of comparison, to anything that a man would desire; I am as high as the Mount[2] in love with her already, and that's as far as I can go by land; but I hope to go farther by water with her one day.
Rus. I tell you, sir, she has lost some colour
By wrestling with a peevish sickness now of late.
Chough. Wrestle? nay, and she love wrestling, I'll teach her a trick to overthrow any peevish sickness in London, whate'er it be.

---

vehement), going always barelegged and barefooted, our delight and pleasure is not only in hunting of red deer, wolves, foxes, and graies [badgers], but also in running, leaping, swimming, shooting, and throwing of darts. Therefore in so much as we use, and delight so to go always, the tender delicate gentlemen of Scotland call us *Redshanks*."

[1] Diamond-shaped panes of glass.

[2] St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall.

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Rus. Well, she had a rich beauty, though I say't;
Nor is it lost; a little thing repairs it.
Chough. She shall command the best thing that I have.
In Middlesex, i'faith.
Rus. Well, sir, talk with her;
Give her a relish of your good liking to her;
You shall have time and free
Access to finish what you now begin.
Jane. What means my father? my love's unjust restraint,
My shame, were it published, both together
Could not afflict me like this odious fool:
Now I see why he hated my Fitzallen. [*Aside.*
Chough. Sweet lady, your father says you are a wrestler: if you love that sport, I love you the better: i'faith, I love it as well as I love my meat after supper; 'tis indeed meat, drink, and cloth to me.
Jane. Methinks it should tear your clothes, sir.
Chough. Not a rag, i'faith.—Trimtram, hold my cloak. [*Gives his cloak to* TRIMTRAM.]—I'll wrestle a fall with you now; I'll show you a trick that you never saw in your life.
Jane. O, good sir, forbear! I am no wrestler.
Phy. Good sir, take heed, you'll hurt the gentlewoman.
Chough. I will not catch beneath the waist, believe it;
I know fair play.
Jane. 'Tis no woman's exercise in London, sir.

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Chough. I'll ne'er believe that: the hug and the lock between man and woman, with a fair fall, is as sweet an exercise for the body as you'll desire in a summer's evening.

Phy. Sir, the gentlewoman is not well.

Chough. It may be you are a physician, sir?

Phy. 'Tis so, sir.

Chough. I say, then, and I'll stand to't, three ounces of wrestling with two hips, a yard of a green gown[1] put together in the inturn, is as good a medicine for the green sickness as ever breathed.

Trim. Come, sir, take your cloak again; I see here will be ne'er a match. [*Returns cloak.*

Jane. A match?
I had rather be match'd from a musket's mouth,
And shot unto my death. [*Aside.*

Chough. I'll wrestle with any man for a good supper.

Trim. Ay, marry, sir, I'll take your part there, catch that catch may.

Phy. Sir, she is willing to't: there at my house
She shall be private, and near to my attendance:
I know you'll[2] not mistrust my faithful care;
I shall return her soon and perfectly.

---

[1] There is usually a spice of naughtiness intended when *green gowns* are mentioned. Cf. Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, iv. 3:—"Ursula, take them in and fit them to their calling. *Green gowns*, crimson petticoats, green women, my lord mayor's green women! guests o' the game, true bred." See the charming ballad of *Green Gown* ("Pan, leave piping, the gods have done feasting," &c.) in Mr. Ebsworth's edition of the *Westminster Drollery*.

[2] So ed. 1622.—Ed. 1 "you."

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Rus. Take your charge, sir.—Go with this gentleman, Jane;
But, prithee, look well this way ere thou go'st;
'Tis a rich simplicity of great estate,
A thing that will be rul'd, and thou shalt rule;
Consider of your sex's general aim,
That domination is a woman's heaven.

Jane. I'll think on't, sir.

Rus. My daughter is retiring, sir.

Chough. I will part at Dartmouth with her, sir. [*Kisses her.*]—O that thou didst but love wrestling! I would give any man three foils on that condition! 202

Trim. There's three sorts of men that would thank you for 'em, either cutlers, fencers, or players.

Rus. Sir, as I began I end,—wondrous welcome!

[*Exeunt all except* CHOUGH *and* TRIMTRAM.

Trim. What, will you go to school to-day? you are entered, you know, and your quarterage runs on.

Chough. What, to the roaring school?[1] pox on't, 'tis such a damnable noise, I shall never attain it neither. I do wonder they have never a wrestling school; that were worth twenty of your fencing or dancing schools. 211

Trim. Well, you must learn to roar here in London; you'll never proceed in the reputation of gallantry else.

Chough. How long has roaring been an exercise, thinkest thou, Trimtram?

Trim. Ever since guns came up; the first was your roaring Meg.[2]

---

[1] *Roaring boys* were the hectoring bullies of Middleton's time.

[2] See note 1, vol. i. p. 47.

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Chough. Meg? then 'twas a woman was the first roarer?

Trim. Ay, a fire of her touch-hole, that cost many a proper man's life since that time; and then the lions, they learnt it from the guns, living so near 'em;[1] then it was heard to the Bankside, and the bears[2] they began to roar; then the boys got it, and so ever since there have been a company of roaring boys.

Chough. And how long will it last, thinkest thou?

Trim. As long as the water runs under London Bridge, or watermen [ply] at Westminster stairs.

Chough. Well, I will begin to roar too, since it is in fashion. O Corineus,[3] this was not in thy time! I should have heard on't by the tradition of mine ancestors —for I'm sure there were Choughs in thy days—if it had been so: when Hercules and thou wert on the Olympic Mount together, then was wrestling in request.

Trim. Ay, and that Mount is now the Mount in Cornwall: Corineus brought it thither under one of his arms, they say.

Chough. O Corineus, my predecessor, that I had but lived in those days to see thee wrestle! on that condition I had died seven year ago.

Trim. Nay, it should have been a dozen at least, i'faith, on that condition. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] In the Tower.

[2] In Paris Garden.

[3] The mythical Cornish wrestler, who had a bout with the giant Gogmagog (as related in song 1 of the *Polyolbion*).

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ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Field.

Enter CAPTAIN AGER *and two* Friends.

Cap. Ager. Well, your wills now?
First Fr. of Cap. Our wills? our loves, our duties
To honour'd fortitude: what wills have we
But our desires to nobleness and merit,
Valour's advancement, and the sacred rectitude
Due to a valorous cause?
Cap. Ager. O that's not mine!
Sec. Fr. of Cap. War has his court of justice, that's the field,
Where all cases of manhood are determin'd,
And your case is no mean one.
Cap. Ager. True; then 'twere virtuous;
But mine is in extremes, foul and unjust.
Well, now you've got me hither, you're as far
To seek in your desire as at first minute;
For by the strength and honour of a vow,
I will not lift a finger in this quarrel.

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First Fr. of Cap. How? not in this? be not so rash a sinner:
Why, sir, do you ever hope to fight again then?
Take heed on't; you must never look for that:
Why, th' universal stock of the world's injury
Will be too poor to find a quarrel for you.
Give up your right and title to desert, sir:
If you fail virtue here, she needs you not
All your time after; let her take this wrong,
And never presume then to serve her more:
Bid farewell to th' integrity of arms,
And let that honourable name of soldier
Fall from you like a shiver'd wreath of laurel
By thunder struck from a desertless forehead,
That wears another's right by usurpation.
Good captain, do not wilfully cast away
At one hour all the fame your life has won:
This is your native seat; here you should seek
Most to preserve it; or if you will dote
So much on life,—poor life, which in respect
Of life in honour is but death and darkness,—
That you will prove neglectful of yourself,
Which is to me too fearful to imagine,
Yet for that virtuous lady's cause, your mother,
Her reputation dear to nobleness
As grace to penitence, whose fair memory
E'en crowns fame in your issue, for that blessedness
Give not this ill place, but in spite of hell,
And all her base fears, be exactly valiant.

Cap. Ager. O, O!

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Sec. Fr. of Cap. Why, well said, there's fair hope in that;
Another such a one!
Cap. Ager. Came they in thousands,
'Tis all against you.
First Fr. of Cap. Then, poor friendless merit,
Heaven be good to thee! thy professor leaves thee.

Enter Colonel *and two* Friends.

He's come;[1] do but you draw, we'll fight it for you.
Cap. Ager. I know too much to grant that.
First Fr. of Cap. O dead manhood!
Had ever such a cause so faint a servant?
Shame brand me, if I do not suffer for him!
Col. I've heard, sir, you've been guilty of much boasting
For your brave earliness at such a meeting:
You've lost the glory of that way this morning;
I was the first to-day.
Cap. Ager. So were you ever
In my respect, sir.
First Fr. of Cap. O most base præludium!
Cap. Ager. I never thought on Victory, our mistress,
With greater reverence than I have your worth,
Nor ever lov'd her better.
First Fr. of Cap. 'Slight, I could knock
His brains 'bout his heels, methinks!
Sec. Fr. of Cap. Peace, prithee, peace.

[1] Old eds. "com'd."

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Cap. Ager. Success in you has been my absolute joy;
And when I've wish'd content, I've wish'd your friendship.

First Fr. of Cap. Stay, let me but run him through the tongue a little;
There's lawyer's blood in't, you shall see foul gear straight.

Sec. Fr. of Cap. Come, you're as mad now as he's cowardous.

Col. I came not hither, sir, for an encomium.

First Fr. of Cap. No, the more coxcomb he that claws the head
Of your vainglory with't! [*Aside.*

Col. I came provided
For storms and tempests, and the foulest season
That ever rage let forth, or blew in wildness
From the incensed prison of man's blood.

Cap. Ager. 'Tis otherwise with me; I come with mildness,
Peace, constant amity, and calm forgiveness,
The weather of a Christian and a friend.

First Fr. of Cap. Give me a valiant Turk, though not worth tenpence,[1] rather.

Cap. Ager. Yet, sir, the world will judge the injury mine,
Insufferably[2] mine, mine beyond injury:

---

[1] *Turk of tenpence* was a common term of reproach. Cf. Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, ii. 4:—"Gentleman! he flouts me: what gentry can be in a poor *Turk of tenpence?*"

[2] Old eds. "insufferable."

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Thousands have made a less wrong reach to hell,
Ay, and rejoic'd in his most endless vengeance,
A miserable triumph, though a just one!
But when I call to memory our long friendship,
Methinks it cannot be too great a wrong
That then I should not pardon. Why should man,
For a poor hasty syllable or two,
And vented only in forgetful fury,
Chain all the hopes and riches of his soul
To the revenge of that, die lost for ever?
For he that makes his last peace with his Maker
In anger, anger is his peace eternally:
He must expect the same return again
Whose venture is deceitful; must he not, sir?
Col. I see what I must do, fairly put up again;
For here'll be nothing done, I perceive that.
Cap. Ager. What shall be done in such a worthless business
But to be sorry, and to be forgiven;
You, sir, to bring repentance, and I pardon?
Col. I bring repentance, sir?
Cap. Ager. If't be too much
To say repentance, call it what you please, sir;
Choose your own word: I know you're sorry for't,
And that's as good.
Col. I sorry? by fame's honour, I am wrong'd!
Do you seek for peace, and draw the quarrel larger?
Cap. Ager. Then 'tis I am sorry that I thought you so.
First Fr. of Cap. A captain! I could gnaw his title off.

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Cap. Ager. Nor is it any misbecoming virtue, sir,
In the best manliness to repent a wrong,
Which made me bold with you.

First Fr. of Cap. I could cuff his head off.

Sec. Fr. of Cap. Nay, pish!

First Fr. of Cap. Pox on him, I could eat his buttock bak'd, methinks!

Col. So, once again take thou thy peaceful rest, then;
[*Sheathing his sword.*
But as I put thee up, I must proclaim
This captain here, both to his friends and mine,
That only came to see fair valour righted,
A base submissive coward; so I leave him.
[*Offers to go away.*

Cap. Ager. O, heaven has pitied my excessive patience,
And sent me a cause! now I have a cause;
A coward I was never.—Come you back, sir!

Col. How?

Cap. Ager. You left a coward here.

Col. Yes, sir, with you.

Cap. Ager. 'Tis such base metal, sir, 'twill not be taken;
It must home again with you.

Sec. Fr. of Cap. Should this be true now!

First Fr. of Cap. Impossible! coward do more than bastard?

Col. I prithee, mock me not, take heed you do not;
For if I draw once more, I shall grow terrible,
And rage will force me do what will grieve honour.

Cap. Ager. Ha, ha, ha!

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Col. He smiles; dare it be he?—What think you, gentlemen?
Your judgments, shall I not be cozen'd in him?
This cannot be the man: why, he was bookish,
Made an invective lately against fighting,
A thing, in troth, that mov'd a little with me,
Put up a fouler contumely far
Than thousand cowards came to, and grew thankful.
Cap. Ager. Blessed remembrance in time of need!
I'd lost my honour else.
Sec. Fr. of Cap. Do you note his joy?
Cap. Ager. I never felt a more severe necessity;
Then came thy excellent pity. Not yet ready?
Have you such confidence in my just manhood,
That you dare so long trust me, and yet tempt me
Beyond the toleration of man's virtue?
Why, would you be more cruel than your injury?
Do you first take pride to wrong me, and then think me
Not worth your fury? do not use me so;
I shall deceive you then. Sir, either draw,
And that not slightingly, but with the care
Of your best preservation, with that watchfulness
As you'd defend yourself from circular fire,
Your sin's rage, or her lord—this will require it—
Or you'll be too soon lost, for I've an anger
Has gathered mighty strength against you, mighty:
Yet you shall find it honest to the last,
Noble and fair.
Col. I'll venture't once again;

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And if't be but as true as it is wondrous,
I shall have that I come for: your leave, gentlemen.
First Fr. of Cap. If he should do't indeed, and deceive's all now!
Stay, by this hand he offers—fights, i'faith!
[Colonel *and* CAPTAIN AGER *fight.*
Fights, by this light he fights, sir!
Sec. Fr. of Cap. So methinks, sir.
First Fr. of Cap. An absolute punto, hey?
Sec. Fr. of Cap. 'Twas a passado, sir.
First Fr. of Cap. Why, let it pass, and 'twas; I'm sure 'twas somewhat.
What's that now?
Sec. Fr. of Cap. That's a punto.
First Fr. of Cap. O, go to, then;
I knew 'twas not far off. What a world's this!
Is coward a more stirring meat than bastard, my masters?
Put in more eggs, for shame, when you get children,
And make it true court-custard.—Ho, I honour thee!
'Tis right and fair; and he that breathes against it,
He breathes against the justice of a man,
And man to cut him off 'tis no injustice.
[*The* Colonel *falls.*
Thanks, thanks for this most unexpected nobleness!
Cap. Ager. Truth never fails her servant, sir, nor leaves him
With the day's shame upon him.
First Fr. of Cap. Thou'st redeem'd

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Thy worth to the same height 'twas first esteem'd.[1]

[*Exit* CAPTAIN AGER *with his* Friends.

First Fr. of Col. Alas, how is it, sir? give us some hope

Of your stay with us: let your spirit be seen

[1] The whole of this scene and nearly all of ii. 1 are quoted in Lamb's *Specimens*. I subjoin his masterly criticism; it is familiar to every reader, but we can never read Lamb enough:—"The insipid levelling morality to which the modern stage is tied down would not admit of such admirable passions as these scenes are filled with. A puritanical obtuseness of sentiment, a stupid infantile goodness, is creeping among us, instead of the vigorous passions, and virtues clad in flesh and blood, with which the old dramatists present us. Those noble and liberal casuists could discern in the differences, the quarrels, the animosities of man, a beauty and truth of moral feeling, no less than in the iterately inculcated duties of forgiveness and atonement. With us all is hypocritical meekness. A reconciliation scene (let the occasion be never so absurd or unnatural) is always sure of applause. Our audiences come to the theatre to be complimented on their goodness. They compare notes with the amiable characters in the play, and find a wonderful similarity of disposition between them. We have a common stock of dramatic morality, out of which a writer may be supplied, without the trouble of copying it from originals within his own breast. To know the boundaries of honour, to be judiciously valiant, to have a temperance which shall beget a smoothness in the angry swellings of youth, to esteem life as nothing when the sacred reputation of a parent is to be defended, yet to shake and tremble under a pious cowardice when that ark of an honest confidence is found to be frail and tottering, to feel the true blows of a real disgrace blunting that sword which the imaginary strokes of a supposed false imputation had put so keen an edge upon but lately; to do, or to imagine this done in a feigned story, asks something more of a moral sense, somewhat a greater delicacy of perception in questions of right and wrong, than goes to the writing of two or three hackneyed sentences about the laws of honour as opposed to the laws of the land, or a commonplace against duelling. Yet such things would stand a writer now-a-days in far better stead than Captain Ager and his conscientious honour; and he would be considered as a far better teacher of morality than old Rowley or Middleton if they were living."

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Above your fortune; the best fortitude
Has been of fate ill-friended: now force your empire,
And reign above your blood, spite of dejection;
Reduce[1] the monarchy of your abler mind,
Let not flesh straiten it.

Col. O, just heaven has found me,
And turn'd the stings[2] of my too hasty injuries
Into my own blood! I pursu'd my ruin,
And urg'd him past the patience of an angel:
Could man's revenge extend beyond man's life,
This would ha' wak'd it. If this flame will light me
But till I see my sister, 'tis a kind one;
More I expect not from't. Noble deserver!
Farewell, most valiant and most wrong'd of men;
Do but forgive me, and I'm victor then.

[*Exit, led off by his* Friends.

SCENE II.

A Room in the Physician's *House.*

Enter Physician, JANE, ANNE, *and* Dutch Nurse *with a* Child.

Phy. Sweet fro,[3] to your most indulgent care
Take this my heart's joy; I must not tell you
The value of this jewel in my bosom.

---

[1] Bring back.
[2] Old eds. "strings."
[3] Woman (*Dut.*).

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Nurse. Dat you may vell, sir; der can niet forstoore you.

Phy. Indeed I cannot tell you; you know, nurse,
These are above the quantity of price:
Where is the glory of the goodliest trees
But in the fruit and branches? the old stock
Must decay; and sprigs, scions such as these,
Must become new stocks, for[1] us to glory
In their fruitful issue; so we are made
Immortal one by other.

Nurse. You spreek a most lieben fader, and ich sall do de best of tender nurses to dis infant, my pretty frokin.

Phy. I know you will be loving: here, sweet friend;
[*Gives money.*
Here's earnest of a large sum of love and coin
To quit[2] your tender care.

Jane. I have some reason too
To purchase your dear care unto this infant.
[*Gives money.*

Nurse. You be de witness of de baptim, dat is, as you spreken, de godimother, ich vell forstoore it so.

Jane. Yes, I'm the bad mother,—if it be offence.
[*Aside.*

Anne. I must be a little kind too. [*Gives money.*

Nurse. Much tanks to you all! dis child is much beloven; and ich sall see much care over it.

---

[1] Old eds. "from."
[2] Requite.

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Phy. Farewell.—Good sister, show her the way forth.—
I shall often visit you, kind nurse.

Nurse. You sall be velcome.

[*Exeunt* ANNE *and* Nurse.

Jane. O sir, what a friend have I found in you!
Where my poor power shall stay in the requital,
Yourself must from your fair condition [1]
Make up in mere acceptance of my will.

Phy. O, pray you, urge it not! we are not born
For ourselves only; self-love is a sin;
But in our loving donatives to others
Man's virtue best consists: love all begets;
Without, all are adulterate and counterfeit.

Jane. Your boundless love I cannot satisfy
But with a mental memory of your virtues:
Yet let me not engage your cost withal;
Beseech you then take restitution
Of pains and bounty which you have disburs'd
For your poor debtor.

Phy. You will not offer it?
Do not esteem my love so mercenary
To be the hire of coin: sure, I shall think
You do not hold so worthily of me
As I wish to deserve.

Jane. Not recompense?
Then you will beggar me with too much credit:
Is't [2] not sufficient you preserve my name,

---

[1] Disposition.
[2] Old eds. "if."

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Which I had forfeited to shame and scorn,
Cover my vices with a veil of love,
Defend and keep me from a father's rage,
Whose love yet infinite, not knowing this,
Might, knowing, turn a hate as infinite;
Sure he would throw me ever from his blessings,
And cast his curses on me! Yes, further,
Your secrecy keeps me in the state of woman;
For else what husband would choose me his wife,
Knowing the honour of a bride were lost?
I cannot number half the good you do me
In the conceal'd retention of my sin;
Then make me not worse than I was before,
In my ingratitude, good sir.

Phy. Again?
I shall repent my love, if you'll so call't,
To be made such a hackney: give me coin?
I had as lief you gave me poison, lady,
For I have art and antidotes 'gainst that;
I might take that, but this I will refuse.

Jane. Will you then teach me how I may requite you
In some small quantity?

Phy. 'Twas that I look'd for.— [*Aside.*
Yes, I will tell you, lady, a full quittance,
And how you may become my creditress.

Jane. I beseech you, do, sir!

Phy. Indeed I will, lady:
Not in coin, mistress; for silver, though white,
Yet it draws black lines; it shall not rule my palm,
There to mark forth his base corruption:

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Pay me again in the same quality
That I to you tender'd,—that is, love for love.
Can you love me, lady? you have confess'd
My love to you.
Jane. Most amply.
Phy. Why, faith, then,
Pay me back that way.
Jane. How do you mean, sir?
Phy. Tush, our meanings are better understood
Than shifted to the tongue; it brings along
A little blabbing blood into our cheeks,
That shames us when we speak.
Jane. I understand you not.
Phy. Fie, you do; make not yourself ignorant
In what you know; you have ta'en forth the lesson
That I would read to you.
Jane. Sure then I need not
Read it again, sir.
Phy. Yes, it makes perfect:
You know the way unto Achilles' spear;[1]
If that hurt you, I have the cure, you see.
Jane. Come, you're a good man; I do perceive you,
You put a trial to me; I thank you;
You are my just confessor, and, believe me,
I'll have no further penance for this sin.

---

[1] Telephus, wounded by Achilles' spear, could only be cured by rust scraped from the spear (see Hyginus' *Fabulæ*, ci.) Cf. 2 *Henry VI.*, v. 1:—

> "Whose smile and frown, like to *Achilles' spear*,
> Is able with the change to kill and cure."

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Convert a year unto a lasting ever,
And call't Apollo's smile; 'twas once, then never.
Phy. Pray you, mistake me not; indeed I love you.
Jane. Indeed? what deed?
Phy. The deed that you have done.
Jane. I cannot believe you.
Phy. Believe the deed then!
Jane. Away, you are a blackamoor! you love me?
I hate you for your love! Are you the man
That in your painted outside seem'd so white?
O you're a foul dissembling hypocrite!
You sav'd me from a thief, that yourself might rob me;
Skinn'd over a green wound to breed an ulcer:
Is this the practice of your physic-college?
Phy. Have you yet utter'd all your niceness[1] forth?
If you have more, vent it; certes,[2] I think
Your first grant was not yielded with less pain;
If 'twere, you have your price, yield it again.
Jane. Pray you, tell me, sir,—I ask'd it before,—
Is it a practice amongst you physicians?
Phy. Tush, that's a secret; we cast all waters:
Should I reveal, you would mistrust my counsel:
The lawyer and physician here agrees,
To women-clients they give back their fees;
And is not that kindness?
Jane. This for thy love! [*Spits at him.*
Out, outside of a man: thou cinnamon-tree,
That but thy bark hast nothing good about thee!

[1] Scrupulousness. [2] Certainly.

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The unicorn is hunted for his horn,[1]
The rest is left for carrion: thou false man,
Thou'st fish'd with silver hooks and golden baits;
But I'll avoid all thy deceiving sleights.
Phy. Do what you list, I will do something too;
Remember yet what I have done for you:
You have a good face now, but 'twill grow rugged;
Ere you grow old, old men will despise you:
Think on your grandame Helen, the fairest queen;
When in a new glass[2] she spied her old face,
She, smiling, wept to think upon the change:
Take your time; you're craz'd, you're an apple fall'n
From the tree; if you be kept long, you'll rot.
Study your answer well: yet I love you;
If you refuse, I have a hand above [you]. [*Exit.*
Jane. Poison thyself, thou foul empoisoner!
Of thine own practique drink the theory!
What a white devil[3] have I met withal!

---

[1] See note 1, vol. iii. p. 300.

[2] "'Flet quoque, ut in speculo rugas adspexit aniles,
Tyndaris.'—Ovid. *Met.* xv. 232.
In *The Second Part of the Iron Age*, 1632, by Heywood, Helen strangles herself, after surveying the ruins of her beauty in a looking-glass."—*Dyce.*

[3] The meaning of the term *white devil* is well explained by the following passage of Hall's *Downfall of Maygames*, ed. 1661, p. 1:—"Lately we were troubled with *White Devils*, who *under pretence of extraordinary sanctity*, published open heresy and blasphemy against God, His word, His works, and ordinances; now we run madding on the other hand, and are like to be troubled with Black Devils, viz., blasphemous drunkards, blasphemous health-drinkers, scorners of piety, Sabbath profaners, observers of superstitions and heathenish customs," &c.

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What shall I do?—what do? is it a question?
Nor shame, nor hate, nor fear, nor lust, nor force,
Now being too bad, shall ever make me worse.

Re-enter ANNE.

What have we here? a second spirit?
Anne. Mistress,
I am sent to you.
Jane. Is your message good?
Anne. As you receive it:
My brother sent me, and you know he loves you.
Jane. I heard say so; but 'twas a false report.
Anne. Pray, pardon me, I must do my message;
Who lives commanded must obey his keeper:
I must persuade you to this act of woman.
Jane. Woman? of strumpet!
Anne. Indeed, of strumpet;
He takes you at advantage of your fall,
Seeing you down before.
Jane. Curse on his feign'd smiles!
Anne. He's my brother, mistress; and a curse on you,
If e'er you bless him with that cursed deed!
Hang him, poison him! he held out a rose,
To draw the yielding sense, which, come to hand,
He shifts, and gives a canker.[1]
Jane. You speak well yet.
Anne. Ay, but, mistress, now I consider it,
Your reputation lies at his mercy,

[1] Dog-rose.

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Your fault dwells in his breast; say he throw't out,
It will be known; how are you then undone!
Think on't, your good name; and they're not to be sold
In every market: a good name is dear,
And indeed more esteemed than our actions,
By which we should deserve it.
Jane. Ay me, most wretched!
Anne. What? do you shrink at that?
Would you not wear one spot upon your face,
To keep your whole body from a leprosy,
Though it were undiscover'd ever? Hang him!
Fear him not: horse leeches suck out his corrupt blood!
Draw you none from him, 'less it be pure and good.
Jane. Do you speak your soul?
Anne. By my soul do I!
Jane. Then yet I have a friend: but thus exhort me,
And I have still a column to support me.
Anne. One fault
Heaven soon forgives, and 'tis on earth forgot;
The moon herself is not without one spot. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in LADY AGER'S *House.*

Enter LADY AGER, *meeting a* Servant.

Lady Ager. Now, sir, where is he? speak, why comes he not?
I sent you for him.—Bless this fellow's senses!
What has he seen? a soul nine hours entranc'd,

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Hovering 'twixt hell and heaven, could not wake ghastlier.
Not yet return an answer?—

Enter a second Servant.

What say you, sir?
Where is he?
Sec. Serv. Gone.
Lady Ager. What say'st thou!
Sec. Serv. He is gone, madam;
But, as we heard, unwillingly he went
As ever blood enforc'd.
Lady Ager. Went? whither went he?
Sec. Serv. Madam, I fear I ha' said too much already.
Lady Ager. These men are both agreed.—Speak, whither went he?
Sec. Serv. Why, to—I would you'd think the rest yourself, madam.
Lady Ager. Meek patience bless me!
Sec. Serv. To the field.
First Serv. To fight, madam.
Lady Ager. To fight?
First Serv. There came two urging gentlemen,
That call'd themselves his seconds; both so powerful,
As 'tis reported, they prevail'd with him
With little labour.
Lady Ager. O, he's lost, he's gone!
For all my pains, he's gone! two meeting torrents
Are not so merciless as their two rages:
He never comes again. Wretched affection!

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Have I belied my faith, injur'd my goodness,
Slander'd my honour for his preservation,
Having but only him, and yet no happier?
'Tis then a judgment plain; truth's angry with me,
In that I would abuse her sacred whiteness
For any worldly temporal respect:
Forgive me then, thou glorious woman's virtue,
Admir'd where'er thy habitation is,
Especially in us weak ones! O, forgive me,
For 'tis thy vengeance this! To belie truth,
Which is so hardly ours, with such pain purchas'd,
Fastings and prayers, continence and care,
Misery must needs ensue. Let him not die
In that unchaste belief of his false birth,
And my disgrace! whatever angel guides him,
May this request be with my tears obtain'd,
Let his soul know my honour is unstain'd!— [*Aside.*
Run, seek away! if there be any hope,
Let me not lose him yet. [*Exeunt* Servants.] When I think on him,
His dearness and his worth, it earns[1] me more:
They that know riches tremble to be poor.
My passion is not every woman's sorrow:
She must be truly honest feels my grief,
And only known to one; if such there be,
They know the sorrow that oppresseth me. [*Exit.*

[1] Yearns.

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The Roaring-School.

Enter the Colonel's Friend,[1] CHOUGH, TRIMTRAM, Usher, *and several* Roarers.

Col.'s Fr. Truth, sir, I must needs blame you for a truant, having but one lesson read to you, and neglect so soon; fie, I must see you once a-day at least.

Chough. Would I were whipt, tutor, if it were not 'long of my man Trimtram here!

Trim. Who, of me?

Chough. Take't upon thee, Trim; I'll give thee five shillings, as I am a gentleman.

Trim. I'll see you whipt first:—well, I will too.—Faith, sir, I saw he was not perfect, and I was loath he should come before to shame himself.

Col.'s Fr. How? shame, sir? is it a shame for scholars to learn? Sir, there are great scholars that are but

[1] "Old eds. '*the Colonel's* Second'—*i.e.* one of the gentlemen who attended the Colonel in the duel with Captain Ager; and who (if I rightly understand the last lines of this scene) has set up for a teacher of 'roaring' during peace-time."—*Dyce.*

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slenderly read in our profession: sir, first it must be economical, then ecumenical: shame not to practise in the house how to perform in the field: the nail that is driven takes a little hold at the first stroke, but more at the second, and more at the third, but when 'tis home to the head, then 'tis firm.

Chough. Fáith, I have been driving it home to the head this two days.

Trim. I helped to hammer it in as well as I could too, sir.

Col.'s Fr. Well, sir, I will hear you rehearse anon: meantime peruse the exemplary of my bills, and tell me in what language I shall roar a lecture to you; or I'll read to you the mathematical science of roaring.

Chough. Is it mathematical?

Col.'s Fr. O, sir, does not the winds roar, the sea roar, the welkin roar?—indeed most things do roar by nature—and is not the knowledge of these things mathematical?

Chough. Pray proceed, sir.

Col.'s Fr. [*reads.*] *The names of the languages, the Sclavonian, Parthamenian, Barmeothian, Tyburnian, Wappinganian, or the modern Londonian: any man or woman that is desirous to roar in any of these languages, in a week they shall be perfect if they will take pains; so let 'em repair into Holborn to the sign of the Cheat-Loaf.*

Chough. Now your bill speaks of that I was wondering a good while at, your sign; the loaf looks very like bread, i'faith, but why is it called the Cheat-loaf?

Col.'s Fr. This house was sometimes a baker's, sir,

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that served the court, where the bread is called cheat.[1]

Trim. Ay, ay, 'twas a baker that cheated the court with bread.

Col.'s Fr. Well, sir, choose your languages; and your lectures shall be read, between my usher and myself, for your better instruction, provided your conditions be performed in the premises beforesaid.

Chough. Look you, sir, there's twenty pound in hand, and twenty more I am to pay when I am allowed a sufficient roarer. [*Gives money.*

Col.'s Fr. You speak in good earnést, sir?

Chough. Yes, faith do I: Trimtram shall be my witness.

Trim. Yes, indeed, sir, twenty pound is very good earnest.

Ush. Sir, one thing I must tell you belongs to my place: you are the youngest scholar; and till another comes under you, there is a certain garnish belongs to the school; for in our practice we grow to a quarrel; then there must be wine ready to make all friends, for that's the end of roaring, 'tis valiant, but harmless; and this charge is yours.

Chough. With all my heart, i'faith, and I like it the better because no blood comes on it: who shall fetch?

First Roar.[2] I'll be your spaniel, sir.

[1] There were two sorts of *cheat-bread*—the fine cheat and the coarse cheat; the second sort was "used in the halles of the nobilitie and gentrie onelie" (Harrison). See Halliwell's *Dict.*, where the passage in the text is illustrated.

[2] Old eds. "2 *Roar.*"

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Col.'s Fr. Bid Vapour bring some tobacco too.

Chough. Do, and here's money for't.

Ush. No, you shall not; let me see the money: so [*takes the money*], I'll keep it, and discharge him after the combat. [*Exit* First Roarer.] For your practice sake, you and your man shall roar him out on't—for indeed you must pay your debts so, for that's one of the main ends of roaring—and when you have left him in a chafe, then I'll qualify the rascal.

Chough. Content.—I'faith, Trim, we'll roar the rusty rascal out of his tobacco.

Trim. Ay, and he had the best craccus in London.

Col.'s Fr. Observe, sir, we could now roar in the Sclavonian language, but this practice hath been a little sublime, some hairsbreadth or so above your caput; I take it, for your use and understanding both, it were fitter for you to taste the modern assault, only the Londonian roar.

Chough. I'faith, sir, that's for my purpose, for I shall use all my roaring here in London: in Cornwall we are all for wrestling, and I do not mean to travel over sea to roar there.

Col.'s Fr. Observe then, sir;—but it were necessary you took forth your tables[1] to note the most difficult points for the better assistance of your memory.

Chough. Nay, sir, my man and I keep two tables.

Trim. Ay, sir, and as many trenchers, cats' meat and dogs' meat enough.

[1] Memorandum-books.

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Col.'s. Fr. Note, sir.—Dost thou confront my cyclops?
Ush. With a Briarean brousted.
Chough. Cylcops. [*Writes.*
Trim. Briarean. [*Writes.*
Col.'s Fr. I know thee and thy lineal pedigree.
Ush. It is collateral, as Brutus and Posthumus.
Trim. Brutus. [*Writes.*
Chough. Posthumus. [*Writes.*
Col.'s Fr. False as the face of Hecate! thy sister is a——
Ush. What is my sister, centaur?
Col.'s Fr. I say thy sister is a bronstrops.[1]
Ush. A bronstrops?
Chough. Tutor, tutor, ere you go any further, tell me the English of that; what is a bronstrops, pray?
Col.'s Fr. A bronstrops is in English a hippocrene.
Chough. A hippocrene; note it, Trim: I love to understand the English as I go. [*Writes.*
Trim. What's the English of hippocrene?
Chough. Why, bronstrops.
Ush. Thou dost obtrect[2] my flesh and blood.
Col.'s Fr. Again I denounce, thy sister is a fructifer.
Chough. What's that, tutor?

[1] Whether *bronstrops* is a cant word or an invention of Rowley's I cannot say. In *A Cure for a Cuckold* (issued in 1661 as a work of Webster and Rowley, though it bears few marks of Webster's hand) there appears to be an allusion to the present play:—

"*Pett.* I'll tell you how he was served: this informer comes into Turnbull Street to a victualling-house and there falls in league with a wench—

"*Comp.* A tweak or bronstrops: I learned that name in a play."

[2] Slander.

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Col.'s Fr. That is in English a fucus or a minotaur.

Chough. A minotaur. [*Writes.*

Trim.[1] A fucus. [*Writes.*

Ush. I say thy mother is a callicut, a panagron, a duplar, and a sindicus.

Col.'s Fr. Dislocate thy bladud![2]

Ush. Bladud shall conjure, if his demons once appear.

Re-enter First Roarer *with wine, followed by* VAPOUR *with tobacco.*

Col.'s Fr. Advance thy respondency.

Chough. Nay, good gentlemen,[3] do not fall out.—A cup of wine quickly, Trimtram!

Ush. See, my steel hath a glister!

Chough. Pray wipe him, and put him up again, good usher.

Ush. Sir, at your request I pull down the flag of defiance.

Col.'s Fr. Give me a bowl of wine, my fury shall be quenched: here, usher! [*Drinks.*

Ush. I pledge thee in good friendship. [*Drinks.*

Chough. I like the conclusion of roaring very well, i'faith.

---

[1] Ed. 1 "*Chau.*"—Ed. 2 "*Sec.*"

[2] "*i.e.* I suppose, draw thy sword. The reply of the Usher, 'Bladud shall conjure,' &c., seems to allude to the story of King Bladud, who was famous for 'his craft of nygromancy:' see *Mirror for Magistrates*, i. 106, ed. Haslewood, and note there."—*Dyce.* Cf. Gabriel Harvey's *Pierce's Supererogation*:—"As it were with a flying *Bladud* attempting wonderments in the air, or a Simon Magus experimenting impossibilities from the top of the Capitol" (Works, ed. Grosart, ii. 117).

[3] Old eds. "gentleman."

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Trim. It has an excellent conclusion indeed, if the wine be good, always provided.

Col.'s Fr. O, the wine must be always provided, be sure of that.

Ush. Else you spoil the conclusion, and that you know crowns all.

Chough. 'Tis much like wrestling, i'faith, for we shake hands ere we begin; now that's to avoid the law, for then if he throw him a furlong into the ground, he cannot recover himself upon him, because 'twas done in cold friendship. 151

Col.'s Fr. I believe you, sir.

Chough. And then we drink afterwards, just in this fashion: wrestling and roaring are as like as can be, i'faith, even like long sword and half pike.

Col.'s Fr. Nay, they are reciprocal, if you mark it, for as there is a great roaring at wrestling, so there is a kind of wrestling and contention at roaring.

Chough. True, i'faith, for I have heard 'em roar from the six windmills[1] to Islington: those have been great falls then. 161

Col.'s Fr. Come now, a brief rehearsal of your other day's lesson, betwixt your man and you, and then for to-day we break up school.

Chough. Come, Trimtram.—If I be out, tutor, I'll be bold to look in my tables, because I doubt I am scarce perfect.

Col.'s Fr. Well, well, I will not see small faults.

---

[1] They stood near Moorgate, and are mentioned by Stow and others.

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Chough. The wall!

Trim. The wall of me? to thy kennel, spaniel!

Chough. Wilt thou not yield precedency?

Trim. To thee? I know thee and thy brood.

Chough. Knowest thou my brood? I know thy brood too, thou art a rook.

Trim. The nearer akin to the choughs?

Chough. The rooks akin to the choughs?

Col.'s Fr. Very well maintained!

Chough. Dungcoer, thou liest!

Trim. Lie? enucleate the kernel of thy scabbard.

Chough. Now if I durst draw my sword, 'twere valiant, i'faith.

Col.'s Fr. Draw, draw, howsoever!

Chough. Have some wine ready to make us friends, I pray you.

Trim. Chough, I will make thee fly and roar.

Chough. I will roar if thou strikest me.

Col.'s Fr. So, 'tis enough; now conclude in wine: I see you will prove an excellent practitioner: wondrous well performed on both sides!

Chough. Here, Trimtram, I drink to thee. [*Drinks.*

Trim. I'll pledge you in good friendship. [*Drinks.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Is there not one master Chough here?

Ush. This is the gentleman, sir.

Serv. My master, sir, your elected father-in-law, desires speedily to speak with you.

Chough. Friend, I will follow thee: I would thou

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hadst come a little sooner! thou shouldst have seen roaring sport, i'faith.

Serv. Sir, I'll return that you are following.

Chough. Do so [*exit* Servant].—I'll tell thee, tutor, I am to marry shortly; but I will defer it a while till I can roar perfectly, that I may get the upper hand of my wife on the wedding-day; 'tmust be done at first or never.

Col.'s Fr. 'Twill serve you to good use in that, sir.

Chough. How likest thou this, whiffler?[1]

Vap. Very valiantly, i'faith, sir.

Chough. Tush, thou shalt see more by and by.

Vap. I can stay no longer indeed, sir: who pays me for my tobacco?

Chough. How? pay for tobacco? away, ye sooty-mouthed piper! you rusty piece of Martlemas bacon, away!

Trim. Let me give him a mark[2] for't.

Chough. No, Trimtram, do not strike him; we'll only roar out a curse upon him.

Trim. Well, do you begin then.

Chough. May thy roll[3] rot, and thy pudding drop in pieces, being sophisticated with filthy urine!

Trim. May sergeants dwell on either side of thee, to fright away thy twopenny customers!

---

[1] Puffer of tobacco. (*Whiffler* was also the name of the officer who went before in a procession to clear the way.)

[2] A pun is of course intended. *Mark* was a coin worth 13*s.* 4*d.*

[3] *Roll* and *pudding* were sorts of tobacco.

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Chough. And for thy penny ones, let them suck thee dry!

Trim. When thou art dead, mayest thou have no other sheets to be buried in but mouldy tobacco-leaves!

Chough. And no strawings to stick thy carcass but the bitter stalks!

Trim. Thy mourners all greasy tapsters!

Chough. With foul tobacco-pipes in their hats, instead of rotten rosemary;[1] and last of all, may my man and I live to see all this performed, and to piss reeking even upon thy grave! 232

Trim. And last of all for me, let this epitaph be remembered over thee:

Here coldly now within is laid to rot
A man that yesterday was piping hot:
Some say he died by pudding, some by prick,[2]
Others by roll[3] *and ball, some leaf; all stick*
Fast in censure,[4] *yet think it strange and rare,*
He liv'd by smoke, yet died for want of air: 240
But then the surgeon said, when he beheld him,
It was the burning of his pipe that kill'd him.

Chough. So, are you paid now, whiffler?

Vap. All this is but smoke out of a stinking pipe.

Chough. So, so, pay him now, usher.

[VAPOUR *is paid by the* Usher, *and exit.*

---

[1] Rosemary was worn at funerals. See note 2, vol. i. p. 9.

[2] *Pudding-prick* was the name of the skewer which fastened the pudding-bag. (Here, and in the last line of the epitaph, the *double entendre* is sufficiently obvious.)

[3] *Roll, ball, pudding,* and *leaf* were sorts of tobacco.

[4] Opinion.

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Col.'s Fr. Do not henceforth neglect your schooling, master Chough.

Chough. Call me rook, if I do, tutor.

Trim. And me raven, though my name be Trimtram.

Chough. Farewell, tutor.

Trim. Farewell, usher.

[*Exeunt* CHOUGH *and* TRIMTRAM.

Col.'s Fr. Thus when the drum's unbrac'd, and trumpet[s] cease,
Soldiers must get pay for to live in peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Chamber in the Colonel's *House.*

The[1] Colonel *discovered lying on a couch, several of his friends watching him: as the* Surgeon *is going out, the* Colonel's Sister *enters.*

Col.'s Sist. O my most worthy brother, thy hard fate 'twas!—
Come hither, honest surgeon, and deal faithfully
With a distressed virgin: what hope is there?

Surg. Hope? chilis[2] was 'scap'd miraculously, lady.

Col.'s Sist. What's that, sir?

Surg. Cava vena: I care but little for his wound i'

[1] The stage-direction in old eds. is "*Enter the Colonel's Sister, meeting the Surgeon.*"

[2] "Old eds. 'chillis.' 'Also out of the gibbosyte or bounch of the liuer there issueth a veyne called concaua or *chilis*,' &c.—Vigon's *Workes of Chirurgerie*, 1571, fol. ix."—*Dyce.*

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th' œsophag,[1] not thus much, trust me; but when they come to diaphragma once, the small intestines, or the spinal medul, or i' th' roots of the emunctories of the noble parts, then straight I fear a syncope;[2] the flanks retiring towards the back, the urine bloody, the excrements purulent, and the dolour pricking or pungent.

Col.'s Sist. Alas, I'm ne'er the better for this answer!

Surg. Now I must tell you his principal dolour lies i' th' region of the liver, and there's both inflammation and tumefaction[3] feared; marry, I made him a quadra[n]gular plumation, where I used sanguis draconis, by my faith, with powders incarnative, which I tempered with oil of hypericon, and other liquors mundificative.

Col.'s Sist. Pox a' your mundies figatives! I would they were all fired!

Surg. But I purpose, lady, to make another experiment at next dressing with a sarcotic[4] medicament made of iris of Florence; thus, mastic, calaphena, opoponax,[5] sacrocolla[6]——

Col.'s Sist. Sacro-halter! what comfort is i' this to a poor gentlewoman? pray tell me in plain terms what you think of him.

Surg. Marry, in plain terms I know not what to say to him: the wound, I can assure you, inclines to paralism, and I find his body cacochymic: being then in

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[1] Old eds. "orsophag."
[2] Old eds. "syncops."
[3] Old eds. "turmafaction."
[4] Old eds. "sarcotricke."
[5] Old eds. "apopanax."
[6] Sarcocolla (a Persian gum).

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fear of fever and inflammation, I nourish him altogether with viands refrigerative, and give for potion the juice of savicola dissolved with water cerefolium: I could do no more, lady, if his best ginglymus[1] were dissevered. [*Exit.*

Col.'s. Sist. What thankless pains does the tongue often take
To make the whole man most ridiculous!
I come to him for comfort, and he tires me
Worse than my sorrow: what a precious good
May be deliver'd sweetly in few words!
And what a mount of nothing has he cast forth!
Alas, his strength decays! [*Aside.*]—How cheer you, sir,
My honour'd brother?

Col. In soul never better;
I feel an excellent health there, such a stoutness
My invisible enemies[2] fly me: seeing me arm'd
With penitence and forgiveness, they fall backward,
Whether through admiration, not imagining
There were such armoury in a soldier's soul
As pardon and repentance, or through power
Of ghostly valour. But I have been lord
Of a more happy conquest in nine hours now
Than in nine years before.—O kind lieutenants,
This is the only war we should provide for!
Where he that forgives largest, and sighs strongest,
Is a tried soldier, a true man indeed,
And wins the best field, makes his own heart bleed.
Read the last part of that will, sir.

[1] Old eds. "Guiguimos."
[2] Old eds. "enemy flies."

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First[1] *Fr. of Col.* [*reads.*] *I also require at the hands of my most beloved sister, whom I make full executrix, the disposure of my body in burial at Saint Martin's i' th' Field; and to cause to be distributed to the poor of the same parish forty mark, and to the hospital of maimed soldiers a hundred: lastly, I give and bequeath to my kind, dear, and virtuous sister the full possession of my present estate in riches, whether it be in lands, leases, money, goods, plate, jewels, or what kind soever, upon this condition following, that she forthwith tender both herself and all these infeoffments to that noble captain, my late enemy, captain Ager.*

Col.'s Sist. How, sir?

Col. Read it again, sir; let her hear it plain.

Col.'s Sist. Pray, spare your pains, sir; 'tis too plain already.—

Good sir, how do you? is your memory perfect?
This will makes question of you: I bestow'd
So much grief and compassion a' your wound,
I never look'd into your senses' epilepsy:
The sickness and infirmity of your judgment
Is to be doubted now more than your body's.
Why, is your love no dearer to me, sir,
Than to dispose me so upon the man
Whose fury is your body's present torment,
The author of your danger? one I hate
Beyond the bounds of malice. Do you not feel
His wrath upon you? I beseech you, sir,
Alter that cruel article!

[1] Old eds. "1 Liefetenant *reads.*"

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Col. Cruel, sister?—
Forgive me, natural love, I must offend thee,
Speaking to this woman.—Am I content,
Having much kindred, yet to give thee all,
Because in thee I'd raise my means to goodness,
And canst thou prove so thankless to my bounty,
To grudge my soul her peace? is my intent
To leave her rich, whose only desire is
To send me poorer into the next world
Than ever usurer went, or politic statist?
Is it so burdensome for thee to love
Where I forgive? O, wretched is the man
That builds the last hopes of his saving comforts
Upon a woman's charity! he's most miserable:
If it were possible, her obstinate will
Will pull him down in his midway to heaven.
I've wrong'd that worthy man past recompense,
And in my anger robb'd him of fair fame;
And thou the fairest restitution art
My life could yield him: if I knew a fairer,
I'd set thee by and thy unwilling goodness,
And never make my sacred peace of thee:
But there's the cruelty of a fate debarr'd
Thou art the last, and all, and thou art hard!

Col.'s Sist. Let your griev'd heart hold better thoughts of me;
I will not prove so, sir; but since you enforce it
With such a strength of passion, I'll perform
What by your will you have enjoin'd me to,
Though the world never show me joy again.

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Col. O, this may be fair cunning for the time,
To put me off, knowing I hold not long;
And when I look to have my joys accomplish'd,
I shall find no such things: that were vild[1] cozenage,
And not to be repented.

Col.'s Sist. By all the blessedness
Truth and a good life looks for, I will do't, sir!

Col. Comforts reward you for't whene'er you grieve!
I know if you dare swear, I may believe.

[*Exit* Colonel's Sister. *Scene closes.*

SCENE III.

A Room in LADY AGER'S *House.*

Enter CAPTAIN AGER.

Cap. Ager. No sooner have I entrance i' this house now
But all my joy falls from me, which was wont
To be the sanctuary of my comforts:
Methought I lov'd it with a reverent gladness,
As holy men do consecrated temples
For the saint's sake, which I believ'd my mother;
But prov'd a false faith since, a fearful heresy.
O, who'd erect th' assurance of his joys
Upon a woman's goodness! whose best virtue
Is to commit unseen, and highest secrecy
To hide but her own sin; there's their perfection:

[1] Vile.

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And if she be so good, which many fail of too,
When these are bad, how wondrous ill are they!
What comfort is't to fight, win this day's fame,
When all my after-days are lamps of shame?

Enter LADY AGER.

Lady Ager. Blessings be firm to me! he's come, 'tis he!—— [*Aside.*
A surgeon speedily!
Cap. Ager. A surgeon? why, madam?
Lady Ager. Perhaps you'll say 'tis but a little wound;
Good to prevent a danger:—quick, a surgeon!
Cap. Ager. Why, madam?
Lady Ager. Ay, ay, that's all the fault of valiant men,
They'll not be known a' their hurts till they're past help,
And then too late they wish for't.
Cap. Ager. Will you hear me?
Lady Ager. 'Tis no disparagement to confess a wound;
I'm glad, sir, 'tis no worse:—a surgeon quickly!
Cap. Ager. Madam——
Lady Ager. Come, come, sir, a wound's honourable,
And never shames the wearer.
Cap. Ager. By the justice
I owe to honour, I came off untouch'd!
Lady Ager. I'd rather believe that.
Cap. Ager. You believe truth so.
Lady Ager. My tears prevail then. Welcome, welcome, sir,
As peace and mercy to one new departed!

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Why would you go though, and deceive me so,
When my abundant love took all the course
That might be to prevent it? I did that
For my affection's sake—goodness forgive me for't!—
That were my own life's safety put upon't,
I'd rather die than do't. Think how you us'd me then;
And yet would you go and hazard yourself too!
'Twas but unkindly done.

Cap. Ager. What's all this, madam?

Lady Ager. See, then, how rash you were and short in wisdom!

Why, wrong my faith I did, slander'd my constancy,
Belied my truth; that which few mothers will,
Or fewer can, I did, out of true fear
And loving care, only to keep thee here.

Cap. Ager. I doubt I'm too quick of apprehension now,
And that's a general fault when we hear joyfully,
With the desire of longing for't: I ask it,
Why, were you never false?

Lady Ager. May death come to me
Before repentance then!

Cap. Ager. I heard it plain sure—
Not false at all?

Lady Ager. By the reward of truth,
I never knew that deed that claims the name on't!

Cap. Ager. May, then, that glorious reward you swore by
Be never-failing to you! all the blessings
That you have given me, since obedient custom

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Taught me to kneel and ask 'em, are not valuable
With this immaculate blessing of your truth:
This is the palm to victory,
The crown for all deserts past and to come:
Let 'em be numberless; they are rewarded,
Already they're rewarded. Bless this frame,
I'feel it much too weak to bear the joy on't. [*Kneels.*
Lady Ager. Rise, sir.
Cap. Ager. O, pardon me!
I cannot honour you too much, too long.
I kneel not only to a mother now,
But to a woman that was never false:
Ye're dear, and ye're good too; I think a' that:
What reverence does she merit! 'tis fit such
Should be distinguish'd from the prostrate sex;
And what distinction properer can be shown,
Than honour done to her that keeps her own?
Lady Ager. Come, sir, I'll have you rise.
Cap. Ager. To do a deed, then, [*Rises.*
That shall for ever raise me. O my glory,
Why, this, this is the quarrel that I look'd for!
The other[1] but a shift to hold time play.
You sacred ministers of preservation,
For heaven's sake send him life,
And with it mighty health, and such a strength
May equal but the cause! I wish no foul things:
If life but glow in him, he shall know instantly
That I'm resolv'd to call him to account for't.

[1] Old eds. "the tother."

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Lady Ager. Why, hark you, sir——
Cap. Ager. I bind you by your honour, madam,
You speak no hindrance to's; take heed, you ought not.
Lady Ager. What an unhappiness have I in goodness!
'Tis ever my desire to intend well,
But have no fortunate way in't. For all this
Deserve I yet no better of you
But to be griev'd again? Are you not well
With honest gain of fame, with safety purchas'd?
Will you needs tempt a ruin that avoids you? [*Exit.*
Cap. Ager. No, you've prevail'd: things of this nature sprung,
When they use action must use little tongue.—

Enter Servant.

Now, sir, the news?
Ser. Sir, there's a gentlewoman
Desires some conference with you.
Cap. Ager. How, with me?
A gentlewoman? what is she?
Ser. Her attendant
Deliver'd her to be the Colonel's sister.
Cap. Ager. O, for a storm then! [*Exit* Servant.] 'las, poor, virtuous gentlewoman,
I will endure her violence with much pity!
She comes to ease her heart, good, noble soul;
'Tis e'en a charity to release the burden;

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Were not that remedy ordain'd for women,
Their hearts would never hold three years together:
And here she comes; I never mark'd so much of her;

Enter Colonel's Sister.

That face can be the mistress of no anger
But I might very well endure a month, methinks.—
I am the man; speak, lady; I'll stand fair.

Col.'s Sist. And I'm enjoin'd by vow to fall thus low,
[*Kneels.*

And from the dying hand of a repentant
Offer, for expiation of wrongs done you,
Myself, and with myself all that was his,
Which upon that condition was made mine,
Being his soul's wish to depart absolute man,
In life a soldier, death a Christian.

Cap. Ager. O, heaven has touch'd him nobly! how it shames
My virtue's slow perfection! Rise, dear brightness—
I forget manners too—up, matchless sweetness!

Col.'s Sist. I must not, sir; there is not in my vow
That liberty; I must be receiv'd first,
Or all denied; if either, I am free.

Cap. Ager. He must be without soul should deny thee;
And with that reverence I receive the gift
As it was sent me. [*Raises her.*] Worthy Colonel,
Has such a conquering way i' th' blest things!
Whoever overcomes, he only wins. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV.[1]

A Street: a noise of "hem"[2] *within.*

Enter CAPTAIN ALBO, MEG, *and* PRISS.

Meg. Hark of these hard-hearted bloodhounds! these butchers are e'en as merciless as their dogs; they knock down a woman's fame e'en as it walks the streets by 'em.

Priss. And the Captain here that should defend us walks by like John of the apple-loft.[3]

Cap. Albo. What for interjections, Priss, *hem, evax, vah?* let the carnifexes[4] scour their throats! thou knowest there is a curse hangs over their bloody heads; this year there shall be more butchers' pricks burnt than of all trades besides.

Meg. I do wonder how thou camest to be a captain.

Cap. Albo. As thou camest to be a bawd, Meg, and Priss to be a whore; every one by their deserts.

Meg. Bawd and whore? out, you unprofitable rascal! hast not thou been at the new play yet, to teach thee better manners? truly they say they are the finest players, and good speakers of gentlewomen of our quality; bawd

---

[1] This scene is not found in the original impression of the play. It was added when the unsold copies were re-issued with a fresh title-page.

[2] "Compare [*The Honest Whore*, Part ii. iv. 1] where Bellafront says that during her days of vice, when she appeared in the street, 'though with face mask'd,' she 'could not scape the *hem*.'"—*Dyce.*

[3] "John of the apple-loft" is, I suppose, synonymous with "apple-squire," a cant term for a pimp. Ben Jonson in *Bartholomew Fair*, i. 3, uses "apple-john" in this sense.

[4] Scoundrels,—lit. hangmen.

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and whore is not mentioned amongst 'em, but the handsomest narrow-mouthed names they have for us, that some of them may serve as well for a lady as for one of our occupation.

Priss. Prithee, patroness, let's go see a piece of that play; if we shall have good words for our money, 'tis as much as we can deserve, i'faith.

Meg. I doubt 'tis too late now; but another time, servant.

Cap. Albo. Let's go now, sweet face; I am acquainted with one of the pantomimics; the bulchins[1] will use the Irish captain with respect, and you two shall be boxed amongst the better sort.

Priss. Sirrah captain Albo, I doubt you are but white-livered; look that you defend us valiantly, you know your penance else.—Patroness, you remember how you used him once?

Meg. Ay, servant, and I shall never forget it till I use him so again.—Do you remember, captain?

Cap. Albo. Mum, Meg; I will not hear on't now.

Meg. How I and my Amazons stript you as naked as an Indian——

Cap. Albo. Why, Meg——

Meg. And then how I bound you to the good behaviour in the open fields——

Priss. And then you strowed oats upon his hoppers——

Cap. Albo. Prithee, sweet face——

[1] Bulkins, bull-calves.

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Priss. And then brought your ducks to nibble upon him.—You remember?

Cap. Albo. O, the remembrance tortures me again! no more, good sweet face.

Meg. Well, lead on, sir; but hark a little.

Enter CHOUGH *and* TRIMTRAM.

Chough. Didst thou bargain for the bladders with the butcher, Trim?

Trim. Ay, sir, I have 'em here; I'll practise to swim too, sir, and then I may roar with the water at London Bridge: he that roars by land and by water both is the perfect roarer.

Chough. Well, I'll venture to swim too: if my father-in-law gives me a good dowry with his daughter, I shall hold up my head well enough.

Trim. Peace, sir; here's practice for our roaring, here's a centaur and two hippocrenes.

Chough. Offer the jostle, Trim.

[TRIMTRAM *jostles* CAPTAIN ALBO.

Cap. Albo. Ha! what meanest thou by that?

Trim. I mean to confront thee, cyclops.

Chough. I'll tell thee what 'a means—is this thy sister?

Cap. Albo. How then, sir?

Chough. Why, then, I say she is a bronstrops;[1] and this is a fucus.

Priss. No, indeed, sir; we are both fucusses.

[1] See note 1, p. 229.

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Cap. Albo. Art thou military? art thou a soldier?

Chough. A soldier? no, I scorn to be so poor; I am a roarer.

Cap. Albo. A roarer?

Trim. Ay, sir, two roarers.

Cap. Albo. Know, then, my fresh-water friends, that I am a captain.

Chough. What, and have but two to serve under you?

Cap. Albo. I am now retiring the field.

Trim. You may see that by his bag and baggage.

Chough. Deliver up thy panagron to me.

Trim. And give me thy sindicus.

Cap. Albo. Deliver?

Meg. I pray you, captain, be contented; the gentlemen seem to give us very good words.

Chough. Good words? ay, if you could understand 'em; the words cost twenty pound.

Meg. What is your pleasure, gentlemen?

Chough. I would enucleate my fructifier.

Priss. What says he, patroness?

Meg. He would enoculate: I understand the gentleman very pithily.

Cap. Albo. Speak, are you gentle or plebeian? can you give arms?[1]

Chough. Arms? ay, sir; you shall feel our arms presently.

Trim. 'Sault you the women; I'll pepper him till he

[1] "Give arms" is an heraldic term = show armorial bearings.

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stinks again: I perceive what countryman he is; let me alone with him.

Cap. Albo. Darest thou charge a captain? 100

Trim. Yes, and discharge upon him too.

Cap. Albo. Foh, 'tis poison to my country, the slave has eaten pippins! O, shoot no more! turn both thy broadsides rather than thy poop; 'tis foul play; my country breeds no poison.[1] I yield; the great O Toole[2] shall yield on these conditions.

Chough. I have given one of 'em a fair fall, Trim.

Trim. Then thus far we bring home conquest.—Follow me, captain; the cyclops doth command.

---

[1] St. Patrick freed Ireland from venomous creatures.

[2] "Was a person notorious for his romantic bravery, vanity, and eccentricity. There is a rare print of him—*Arthurus Severus O Toole None-such, Æt.* 80—representing an old man in armour, carrying in his hand a sword ornamented with crowns, and having at bottom verses,

'Great Moguls landlord, both Indies king,' &c.

It was prefixed to the first edition of a poem by Taylor, 1622, *To the Honour of the Noble Captaine O Toole*, which is reprinted in the water-poet's *Works*, 1630. In this ironical panegyric his exploits against the Irish rebels are celebrated:

'Thou shewdst thy selfe a doughty wight at Dublin:
When Irish Rebells madly brought the trouble in,
At Baltimore, Kinsale, at Corke and Yoghall,' &c.

But his own country was not the only one in which O Toole figured; he served as a volunteer, and displayed his courage and absurdities in various parts of Europe. The *Argument* to the poem just quoted informs us that his 'Youth was dedicated to Mars and his age to Westminster, which ancient Cittie is now honour'd with his beloued Residance.'"—*Dyce.*

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Chough. Follow me, tweaks,[1] the centaur doth command.

Meg. Anything, sweet gentlemen: will't please you to lead to the tavern, where we'll make all friends?

Trim. Why, now you come to the conclusion.

Chough. Stay, Trim; I have heard your tweaks are like your mermaids, they have sweet voices to entice the passengers: let's have a song, and then we'll set 'em at liberty.

Trim. In the commendation of roaring, not else, sir.

Chough. Ay, in the commendation of roaring.

Meg. The best we can, gentlemen.

[*Sings,* PRISS *joining in chorus.*

Then here thou shalt resign
Both captain and commander;
That name was never thine,
But apple-squire[2] *and pander;*
And henceforth will we grant,
In pillage or in monies,
In clothing or provant,[3]
Whate'er we get by conies:
With a hone, a hone, a hone,
No cheaters nor decoys
Shall have a share, but alone
The bravest roaring boys.

---

[1] Punks. The word is frequently used by Brathwait.
[2] See note 3, p. 246.
[3] Provender.

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Whate'er we get by gulls
Of country or of city,
Old flat-caps[1] *or young heirs,*
Or lawyers' clerks so witty;
By sailors newly landed,
To put in for fresh waters;
By wandering gander-mooners,[2]
Or muffled late night-walkers.
With a hone, &c.

Whate'er we get by strangers,
The Scotch, the Dutch, or Irish,
Or, to come nearer home,
By masters of the parish;
It is concluded thus,
By all and every wench,
To take of all their coins,
And pay 'em back in French.
With a hone, &c.

Chough. Melodious minotaur!
Trim. Harmonious hippocrene!
Chough. Sweet-breasted[3] bronstrops!
Trim. Most tunable tweak!
Chough. Delicious duplar!
Trim. Putrefactious panagron!

---

[1] A nick-name for citizens. See Nares' *Glossary*, s. v.

[2] *Gander-month* = the month when a man's wife lies-in. *Gander-mooner* is one who is guilty of infidelity at that season.

[3] Sweet-voiced. Cf. *Women beware Women*, iii. 2:—

"Ay, and a sweet *breast*, too, my lord, I hope."

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Chough. Calumnious calicut!

Trim. And most singular sindicus!

Meg. We shall never be able to deserve these good words at your hands, gentlemen.

Cap. Albo. Shake golls[1] with the captain; he shall be thy valiant friend.

Chough. Not yet, captain; we must make an end of our roaring first.

Trim. We'll serve 'em as we did the tobacco-man, lay a curse upon 'em; marry, we'll lay it on gently, because they have used us so kindly, and then we'll shake golls together.

Priss. As gently as you can, sweet gentlemen.

Chough. For thee, O pander, mayst thou trudge till the damned soles of thy boots fleet into dirt, but never rise into air!

Trim. Next, mayst thou fleet so long from place to place, till thou be'st kicked out of Fleet Street!

Chough. As thou hast lived by bad flesh, so rotten mutton be thy bane!

Trim. When thou art dead, may twenty whores follow thee, that thou mayst go a squire[2] to thy grave!

Cap. Albo. Enough for me, sweet faces; let me sleep in my grave.

Chough. For thee, old sindicus, may I see thee ride[3] in a caroch with two wheels, and drawn with one horse!

[1] Cant term for hands.

[2] Pimp.

[3] *i.e.* may you be carted as a bawd.

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Trim. Ten beadles running by, instead of footmen!

Chough. With every one a whip, 'stead of an Irish dart![1]

Trim. Forty barbers' basins[2] sounding before, instead of trumpets!

Meg. This will be comely indeed, sweet gentlemen roarers.

Trim. Thy ruff starched yellow with rotten eggs!

Chough. And mayst thou then be drawn from Holborn to Hounslow Heath! 191

Trim. And then be burnt to Colebrook, for destroying of Maidenhead!

Meg. I will study to deserve this kindness at your hands, gentlemen.

Chough. Now for thee, little fucus; mayst thou first serve out thy time as a tweak, and then become a bronstrops, as she is!

Trim. Mayst thou have a reasonable good spring, for thou art likely to have many dangerous foul falls! 200

Chough. Mayst thou have two ruffs torn in one week!

---

1 Irishmen were commonly employed at this date as running-footmen. One of the characters in the Second Part of *The Honest Whore* is Bryan, an Irish footman. Dyce quotes a stage-direction from Field's *Amends for Ladies*—"Enter Maid, like an Irish foot-boy *with a dart*;" where Collier refers to the dumb-show preceding act ii. of *The Misfortunes of Arthur*—"After which there came a man bare-headed, with long black shagged hair down to his shoulders, apparelled with an Irish jacket and shirt, having an Irish dagger at his side and a dart in his hand."

2 When bawds were carted the rabble went in front beating metal basins. On these occasions barbers made a handsome profit by lending their basins. See Nares, *sub* Basin.

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Trim. May spiders only weave thy cobweb-lawn!

Chough. Mayst thou set up in Rogue-lane——

Trim. Live till thou stinkest in Garden-alleys——

Chough. And die sweetly in Tower-ditch!

Priss. I thank you for that, good sir roarer.

Chough. Come, shall we go now, Trim? my father-in-law stays for me all this while.

Trim. Nay, I'll serve 'em as we did the tobacco-man; I'll bury 'em altogether, and give 'em an epitaph.

Chough. All together, Trim? why, then, the epitaph will be accessary to the sin.

[*Trim.*] Alas, he has kept[1] the door all his life-time! for pity, let 'em lie together in their graves.

Cap. Albo. E'en as thou wilt, Trim, and I thank you too, sir.

Trim. He that the reason would know, let him hark,
Why these three[2] *were buried near Marybone Park;*
These three were a pander, a bawd, and a whore,
That suck'd many dry to the bones before.
Will you know how they liv'd? here't may be read;
The Low Countries did ever find 'em bread;
They liv'd by Flushing, by Sluys, and the Groyne,
Sicken'd in France, and died under the Line.
Three letters at last commended 'em hither,
But the hangman broke one in putting together:
P was the first, who cries out for a pardon,
O craves his book, yet could not read such a hard one,

[1] *i.e.* has been a pander.

[2] Old eds. "two."

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An X was the last, which in conjunction
Was broke by Brandon ;[1] *and here's the conclusion :*
By three trees, three letters, these three, pander, bawd, whore,
Now stink below ground, stunk long above before.

Chough. So, now we have done with you ; remember roaring boys.

Trim. Farewell, centaur !

Chough. Farewell, bronstrops !

Trim. Farewell, fucus !

[*Exeunt* CHOUGH *and* TRIMTRAM.

Cap. Albo. Well, Meg, I will learn to roar, and still maintain the name of captain over these lance-presadoes.[2]

Meg. If thou dost not, mayst thou be buried under the roaring curse ! [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] Gregory Brandon, the executioner, father of Richard Brandon (who is supposed to have beheaded Charles I.) He held the office for so long a time that his son Richard was generally known as "young Gregory." In December 1616 Sir William Segar, Garter, "was imposed upon by Brooke, York Herald, who by artifice in sending a suborned person, procured him to attest and confirm arms to Gregory Brandon, who was found to be common hangman of London."—Anstis' *Order of the Garter*, i. 399. See also *Cat. of Satyrical Prints and Drawings in Brit. Mus.*, i. 143.

[2] The lowest officers of foot ; lance-corporals.

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ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Room in RUSSELL'S *House.*

Enter Physician *and* JANE *dressed as a Bride.*

Phy. Will you be obstinate?
Jane. Torment me not,
Thou lingering executioner to death,
Greatest disease to nature, that striv'st by art
To make men long a-dying! your practice is
Upon men's bodies; as men pull roses
For their own relish, but to kill the flower,
So you maintain your lives by others' deaths:
What eat you then but[1] carrion?
Phy. Fie, bitterness!
Ye'd need to candy o'er your tongue a little,
Your words will hardly be digested else.
Jane. You can give yourself a vomit to return 'em,
If they offend your stomach.
Phy. Hear my vow;
You are[2] to be married to-day——

[1] Old eds. "by."
[2] Ed. 1622 has "*You* that *are*," &c.

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Jane. A second torment,
Worse than the first, 'cause unavoidable!
I would I could as soon annihilate
My father's will in that as forbid thy lust!
Phy. If you then tender an unwilling hand,
Meet it with revenge, marry a cuckold.
Jane. If thou wilt marry me, I'll make that vow,
And give my body for satisfaction
To him that should enjoy me for his wife.
Phy. Go to; I'll mar your marriage.
Jane. Do; plague me so:
I'll rather bear the brand of all that's past,
In capital characters upon my brow,
Than think to be thy whore or marry him.
Phy. I will defame thee ever——
Jane. Spare me not.
Phy. I will produce thy bastard,
Bring thee to public penance——
Jane. No matter, I care not;
I shall then have a clean sheet; I'll wear twenty,
Rather than one defil'd with thee.
Phy. Look for revenge!
Jane. Pursue it fully then.—Out of his hate
I shall escape,[1] I hope, a loathed fate. [*Aside, and exit.*
Phy. Am I rejected, all my baits nibbled off,
And not the fish caught? I'll trouble the whole stream,
And choke it in the mud: since hooks not take,
I'll throw in nets that shall or kill or break.

[1] Ed. 1 "pursue" (caught from the previous line). In ed. 1622 the line is omitted.

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Enter TRIMTRAM *with rosemary.*[1]

This is the bridegroom's man.—Hark, sir, a word.

Trim. 'Tis a busy day, sir, nor I need no physic;
You see I scour about my business.

Phy. Pray you, a word, sir: your master is to be married to-day?

Trim. Else all this rosemary's lost.

Phy. I would speak with your master, sir.

Trim. My master, sir, is to be married this morning, and cannot be within while[2] soon at night.

Phy. If you will do your master the best service
That e'er you did him; if he shall not curse
Your negligence hereafter slacking it;
If he shall bless me for the dearest friend
That ever his acquaintance met withal;
Let me speak with him ere he go to church.

Trim. A right physician! you would have none go to the church nor churchyard till you send them thither: well, if death do not spare you yourselves, he deals hardly with you, for you are better benefactors and send more to him than all diseases besides.

Chough [*within.*] What, Trimtram, Trimtram!

Trim. I come, sir.—Hark you, you may hear him! he's upon the spur, and would fain mount the saddle of matrimony; but, if I can, I'll persuade him to come to you.

[1] Rosemary was used at weddings. See note 2, vol. i. p. 9.
[2] Until.

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Phy. Pray you, do, sir. [*Exit* TRIMTRAM.]—I'll teach
all peevish niceness.[1]
To beware the strong advantage of revenge.

Enter CHOUGH.

Chough. Who's that would speak with me?

Phy. None but a friend, sir; I would speak with you.

Chough. Why, sir, and I dare speak with any man under the universe. Can you roar, sir?

Phy. No, in faith, sir;
I come to tell you mildly for your good,
If you please to hear me: you are upon marriage?

Chough. No, sir; I am towards it, but not upon it yet.

Phy. Do you know what you do?

Chough. Yes, sir, I hav practised what to do before now; I would be ashamed to be married else: I have seen a bronstrops in my time, and a hippocrene, and a tweak too.

Phy. Take fair heed, sir; the wife that you would
marry
Is not fit for you.

Chough. Why, sir, have you tried her?

Phy. Not I, believe it, sir; but believe withal
She has been tried.

Chough. Why, sir, is she a fructifer or a fucus?

Phy. All that I speak, sir, is in love to you:

---

[1] Scrupulousness.

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Your bride, that may be, has not that portion
That a bride should have.

Chough. Why, sir, she has a thousand and a better penny.

Phy. I do not speak of rubbish, dross, and ore,
But the refinèd metal, honour, sir.

Chough. What she wants in honour shall be made up in worship, sir; money will purchase both.

Phy. To be plain with you, she's naught.

Chough. If thou canst not roar, thou'rt a dead man! my bride naught? [*Drawing his sword.*

Phy. Sir, I do not fear you that way; what I speak [*Drawing his sword.*
My life shall maintain; I say she is naught.

Chough. Dost thou not fear me?

Phy. Indeed I do not, sir.

Chough. I'll never draw upon thee while I live for that trick; put up and speak freely.

Phy. Your intended bride is a whore; that's freely, sir.

Chough. Yes, faith, a whore's free enough, and[1] she hath a conscience: is she a whore? foot, I warrant she has the pox then.

Phy. Worse, the plague; 'tis more incurable.

Chough. A plaguy whore? a pox on her, I'll none of her!

Phy. Mine accusation shall have firm evidence;

---

[1] If.

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I will produce an unavoided witness,
A bastard of her bearing.

Chough. A bastard? 'snails, there's great suspicion she's a whore then! I'll wrestle a fall with her father for putting this trick upon me, as I am a gentleman.

Phy. Good sir, mistake me not; I do not speak
To break the contract of united hearts;
I will not pull that curse upon my head,
To separate the husband and the wife;
But this, in love, I thought fit to reveal,
As the due office betwixt man and man,
That you might not be ignorant of your ills.
Consider now of my premonishment
As yourself shall please.

Chough. I'll burn all the rosemary to sweeten the house, for, in my conscience, 'tis infected: has she drunk bastard?[1] if she would piss me wine-vinegar now nine times a-day, I'd never have her, and I thank you too.

Re-enter TRIMTRAM.

Trim. Come, will you come away, sir? they have all rosemary, and stay for you to lead the way.

Chough. I'll not be married to-day, Trimtram: hast e'er an almanac about thee? this is the nineteenth of August, look what day of the month 'tis.

Trim. 'Tis tenty-nine[2] indeed, sir.

[*Looks in an almanac.*

[1] See note 2, vol. iii. p. 272.
[2] *i.e.* ten and nine.

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Chough. What's the word?[1] what says Bretnor?[2]

Trim. The word is, sir, *There's a hole in her coat.*

Chough. I thought so; the physician agrees with him; I'll not marry to-day.

Trim. I pray you, sir; there will be charges for new rosemary else; this will be withered by to-morrow.

Chough. Make a bonfire on't, to sweeten Rosemary-lane: prithee, Trim, entreat my father-in-law that might have been, to come and speak with me.

Trim. The bride cries already and looks t'other way; and you be so backward too, we shall have a fine arse-ward wedding on't. [*Exit.*

Chough. You'll stand to your words, sir?

Phy. I'll not fly the house, sir;
When you have need, call me to evidence.

Chough. If you'll prove she has borne a bastard, I'll stand to't she's a whore. [*Exit* Physician.

Enter RUSSELL *and* TRIMTRAM.

Rus. Why, how now, son? what causeth these delays? All stay for your leading.

Chough. Came I from the Mount to be confronted?

Rus. How's that, sir?

Chough. Canst thou roar, old man?

Rus. Roar? how mean you, sir?

---

[1] Motto.

[2] A famous almanac-maker and conjuror. He is mentioned in Jonson's *Devil is an Ass*, i. 2.

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Chough. Why, then, I'll tell thee plainly, thy daughter is a bronstrops.

Rus. A bronstrops? what's that, sir?

Trim. Sir, if she be so, she is a hippocrene.

Chough. Nay, worse, she is a fructifer.

Trim. Nay, then, she is a fucus, a minotaur, and a tweak.

Rus. Pray, you, speak to my understanding, sir.

Chough. If thou wilt have it in plain terms, she is a callicut and a panagron.

Trim. Nay, then, she is a duplar and a sindicus.

Rus. Good, sir, speak English to me.

Chough. All this is Cornish to thee; I say thy daughter has drunk bastard[1] in her time.

Rus. Bastard? you do not mean to make her a whore?

Chough. Yes, but I do, if she make a fool of me; I'll ne'er make her my wife till she have her maidenhead again.

Rus. A whore? I do defy this calumny.

Chough. Dost thou? I defy thee then.

Trim. Do you, sir? then I defy thee too: fight with us both at once in this quarrel, if thou darest!

Chough. I could have had a whore at Plymouth.

Trim. Ay, or at Pe'ryn.[2]

Chough. Ay, or under the Mount.

Trim. Or as you came, at Ivel.[3]

---

[1] See note 2, vol. iii. p. 272.

[2] Penryn.

[3] "Or Yeovil. Old eds. 'Euill.'"—*Dyce.*

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Chough. Or at Wookey-Hole[1] in Somersetshire.

Trim. Or at the Hanging-stones in Wiltshire.

Chough. Or at Maidenhead in Berkshire: and did I come in by Maidenhead to go out by Staines? O, that man, woman, or child, would wrestle with me for a pound of patience!

Rus. Some thief has put in poison at your ears,
To steal the good name of my child from me;
Or if it be a malice of your own,
Be sure I will enforce a proof from you.

Chough. He's a goose and a woodcock that says I will not prove any word that I speak.

Trim. Ay, either goose or woodcock; he shall, sir, with any man.

Chough. Phy-si-ci-an! mauz avez[2] physician!

Rus. Is he the author?

Re-enter Physician.

Phy. Sir, with much sorrow for your sorrow's sake,
I must deliver this most certain truth;
Your daughter is an honour-stainèd bride,
Indeed she is the mother to a child
Before the lawful wife unto a husband.

Chough. La, that's worse than I told thee; I said she had borne a bastard, and he says she was the mother on't too.

Rus. I'm yet an infidel against all this,

---

[1] Old eds. "Hoc-kye hole."
[2] "Is this Cornish?"—*Dyce.*

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And will believe the sun is made of brass,
The stars of amber——

Chough. And the moon of a Holland cheese.

Rus. Rather than this impossibility.
O, here she comes.

Re-enter JANE *with* ANNE.

Nay, come, daughter, stand at the bar of shame;
Either now quit thyself, or kill me ever:
Your marriage-day is spoil'd, if all be true.

Jane. A happy misery! who's my accuser?

Phy. I am, that knows it true I speak.

Chough. Yes, and I'm his witness.

Trim. And I.

Chough. And I again.

Trim. And I again too; there's four, that's enough, I hope.

Rus. How can you witness, sir, that nothing know
But what you have receiv'd from his report?

Chough. Must we not believe our physicians? pray you, think I know as much as every fool does.

Trim. Let me be Trimtram, I pray you too, sir.

Jane. Sir, if this bad man have laid a blemish
On my white name, he is a most false one,
Defaming me for the just denial
Of his foul lust.—Nay, now you shall be known, sir.

Anne. Sir, I'm his sister, and do better know him
Than all of you: give not too much belief
To his wild words; he's oftentimes mad, sir.

Phy. I thank you, good sister!

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Anne. Are you not mad
To do this office? fie upon your malice!
Phy. I'll presently produce both nurse and child,
Whose very eyes shall call her mother before it speaks.
[*Exit.*

Chough. Ha, ha, ha, ha! by my troth, I'd spend a shilling on that condition to hear that: I think in my conscience I shall take the physician in a lie; if the child call her mother before it can speak, I'll never wrestle while I live again.

Trim. It must be a she child, if it do, sir; and those speak the soonest of any living creatures, they say.

Chough. Baw, waw! a dog will bark a month sooner; he's a very puppy else.

Rus. Come, tell truth 'twixt ourselves; here's none but friends:
One spot a father's love will soon wipe off;
The truth, and the[reb]y try my love abundant;
I'll cover it with all the care I have,
And yet, perhaps, make up a marriage-day.

Jane. Then it's true, sir, I have a[1] child.

Rus. Hast thou?
Well, wipe thine eyes; I'm a grandfather then.
If all bastards were banish'd, the city would be thin
In the thickest term-time. Well, now let me alone,
I'll try my wits for thee.—Richard, Francis, Andrew!
None of my knaves within?

[1] So ed. 1622. Not in first ed.

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Enter Servant.

Ser. Here's one of 'em, sir: the guests come in apace.

Rus. Do they, Dick? let 'em have wine and sugar; we'll be for 'em presently; but hark, Dick.

[*Whispers* Servant.

Chough. I long to hear this child speak, i'faith, Trim; I would this foolish physician would come once.

Trim. If it calls her mother, I hope it shall never call you father.

Chough. No; and it do, I'll whip it, i'faith, and give thee leave to whip me.

Rus. Run on thy best legs, Dick.

Ser. I'll be here in a twinkling, sir. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Physician *with* Dutch Nurse *and* Child.

Phy. Now, gentlemen, believe your eyes, if not
My tongue.—Do not you call this your child?

Chough. Phew, that's not the point! you promised us the child should call her mother; if it does this month, I'll ne'er go to the roaring-school again.

Rus. Whose child is this, nurse?

Nurse. Dis gentleman's, so he to me readen.

[*Points to the* Physician.

Chough. 'Snails, she's the physician's bronstrops, Trim!

Trim. His fucus, his very tweak, i'faith.

Chough. A glister in his teeth! let him take her, with a purgation to him!

Rus. 'Tis as your sister said, you are stark mad, sir,

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This much confirms it; you have defamed
Mine honest daughter; I'll have you punished for't,
Besides the civil penance of your sin,
And keeping of your bastard.

Phy. This is fine!
All your wit and wealth must not thus carry it.

Rus. Sir Chough, a word with you.

Chough. I'll not have her, i'faith, sir; if Trimtram will have her, and he will, let him.

Trim. Who, I, sir? I scorn it: if you'll have her, I'll have her too; I'll do as you do, and no otherwise.

Rus. I do not mean't to either; this only, sir,
That whatsoe'er you've seen, you would be silent;
Hinder not my child of another husband,
Though you forsake her.

Chough. I'll not speak a word, i'faith.

Rus. As you are a gentleman?

Chough. By these basket-hilts, as I am a youth, a gentleman, a roarer.

Rus. Charm your man, I beseech you, too.

Chough. I warrant you, sir, he shall do nothing but what I do before him.

Rus. I shall most dearly thank you.—

Re-enter Servant *with* FITZALLEN.

O, are you come?
Welcome, son-in-law! this was beyond your hope:
We old men have pretty conceits sometimes;
Your wedding-day's prepar'd, and this is it;
How think you of it?

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Fitz. As of the joyfullest
That ever welcom'd me! you show yourself now
A pattern to all kind fathers.—My sweetest Jane!

Rus. Your captivity I meant but as sauce
Unto your wedding-dinner; now I'm sure
'Tis far more welcome in this short restraint
Than had it freely come.

Fitz. A thousandfold.

Jane. I like this well. [*Aside.*

Chough. I have not the heart to see this gentleman gulled so; I will reveal; I make it mine own case; 'tis a foul case.

Trim. Remember you have sworn by your hilts.

Chough. I'll break my hilts rather than conceal: I have a trick; do thou follow me; I will reveal it, and yet not speak it neither.

Trim. 'Tis my duty to follow you, sir.

Chough [*sings.*] *Take heed in time, O man, unto thy head!*

Trim. [*sings.*] *All is not gold that glistereth in bed.*

Rus. Why, sir,—why, sir!

Chough [*sings.*] *Look to't, I say, thy bride is a bronstrops.*

Trim. [*sings.*] *And knows the thing that men wear in their slops.*

Fitz. How's this, sir?

Chough [*sings.*] *A hippocrene, a tweak, for and*[1] *a fucus.*

---

[1] "For and" = and also. Cf. *Hamlet*, v. 1:—

"A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet."

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Trim [*sings.*] *Let not fond love with foretops so rebuke us.*

Rus. Good sir——

Chough [*sings.*] *Behold a baby of this maid's begetting.*

Trim. [*sings.*] *A deed of darkness after the sunsetting.*

Rus. Your oath, sir!

Chough [*sings.*] *I swear and sing thy bride has taken physic.*

Trim. [*sings.*] *This was the doctor cur'd her of that phthisic.*

Chough [*sings.*] *If you'll believe me, I will say no more.*

Trim. [*sings.*] *Thy bride's a tweak, as we do say that roar.*

Chough. Bear witness, gentlemen, I have not spoke a word; my hilts are whole still.

Fitz. This is a sweet epithalamium
Unto the marriage-bed, a musical,
Harmonious Iö! Sir, you have wrong'd me,
And basely wrong'd me! was this your cunning fetch,
To fetch me out of prison, for ever to marry me
Unto a strumpet?

Rus. None of those words, good sir;
'Tis but a fault, and 'tis a sweet one too.
Come, sir, your means is short; lengthen your fortunes
With a fair proffer: I'll put a thousand pieces
Into the scale, to help her to weigh it up,
Above the first dowry.

Fitz. Ha? you say well;
Shame may be bought out at a dear rate;
A thousand pieces added to her dowry!

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Rus. There's five hundred of 'em to make the bargain; [*Gives money.*
I've worthy guests coming, and would not delude 'em;
Say, speak like a son to me.
Fitz. Your blessing, sir;
We are both yours:—witness, gentlemen,
These must be made up a thousand pieces,
Added to a first thousand for her dowry,
To father that child.
Phy. O, is it out now?
Chough. For t'other thousand, I'll do't myself yet.
Trim. Or I, if my master will.
Fitz. The bargain's made, sir; I have the tender
And possession both, and will keep my purchase.
Chough. Take her e'en to you with all her moveables;
I'll wear my bachelor's buttons still.
Trim. So will I, i'faith; they are the best flowers in any man's garden, next to heart's-ease.
Fitz. This is as welcome as the other, sir.
And both as the best bliss that e'er on earth
I shall enjoy. Sir, this is mine own child;
You could not have found out a fitter father;
Nor is it basely bred, as you imagine,
For we were wedded by the hand of heaven
Ere this work was begun.
Chough. At Pancridge,[1] I'll lay my life on't.

---

[1] Pancras. A *Pancridge parson* was the convenient clergyman of Middleton's day. One of the characters in Jonson's *Tale of a Tub* is the *Vicar of Pancridge*. Cf. Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, xi. 33.

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Trim. I'll lay my life on't too, 'twas there.
Fitz. Somewhere it was, sir.
Rus. Was't so, i'faith, son?
Jane. And that I must have reveal'd to you, sir,
Ere I had gone to church with this fair groom;
But, thank this gentleman, he prevented[1] me.—
I am much bound unto your malice, sir.
Phy. I am asham'd.
Jane. Shame to amendment then.
Rus. Now get you together for a couple of cunning ones!
But, son, a word; the latter thousand pieces
Is now more than [the] bargain.
Fitz. No, by my faith, sir,
Here's witness enough on it; it must serve
To pay my fees, imprisonment is costly.
Chough. By my troth, the old man has gulled himself finely! Well, sir, I'll bid myself a guest, though not a groom; I'll dine, and dance, and roar at the wedding for all this.
Trim. So will I, sir, if my master does.
Rus. Well, sir, you're welcome: but now no more words on't
Till we be set at dinner, for there will mirth
Be the most useful for digestion:
See, my best guests are coming.

Enter LADY AGER, Colonel's Sister, CAPTAIN AGER, *his two* Friends, *and* Surgeon.

Cap. Ager. Recover'd, sayst thou?

[1] Anticipated.

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Surg. May I be excluded quite out of Surgeons' Hall else! marry, I must tell you the wound was fain to be twice corroded; 'twas a plain gastrolophe,[1] and a deep one; but I closed the lips on't with bandages and sutures,[2] which is a kind[3] conjunction of the parts separated against the course of nature.

Cap. Ager. Well, sir, he is well.

Surg. I feared him, I assure you, captain; before the suture in the belly, it grew almost to a convulsion, and there was like to be a bloody issue from the hollow vessels of the kidneys.

Cap. Ager. There's that, to thank thy news and thy art together. [*Gives him money.*

Surg. And if your worship at any time stand in need of incision, if it be your fortune to light into my hands, I'll give you the best.

Cap. Ager. Uncle, the noble Colonel's recovered.

Rus. Recover'd?
Then honour is not dead in all parts, coz.

Enter Colonel *and two* Friends.

First Fr. of Cap. Behold him yonder, sir.

Cap. Ager. My much unworthiness
Is now found out; thou'st not a face to fit it.

First Fr. of Col. Sir, yonder's captain Ager.

Col. O lieutenant,

---

[1] "Probably a misprint for 'gastroraphe:' see the quotation from Sharp's *Surgery* in Todd's Johnson's *Dict.* v. *Gastroraphy.*"—*Dyce.*

[2] Old eds. "surteures."

[3] Ed. 1622 "*kind* of."

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The wrong I've done his fame puts me to silence;
Shame so confounds me, that I dare not see him.
Cap. Ager. I never knew how poor my deserts were
Till he appear'd; no way to give requital!
Here shame me lastingly, do't with his own:
Return this to him; tell him I have riches
In that abundance in his sister's love,
These come but to oppress me, and confound
All my deservings everlastingly;
I never shall requite my wealth in her, say.
[*Giving will to his* Friend, *who delivers it to the* Colonel.
How soon from virtue and an honour'd spirit
May man receive what he may never merit!
Col. This comes most happily, to express me better;
For since this will was made, there fell to me
The manor of Fitzdale; give him that too;
[*Returning will with other papers.*
He's like to have charge,
There's fair hope of my sister's fruitfulness:
For me, I never mean to change my mistress,
And war is able to maintain her servant.
First Fr. of Cap. Read there; a fair increase, sir, by my faith;
He has sent it back, sir, with new additions.
Cap. Ager. How miserable he makes me! this enforces me
To break through all the passages of shame,
And headlong fall——
Col. Into my arms, dear worthy!

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Cap. Ager. You have a goodness
Has put me past my answers; you may speak
What you please now, I must be silent ever.
Col. This day has shown me joy's unvalued[1] treasure;
I would not change this brotherhood with a monarch;
Into which blest alliance sacred heaven
Has plac'd my kinsman, and given him his ends:
Fair be that quarrel makes such happy friends!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

[1] Invaluable.

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NO { WIT / HELP } LIKE A WOMAN'S.

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Digitized by Google

No { *Wit* / *Help* } *like*
A Womans. A Comedy, By Tho. Middleton, Gent. London: Printed for Humphrey Moseley, at the Prince's Arms in St. Pauls Churchyard. 1657. 8vo.—This comedy is usually found appended to the *Two New Playes*, &c., of the same date.

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PROLOGUE.

How is't possible to suffice
So many ears, so many eyes?
Some in wit, some in shows
Take delight, and some in clothes:
Some for mirth they chiefly come,
Some for passion,[1]—for both some;
Some for lascivious meetings, that's their arrant;
Some to detract, and ignorance their warrant.
How is't possible to please
Opinion toss'd in such wild seas?
Yet I doubt not, if attention
Seize you above, and apprehension
You below, to take things quickly,
We shall both make you sad and tickle ye.

[1] Sorrow.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir OLIVER TWILIGHT, *a knight.*
PHILIP TWILIGHT, *his son.*
SANDFIELD, *friend to Philip Twilight, and in love with Jane.*
SUNSET, *an old gentleman.*
LOW-WATER, *a decayed gentleman.*
Sir GILBERT LAMBSTONE,
WEATHERWISE,
PEPPERTON,
OVERDONE,
} *suitors to Lady Goldenfleece.*
BEVERIL, *brother to Mistress Low-water.*
Dutch Merchant.
Dutch Boy, his son.
SAVOURWIT, *servant to Sir Oliver Twilight.*
PICKADILL, *Lady Goldenfleece's fool.*
Servants, &c.

LADY TWILIGHT.
LADY GOLDENFLEECE, *a rich widow.*
MISTRESS LOW-WATER.
GRACE, *secretly married to Philip Twilight, passing as daughter to Sir Oliver Twilight, but really Jane, daughter to Sunset.*
JANE, *passing as daughter to Sunset, but really Grace, daughter to Sir Oliver Twilight.*

Scene, LONDON.

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NO { WIT / HELP } LIKE A WOMAN'S.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Before Sir OLIVER TWILIGHT'S *House.*

Enter PHILIP TWILIGHT *and* SAVOURWIT.

Phil. I'm at my wit's ends, Savourwit.
Sav. And I
Am even following after you as fast
As I can, sir.
Phil. My wife will be forc'd from me,
My pleasure!
Sav. Talk no more on't, sir; how can there
Be any hope i' the middle, when we're both
At our wit's end in the beginning? my invention
Was ne'er so gravell'd since I first set out upon't.
Phil. Nor does my stop stick only in this wheel,
Though't be a main vexation; but I'm grated
In a dear, absolute friend, young master Sandfield——
Sav. Ay, there's another rub too!
Phil. Who supposes
That I make love to his affected mistress,[1]

[1] "His affected mistress"=the mistress whom he loves.

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When 'tis my father works against the peace
Of both our spirits, and wooes unknown to me:
He strikes out sparks of undeservèd anger
'Twixt old steel friendship and new stony hate;
As much forgetful of the merry hours
The circuits of our youth hath spent and worn,
As if they had not been, or we not born.

Sav. See where he comes.[1]

Enter SANDFIELD.

Sand. Unmerciful in torment!
Will this disease never forsake mine eye?

Phil. It must be kill'd first, if it grow so painful;
Work it out strongly at one time, that th' anguish
May never more come near thy precious sight.
If my eternal sleep will give thee rest,
Close up mine eyes with opening of my breast.

Sand. I feel thy wrongs at midnight, and the weight
Of thy close treacheries; thou hast a friendship
As dangerous as a strumpet's, that will kiss
Men into poverty, distress, and ruin;
And to make clear the face of thy foul deeds,
Thou work'st by seconds. [*Drawing his sword.*

Phil. Then may the sharp point of an inward horror
Strike me to earth, and save thy weapon guiltless!

---

[1] "I possess a copy of this play, which seems to have been used by the prompter towards the end of the 17th century, several passages being altered, and many marked for omission. As a specimen of the former, the present speech will suffice:—

"'See where he comes, *as melancholly and angry as a looseing Bully of Marribone.*'"—*Dyce.*

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Sand. Not in thy father?
Phil. How much is truth abus'd
When 'tis kept silent! O defend me, friendship!
Sav. True,[1] your anger's in an error all this while, sir,
But that a lover's weapon ne'er[2] hears reason,
'Tis out still, like a madman's: hear but me, sir;
'Tis my young master's injury, not yours,
That you quarrel with him for; and this shows
As if you'd challenge a lame man the field,
And cut off's head, because he has lost his legs:
His grief makes him dead flesh, as it appear'd
By offering up his breast to you; for, believe it, sir,
Had he not greater crosses of his own,
Your hilts could not cross him——
Sand. How!
Sav. Not your hilts, sir.
Come, I must have you friends; a pox of weapons!
There's a whore gapes for't; put it up i' the scabbard.
Sand. [*sheathing his sword.*] Thou'rt a mad slave!
Sav. Come, give me both your hands,
You're in a quagmire both; should I release you now,
Your wits would both come home in a stinking pickle;
Your father's old nose would smell you out presently.
Phil. Tell him the secret, which no mortal knows
But thou and I; and then he will confess
How much he wrong'd the patience of his friend.

---

[1] Qu. "Tut" or "Prut."
[2] Old ed. "now."

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Sav. Then thus the marigold opens at the splendour
Of a hot, constant friendship 'twixt you both.
'Tis not unknown to your ear, some ten years since,
My mistress, his good mother, with a daughter
About the age of six, crossing to Guernsey,
Was taken by the Dunkirks,[1] sold both, and separated,
As the last news brings hot,—the first and last
So much discover'd; for in nine years' space
No certain tidings of their life or death,
Or what place held 'em, earth, the sea, or heaven,
Came to the old man's ears, the knight my master,
Till about five months since a letter came,
Sent from the mother, which related all
Their taking, selling, separation,
And never meeting; and withal requir'd
Six hundred crowns for ransom; which my old master
No sooner heard the sound, but told the sum,
Gave him[2] the gold, and sent us both abroad:
We landing by the way—having a care
To lighten us of our carriage, because gold
Is such a heavy metal—eas'd our pockets
In wenches' aprons: women were made to bear,
But for us gentlemen 'tis most unkindly.[3]

Sand. Well, sir?

Phil. A pure rogue still!

---

[1] Privateers from Dunkirk. Cf. Second Part of *The Honest Whore*, i. 1:—
"Why, I warrant this precious wild villain, if he were put to't, would fight more desperately than sixteen *Dunkirks*."

[2] Philip. [3] Against *kind*,—unnatural.

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Sav. Amongst the rest, sir,
'Twas my young master's chance there to doat finely
Upon a sweet young gentlewoman, but one
That would not sell her honour for the Indies,
Till a priest struck the bargain, and then half
A crown despatch'd it;
To be brief, wedded her and bedded her,
Brought her home hither to her father's house,
And, with a fair tale of mine own bringing up,
She passes for his sister that was sold.
Sand. Let me not lose myself in wondering at thee!
But how made you your score even for the mother?
Sav. Pish, easily; we told him how her fortunes
Mock'd us as they mock'd her; when we were o' the sea
She was o' the land; and, as report was given,
When we were landed, she was gone to heaven,
So he believes two lies one error bred,
The daughter ransom'd, and the mother dead.
Sand. Let me admire thee, and withal confess
My injuries to friendship!
Phil. They're all pardon'd:
These are the arms I bore against my friend.
Sav. But what's all this to the present? this discourse
Leaves you i' the bog still.
Phil. On, good Savourwit.
Sav. For yet our policy has cross'd ourselves;
For the old knave, my master, little thinking her
Wife to his son, but his own daughter still,
Seeks out a match for her——

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Phil. Here I feel the surgeon
At second dressing.
Sav. And has entertain'd,
Even for pure need, for fear the glass should crack
That is already broken but well solder'd,
A mere sot for her suitor, a rank fox,
One Weatherwise, that wooes by the almanac,
Observes the full and change, an arrant moon-calf;[1]
And yet, because the fool demands no portion
But the bare dower[2] of her smock, the old fellow,
Worn to the bone with a dry, covetous[3] itch,
To save his purse, and yet bestow his child,
Consents to waste [her on] lumps of almanac-stuff
Kned with May-butter.[4] Now, as I have thought on't,
I'll spoil him in the baking.
Sand. Prithee, as how, sirrah?
Sav. I'll give him such a crack in one o'the sides,
He shall quite run out of my master's favour.
Phil. I should but too much love thee for that.
Sav. Thus, then,
To help you both at once, and so good night to you:
After my wit has shipp'd away the fool,
As he shall part, I'll buzz into the ear

---

[1] Originally a false conception, an imperfectly-formed foetus. Hence the term is applied to a lumpish person.

[2] Old ed. "down."

[3] Old ed. "courteous."

[4] "'If during the moneth of May before you salt your butter you saue a lumpe thereof, and put it into a vessell, and so set it into the Sun the space of that moneth, you shall finde it exceeding soueraigne and medicinable for wounds, straines, aches, and such like grievances.' —G. Markham's *English Housewife*, p. 199, ed. 1637."—*Dyce.*

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Of my old master, that you, sir, master Sandfield,
Dearly affect his daughter, and will take her
With little or no portion; well stood out in't;
Methinks I see him caper at that news,
And in the full cry, O! This brought about
And wittily dissembled on both parts—
You to affect his love, he to love yours—
I'll so beguile the father at the marriage,
That each shall have his own; and both being welcom'd
And chamber'd in one house,—as 'tis his pride
To have his children's children got successively
On his forefathers' feather-beds,—in the daytimes,
To please the old man's eyesight, you may dally,
And set a kiss on the wrong lip—no sin in't,
Brothers and sisters do't, cousins do more;
But, pray, take heed you be not kin to them:
So in the night-time nothing can deceive you,
Let each know his own work; and there I leave you.

Sand. Let me applaud thee!

Phil. Blest be all thy ends
That mak'st arm'd enemies embracing friends!
About it speedily. [*Exit with* SANDFIELD.

Sav. I need no pricking;
I'm of that mettle, so well pac'd and free,
There's no good riders that use spur to me.

Enter GRACE.

O, are you come?

Grace. Are any comforts coming?

Sav. I never go without 'em.

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Grace. Thou sportest joys that utterance cannot perfect.

Sav. Hark, are they risen?

Grace. Yes, long before I left 'em;
And all intend to bring the widow homeward.

Sav. Depart then, mistress, to avoid suspect;
Our good shall arrive time enough at your heart.
[*Exit* GRACE.

Poor fools, that evermore take a green surfeit
Of the first fruits of joys! Let a man but shake the tree,
How soon they'll hold up their laps to receive comfort!
The music that I struck made her soul dance.—
Peace— 160

Enter LADY GOLDENFLEECE *with* Sir GILBERT LAMBSTONE, PEPPERTON, *and* OVERDONE; *after them*, Sir OLIVER TWILIGHT *and* SUNSET, *with* GRACE *and* JANE.

Here comes the lady widow, the late wife
To the deceas'd sir Avarice Goldenfleece,
Second to none for usury and extortion,
As too well it appears on a poor gentleman,
One master Low-water, from whose estate
He pull'd that fleece that makes his widow weight.
Those are her suitors now, sir Gilbert Lambstone,
Master Pepperton, [and] master Overdone. [*Aside.*

L. Gold. Nay, good sir Oliver Twilight, master Sunset,
We'll trouble you no farther.

Sir O. Twi. } No trouble, sweet madam. 170
Sun. }

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Sir G. Lamb. We'll see the widow at home, it shall be our charge that.

L. Gold. It shall be so indeed.
Thanks, good sir Oliver; and to you both
I am indebted for those courtesies
That will ask me a long time to requite.

Sir O. Twi. Ah, 'tis but your pleasant condition[1] to give it out so, madam.

L. Gold. Mistress Grace and mistress Jane, I wish you both
A fair contented fortune in your choices,
And that you happen right.

Grace. } Thanks to you, good madam.
Jane. }

Grace. There's more in that word *right* than you imagine. [*Aside.*

L. Gold. I now repent, girls, a rash oath I took,
When you were both infants, to conceal a secret.

Grace. What does't concern, good madam?

L. Gold. No, no;
Since you are both so well, 'tis well enough;
It must not be reveal'd; 'tis now no more
Than like mistaking of one hand for t'other:
A happy time to you both!

Grace. } The like to you, madam!
Jane. }

Grace. I shall long much to have this riddle open'd. [*Aside.*

[1] Disposition.

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Jane. I would you were so kind to my poor kinswoman,
And the distressèd gentleman her husband,
Poor master Low-water, who on ruin leans;
You keep this secret as you keep his means. [*Aside.*
[*L. Gold.*] Thanks, good sir Oliver Twilight;—welcome,
Sweet master Pepperton;—master Overdone, welcome.
[*Exeunt all except* Sir OLIVER TWILIGHT *and* SAVOURWIT.
Sir O. Twi. And goes the business well 'twixt those young lovers?
Sav. Betwixt your son and master Sunset's daughter
The line goes even, sir.
Sir O. Twi. Good lad, I like thee.
Sav. But, sir, there's no proportion, height, or evenness,
Betwixt that equinoctial and your daughter.
Sir O. Twi. 'Tis true, and I'm right glad on't.
Sav. Are you glad, sir,
There's no proportion in't?
Sir O. Twi. Ay, marry am I, sir:
I can abide no word that ends in portion;
I'll give her nothing.
Sav. Say you should not, sir—
As I'll ne'er urge your worship 'gainst your nature—
Is there no gentleman, think you, of worth and credit,
Will open 's bed to warm a naked maid?
A hundred gallant fellows, and be glad
To be so set a-work: virginity

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Is no such cheap ware as you make account on,
That it had need with portion be set off,
For that sets off a portion in these days.
Sir O. Twi. Play on, sweet boy;
O, I could hear this music all day long,
When there's no money to be parted from!
Strike on, good lad.
Sav. Do not wise men and great often bestow
Ten thousand pound in jewels that lie by 'em?
If so, what jewel can lie by a man
More precious than a virgin? if none more precious,
Why should the pillow of a fool be grac'd
With that brave spirits with dearness have embrac'd?
And then, perhaps, ere the third spring come on,
Sends home your diamond crack'd, the beauty gone;
And more to know her, 'cause you shall not doubt her,
A number of poor sparks twinkling about her.
Sir O. Twi. Now thou play'st Dowland's *Lacrymæ*[1] to thy master.
Sav. But shall I dry your eyes with a merry jig now,
And make you look like sunshine in a shower?
Sir O. Twi. How, how, my honest boy, sweet Savourwit?
Sav. Young master Sandfield, gallant master Sandfield——
Sir O. Twi. Ha! what of him?

[1] John Dowland, the famous lutenist, was born in 1562 and died in 1615. He travelled much abroad, and was for some time lutenist to the King of Denmark. His *Lacrymæ, or Seven Tears figured in Seven Passionate Pavans, &c.*, was a very popular musical work.

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Sav. Affects your daughter strangely.
Sir O. Twi. Brave master Sandfield!—let me hug thy zeal
Unto thy master's house;—ha, master Sandfield!
But he'll expect a portion.
Sav. Not a whit, sir,
As you may use the matter.
Sir O. Twi. Nay, and the matter fall into my using,
The devil a penny that he gets of me!
Sav. He lies at the mercy of your lock and key, sir;
You may use him as you list.
Sir O. Twi. Say'st thou me so? 240
Is he so far in doing?
Sav. Quite over head and ears, sir;
Nay, more, he means to run mad, and break his neck
Off some high steeple, if he have her not.
Sir O. Twi. Now bless the young gentleman's gristles! I hope to be
A grandfather yet by 'em.
Sav. That may you, sir,
To, marry, a chopping girl with a plump buttock,
Will hoist a farthingale at five years old,
And call a man between eleven and twelve
To take part of a piece of mutton with her.
Sir O. Twi. Ha, precious wag! hook him in finely, do. 250
Sav. Make clear the way for him first, set the gull going.
Sir O. Twi. An ass, an ass, I'll quickly dash his wooing.

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Sav. Why, now the clocks
Go right again: it must be a strange wit
That makes the wheels of youth and age so hit;
The one are dry, worn, rusty, furr'd, and soil'd,
Love's wheels are glib, ever kept clean and oil'd.
[*Aside, and exit.*

Sir O. Twi. I cannot choose but think of this good fortune;
That gallant master Sandfield!

Enter WEATHERWISE.

Wea. Stay, stay, stay!
What comfort gives my almanac to-day? 260
[*Taking out an almanac.*
Luck, I beseech thee! [*Reads.*] *Good days,—evil days,—June,—July;*—speak a good word for me now, and I have her: let me see, *The fifth day, 'twixt hawk and buzzard; The sixth day, backward and forward,*—that was beastly to me, I remember; *The seventh day, on a slippery pin; The eighth day, fire and tow; The ninth day, the market is marred,*—that's 'long of the hucksters, I warrant you; but now the tenth day—luck, I beseech thee now, before I look into't!—*The tenth*[1] *day, against the hair,*—a pox on't, would that hair had been left out! against the hair? that hair will go nigh to choke me; had it been against anything but that, 'twould not have troubled me, because it lies cross i' the way. Well, I'll

[1] Old ed. "eleventh."

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try the fortune of a good face yet, though my almanac leave me i' the sands.[1] [*Aside.*

Sir O. Twi. Such a match too, I could not wish a better. [*Aside.*

Wea. Mass, here he walks. [*Aside.*]—Save you, sweet sir Oliver—sir Oliver Twilight.

Sir O. Twi. O pray come to me a quarter of a year hence;
I have a little business now.

Wea. How, a quarter of a year hence? what, shall I come to you in September?

Sir O. Twi. Nor in November neither, good my friend.

Wea. You're not a mad knight! you will not let your daughter hang past August, will you? she'll drop down under tree then: she's no winter-fruit, I assure you, if you think to put her in crust after Christmas.

Sir O. Twi. Sir, in a word, depart; my girl's not for you
I gave you a drowsy promise in a dream,
But broad awake now, I call't in again:
Have me commended to your wit, farewell, sir. [*Exit.*

Wea. Now the devil run away with you, and some lousy fiddler with your daughter! may Clerkenwell[2] have the first cut of her, and Houndsditch pick the bones! I'll never leave the love of an open-hearted widow for a narrow-eyed maid again; go out of the roadway, like an ass, to leap over hedge and ditch; I'll fall into the beaten path again, and invite the widow home to a ban-

[1] Perhaps the reading should be "suds." *In the suds* = in distress.
[2] Turnbull Street, the haunt of drabs, was in Clerkenwell.

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quet: let who list seek out new ways, I'll be at my journey's end before him:
My almanac told me true how I should fare;
Let no man think to speed against the hair.[1] [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in LOW-WATER'S *House.*

Enter MISTRESS LOW-WATER.

Mis. Low. Is there no saving means, no help religious,
For a distressèd gentlewoman to live by?
Has virtue no revenue? who has all then?
Is the world's lease from hell, the devil[2] head-landlord?
O, how was conscience, the right heir, put by?
Law would not do such an unrighteous deed,
Though with the fall of angels[3] 't had been fee'd.
Where are our hopes in banks? was honesty,
A younger sister, without portion left,
No dowry in the chamber beside wantonness?
O miserable orphan!
'Twixt two extremes runs there no blessèd mean,

---

[1] "Against the hair" = against the grain. See Dyce's *Shakespeare Glossary, sub* Hair.
[2] Old ed. "Devils."
[3] See note 2, vol. i. p. 32.

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No comfortable strain,[1] that I may kiss it?
Must I to whoredom or to beggary lean,
My mind being sound? is there no way to miss it?
Is't not injustice that a widow laughs,
And lays her mourning part upon a wife?
That she should have the garment, I the heart?
My wealth her uncle left her, and me her grief.
Yet, stood all miseries in their loathed'st forms
On this hand of me, thick like a foul mist;
And here the bright enticements of the world
In clearest colours, flattery and advancement,
And all the bastard glories this frame jets[2] in,—
Horror nor splendour, shadows fair nor foul,
Should force me shame my husband, wound my soul.

Enter JANE.

Cousin, you're welcome; this is kindly done of you,
To visit the despis'd.
Jane. I hope not so, coz;
The want of means cannot make you despis'd;
Love not by wealth, but by desert, is priz'd.
Mis. Low. You're pleased to help it well, coz.
Jane. I'm come to you,

---

[1] "Compare Skelton's *Magnyfycence*:—

'The *streynes* of her vaynes [veins] as asure Inde blewe.'
Sig. E ii. n. d.

The verb is more common:

'Rills rising out of euery Banck,
In wilde Meanders *strayne*.'
—Drayton's *Muses Elisium*, p. 2, ed. 1630."—*Dyce.*

[2] Struts.

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Beside my visitation, to request you
To lay your wit to mine, which is but simple,
And help me to untie a few dark words
Made up in knots,—they're of the widow's knitting,
That ties all sure,—for my wit has not strength
Nor cunning to unloose 'em.
Mis. Low. Good: what are they?
Though there be little comfort of my help.
Jane. She wish'd sir Oliver's daughter and myself
Good fortune in our choices, and repented her
Of a rash oath she took, when we were both infants,
A secret to conceal; but since all's well,
She holds it best to keep it unreveal'd:
Now, what this is, heaven knows.
Mis. Low. Nor can I guess:
The course of her whole life and her dead husband's
Was ever full of such dishonest riddles,
To keep right heirs from knowledge of their own:
And now I'm put i' the mind on't, I believe
It was some piece[1] of land or money given,
By some departing friend upon their deathbed,
Perhaps to yourself: and sir Oliver's daughter
May wrongfully enjoy it, and she hir'd—
For she was but an hireling in those days—
To keep the injury secret.
Jane. The most likeliest
That ever you could think on!
Mis. Low. Is it not?

[1] Old. ed. "price."

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Jane. Sure, coz, I think you have untied the knot;
My thoughts lie at more ease: as in all other things,
In this I thank your help; and may you live
To conquer your own troubles and cross ends,
As you are ready to supply your friends!

Mis. Low. I thank you for the kind truth of your heart,
In which I flourish when all means depart.—
Sure in that oath of hers there sleeps some wrong
Done to my kinswoman. [*Aside.*

Enter Footman.

Jane. Who'd you speak withal?

Foot. The gentlewoman of this house, forsooth.

Jane. Whose footman are you?

Foot. One sir Gilbert Lambstone's.

Jane. Sir Gilbert Lambstone's? there my cousin walks.

Foot. Thank your good worship. [*Exit* JANE.

Mis. Low. How now? whence are you?

Foot. This letter will make known.

[*Giving letter to* MISTRESS LOW-WATER.

Mis. Low. Whence comes it, sir?

Foot. From the knight my master, sir Gilbert Lambstone.

Mis. Low. Return't; I'll receive none on't,

[*Throwing down letter.*

Foot. There it must lie then; I were as good run to Tyburn a-foot, and hang myself at mine own charges, as carry it back again. [*Exit.*

Mis. Low. 'Life, had he not his answer? what strange impudence

Governs in man when lust is lord of him!
Thinks he me mad? 'cause I've no monies on earth,
That I'll go forfeit my estate in heaven,
And live eternal beggar? he shall pardon me,
That's my soul's jointure—I'll starve ere I sell that.
O, is he gone, and left the letter here?
Yet I will read it, more to hate the writer. [*Reads.*

Mistress Low-water,—If you desire to understand your own comfort, hear me out ere you refuse me. I'm in the way now to double the yearly means that first I offered you; and to stir you more to me, I'll empty your enemy's bags to maintain you; for the rich widow, the Lady Goldenfleece, to whom I have been a longer suitor than you an adversary,[1] *hath given me so much encouragement lately, insomuch that I am perfectly assured the next meeting strikes the bargain. The happiness that follows this 'twere idle to inform you of; only consent to my desires, and the widow's notch*[2] *shall lie open to you. This much to your heart; I know you're wise. Farewell. Thy friend to his power and another's, Gilbert Lambstone.*

In this poor brief[3] what volumes has he thrust

---

[1] Old ed. "a longer *adversary*."

[2] "This passage is explained, I think, by the following line in our author's *Triumphs of Truth*:—

'The very *nooks* where beldams hide their gold.'"—*Dyce.*

(*Notch* was a cant term for *pudendum muliebre;* hence it might be applied jocularly to hidden treasure of any kind.)

[3] A short letter. Cf. 1 *Henry IV.*, iv. 3:—

"Bear this sealed *brief*
With winged haste to my lord Mareschal."

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Of treacherous perjury and adulterous lust!
So foul a monster does this wrong appear,
That I give pity to mine enemy here.
What a most fearful love reigns in some hearts,
That dare oppose all judgment to get means,
And wed rich widows only to keep queans!
What a strange path he takes to my affection,
And thinks 't the nearest way! 'twill never be;
Goes through mine enemy's ground to come to me.
This letter is most welcome; I repent now
That my last anger threw thee at my feet,
My bosom shall receive thee. [*Putting letter in her bosom.*

Enter Sir GILBERT LAMBSTONE.

Sir G. Lamb. 'Tis good policy too
To keep one that so mortally hates the widow;
She'll have more care to keep it close herself:
And look, what wind her revenge goes withal,
The self-same gale whisks up the sails of love!
I shall lose[1] much good sport by that. [*Aside.*]—Now, my sweet mistress!

Mis. Low. Sir Gilbert! you change suits[2] oft, you were here
In black but lately.

Sir G. Lamb. My mind never shifts though.

Mis. Low. A foul mind the whilst:
But sure, sir, this is but a dissembling glass[3]

[1] Dyce suggests that we should read "taste."
[2] Old ed. "Suiters."
[3] Cf. ii. 1, l. 346. "Here's a *glass* will show him," &c.

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Your heart should follow your hand.
Sir G. Lamb. Then may both perish!
Mis. Low. Do not wish that so soon, sir: can you make
A three-months' love to a rich widow's bed,
And lay her pillow under a quean's head?
I know you can't, howe'er you may dissemble 't;
You've a heart brought up better.
Sir G. Lamb. Faith, you wrong me in't;
You shall not find it so; I do protest to thee,
I will be lord of all my promises,
And ere 't be long, thou shalt but turn a key,
And find 'em in thy coffer; for my love
In matching with the widow is but policy
To strengthen my estate, and make me able
To set off all thy kisses with rewards;
That the worst weather our delights behold,
It may hail pearl, and shower the widow's gold.
Mis. Low. You talk of a brave world, sir.
Sir G. Lamb. 'Twill seem better
When golden happiness breaks forth itself
Out of the east port[1] of the widow's chamber.
Mis. Low. And here it sets.
Sir G. Lamb. Here shall the downfall be;
Her wealth shall rise from her, and set in thee.
Mis. Low. You men have th' art to overcome poor women;
Pray give my thoughts the freedom of one day,

[1] Gate, outlet, casement.—*East port* is my own correction for the unintelligible *vast part* (which Dyce silently retains) of the old ed.

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You sent before you; 'tis not possible
And all the rest take you.
Sir G. Lamb. I straight obey.—
This bird's my own! [*Aside, and exit.*
Mis. Low. There is no happiness but has her season,
Wherein[1] the brightness of her virtue shines:
The husk falls off in time, that long shut[2] up
The fruit in a dark prison; so sweeps by
The cloud of miseries from wretches' eyes,
That yet, though faln, at length they see to rise;
The secret powers work wondrously and duly.

Enter LOW-WATER.

Low. Why, how now, Kate?
Mis. Low. O, are you come, sir? husband,
Wake, wake, and let not patience keep thee poor,
Rouse up thy spirit from this falling slumber!
Make thy distress seem but a weeping dream,
And this the opening morning of thy comforts;
Wipe the salt dew off from thy careful eyes,
And drink a draught of gladness next thy heart,
T' expel the infection of all poisonous sorrows!
Low. You turn me past my senses!
Mis. Low. Will you but second
The purpose I intend, I'll be first forward;
I crave no more of thee but a following spirit,
Will you but grant me that.
Low. Why, what's the business
That should transport thee thus?

[1] Old ed. "Herein." [2] Old ed. "shuts."

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Mis. Low. Hope of much good,
No fear of the least ill; take that to comfort thee.
Low. Yea?
Mis. Low. Sleep not on't, this is no slumbering business;
'Tis like the sweating sickness, I must keep
Your eyes still wake, you're gone if once you sleep.
Low. I will not rest then till thou hast thy wishes.
Mis. Low. Peruse this love-paper as you go.
[*Giving letter.*
Low. A letter? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Sir OLIVER TWILIGHT'S *House.*

Enter Sir OLIVER TWILIGHT, SANDFIELD, PHILIP TWILIGHT, *and* SAVOURWIT.

Sir O. Twi. Good master Sandfield, for the great affection
You bear toward my girl, I am well pleas'd
You should enjoy her beauty; heaven forbid, sir,
That I should cast away a proper gentleman,
So far in love, with a sour mood or so.
No, no;
I'll not die guilty of a lover's neck-cracking.
Marry, as for portion, there I leave you, sir,
To the mercy of your destiny again;
I'll have no hand in that.

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Sand. Faith, something, sir,
Be't but t' express your love.
Sir O. Twi. I've no desire, sir,
T' express my love that way, and so rest satisfied;
I pray take heed in urging that too much
You draw not my love from me.
Sand. Fates foresee, sir.
Sir O. Twi. Faith, then you may go, seek out a high steeple,
Or a deep water—there's no saving of you.
Sav. How naturally he plays upon himself! [*Aside.*
Sir O. Twi. Marry, if a wedding-dinner, as I told you,
And three years' board, well lodged in mine house,
And eating, drinking, and a sleeping portion,
May give you satisfaction, I'm your man, sir;
Seek out no other.
Sand. I'm content to embrace it, sir,
Rather than hazard languishment or ruin.
Sir O. Twi. I love thee for thy wisdom; such a son-in-law
Will cheer a father's heart: welcome, sweet master Sandfield.
Whither away, boys? Philip![1]
Phil. To visit my love, sir,
Old master Sunset's daughter.
Sir O. Twi. That's my Philip!—

[1] Here old ed. gives the stage-direction "*Enter Philip;*" but his entrance had been already marked at the beginning of the scene.

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Ply't hard, my good boys both, put 'em to't finely;
One day, one dinner, and one house shall join you.

Sand. } That's our desire, sir.
Phil. }

[*Exeunt* SANDFIELD *and* PHILIP.

Sir O. Twi. Pist![1] come hither, Savourwit;
Observe my son, and bring me word, sweet boy,
Whether has a speeding wit or no in wooing.

Sav. That will I, sir.—That your own eyes might tell ye[2]
I think it speedy; your girl has a round belly. [*Exit.*

ironic descriptive

Sir O. Twi. How soon the comfortable shine of joy
Breaks through a cloud of grief!
The tears that I let fall for my dead wife
Are dried up with the beams of my girl's fortunes:
Her life, her death, and her ten years' distress,
Are even forgot with me; the love and care
That I ought[3] her, her daughter sh' owes[4] it all;
It can but be bestow'd, and there 'tis well.

Enter Servant.

How now? what news?

Ser. There's a Dutch merchant, sir, that's now come over,
Desires some conference with you.

Sir O. Twi. How! a Dutch merchant?

---

[1] *i.e.* Hist. So Dyce for old ed.'s "Pish." We have the form "pist" on p. 39, &c.

[2] Old ed. "you,"—but a rhyme was intended.

[3] Owed.

[4] *i.e.* she owns.—Old. ed. "shows,"

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Pray, send him in to me. [*Exit* Servant.]—What news with him, trow?[1]

Enter Dutch Merchant, *with a little* Dutch boy *in great slops.*[2]

D. Mer. Sir Oliver Twilight?

Sir O. Twi. That's my name indeed, sir;
I pray, be cover'd, sir; you're very welcome.

D. Mer. This is my business, sir; I took into my charge
A few words to deliver to yourself
From a dear friend of yours, that wonders strangely
At your unkind neglect.

Sir O. Twi. Indeed! what might
He be, sir?

D. Mer. Nay, you're i' the wrong gender now;
'Tis that distressèd lady, your good wife, sir.

Sir O. Twi. What say you, sir? my wife!

D. Mer. Yes, sir, your wife:
This strangeness now of yours seems more to harden
Th' uncharitable neglect she tax'd you for.

Sir O. Twi. Pray, give me leave, sir; is my wife alive?

D. Mer. Came any news to you, sir, to the contrary?

Sir O. Twi. Yes, by my faith, did there.

D. Mer. Pray, how long since, sir?

Sir O. Twi. 'Tis now some ten weeks.

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[1] *i.e.* think you.
[2] Wide breeches.

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D. Mer. Faith, within this month, sir,
I saw her talk and eat; and those, in our calendar,
Are signs of life and health.
Sir O. Twi. Mass, so they are in ours!
D. Mer. And these were the last words her passion[1] threw me,—
No grief, quoth she, sits to my heart so close
As his unkindness, and my daughter's loss.
Sir O. Twi. You make me weep and wonder; for I swear
I sent her ransom, and that daughter's here.
D. Mer. Here! that will come well to lighten her of one grief;
I long to see her, for the piteous moan
Her mother made for her.
Sir O. Twi. That shall you, sir.—
Within there!

Re-enter Servant.

Ser. Sir?
Sir O. Twi. Call down my daughter.
Ser. Yes, sir? [*Exit.*
Sir O. Twi. Here is strange budgelling:[2] I tell you, sir,
Those that I put in trust were near me too—
A man would think they should not juggle with me—
My own son and my servant; no worse people, sir.

---

[1] Sorrow.
[2] Boggling?

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D. Mer. And yet ofttimes, sir, what worse knave to a man
Than he that eats his meat?
Sir O. Twi. Troth, you say true, sir:
I sent 'em simply, and that news they brought,
My wife had left the world; and, with that sum[1]
I sent to her, this brought his sister home:
Look you, sir, this is she.

Enter GRACE.

D. Mer. If my eye sin not, sir,
Or misty error falsify the glass,
I saw that face at Antwerp in an inn,
When I set forth first to fetch home this boy.
Sir O. Twi. How? in an inn?
Grace. O, I'm betray'd, I fear! [*Aside.*
D. Mer. How do you, young mistress?
Grace. Your eyes wrong your tongue, sir,
And makes you sin in both; I am not she.
D. Mer. No? then I ne'er saw face twice.—Sir Oliver Twilight,
I tell you my free thoughts, I fear you're blinded;
I do not like this story; I doubt much
The sister is as false as the dead mother.
Sir O. Twi. Yea, say you so, sir? I see nothing lets[2] me

[1] Old ed. "son."
[2] Hinders.

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But to doubt so too then.—
So, to your chamber; we have done with you.
Grace. I would be glad you had: here's a strange storm!— [*Aside.*
Sift it out well, sir; till anon I leave you, sir. [*Exit.*
D. Mer. Business commands me hence; but, as a pledge
Of my return, I'll leave my little son with you,
Who yet takes little pleasure in this country,
'Cause he can speak no English, all Dutch he.
Sir O. Twi. A fine boy; he is welcome, sir, to me.
D. Mer. Where's your leg and your thanks to the gentleman?
D. Boy. War es you neighgen an you thonkes you, Ick donck you, ver ew edermon vrendly kite.
Sir O. Twi. What says he, sir?
D. Mer. He thanks you for your kindness.
Sir O. Twi. Pretty knave!
D. Mer. Had not some business held me by the way
This news had come to your ear ten days ago.
Sir O. Twi. It comes too soon now, methinks; I'm your debtor.
D. Mer. But I could wish it, sir, for better ware.
Sir O. Twi. We must not be our own choosers in our fortunes. [*Exit* Dutch Merchant.
Here's a cold pie to breakfast! wife alive,
The daughter doubtful, and the money spent!
How am I juggled withal!

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Re-enter SAVOURWIT.

Sav. It hits, i'faith, sir;
The work goes even.
Sir O. Twi. O, come, come, come!
Are you come, sir?
Sav. Life, what's the matter now!
Sir O. Twi. There's a new reckoning come in since.
Sav. Pox on't,
I thought all had been paid; I can't abide
These after-reckonings. [*Aside.*
Sir O. Twi. I pray, come near, sir, let's be acquainted with you;
You're bold enough abroad with my purse, sir.
Sav. No more than beseems manners and good use, sir.
Sir O. Twi. Did not you bring me word some ten weeks since,
My wife was dead?
Sav. Yes, true, sir, very true, sir.
Sir O. Twi. Pray, stay, and take my horse along with you,—
And with the ransom that I sent for her,
That you redeem'd my daughter?
Sav. Right as can be, sir;
I ne'er found your worship in a false tale yet.
Sir O. Twi. I thank you for your good word, sir; but I'm like
To find your worship now in two at once.
Sav. I should be sorry to hear that.

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Sir O. Twi. I believe you, sir:
Within this month my wife was sure alive,
There's six weeks bated of your ten weeks' lie;
As has been credibly reported to me
By a Dutch merchant, father to that boy,
But now come over, and the words scarce cold.
Sav. O strange:— [*Aside.*
'Tis a most rank untruth; where is he, sir?
Sir O. Twi. He will not be long absent.
Sav. All's confounded!— [*Aside.*
If he were here, I'd[1] tell him to his face, sir,
He wears a double tongue, that's Dutch and English.
Will the boy say't?
Sir O. Twi. 'Las, he can speak no English.
Sav. All the better; I'll gabble something to him. [*Aside.*]—*Hoyste kaloiste, kalooskin ee vou, dar sune, alla gaskin?*
D. Boy. Ick wet neat watt hey zacki; Ick unverston ewe neat.
Sav. Why, la, I thought as much!
Sir O. Twi. What says the boy?
Sav. He says his father is troubled with an imperfection at one time of the moon, and talks like a madman.
Sir O. Twi. What, does the boy say so?
Sav. I knew there was somewhat in't:
Your wife alive! will you believe all tales, sir?
Sir O. Twi. Nay, more, sir; he told me he saw this wench,

[1] Old ed. "I'll."

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Which you brought home, at Antwerp in an inn;
Tell[s] me, I'm plainly cozen'd of all hands,
'Tis not my daughter neither.

Sav. All's broke out!— [*Aside.*

How! not your daughter, sir? I must to't again.— *Quisquinikin sadlamare, alla pisse kickin sows clows, hoff tofte le cumber shaw, bouns bus boxsceeno.*

D. Boy. Ick an sawth no int hein clappon de heeke, I dinke ute zein zennon.

Sav. O, *zein zennon!* Ah ha! I thought how 'twould prove i' th' end:—the boy says they never came near Antwerp, a quite contrary way, round about by Parma.

Sir O. Twi. What's the same *zein zennon?*

Sav. That is, he saw no such wench in an inn: 'tis well I came in such happy time, to get it out of the boy before his father returned again: pray, be wary, sir, the world's subtle; come and pretend a charitable business in policy, and work out a piece of money on you.

Sir O. Twi. Mass, art advised of that?

Sav. The age is cunning, sir; beside, a Dutchman will live upon any ground, and work butter out of a thistle.

Sir O. Twi. Troth, thou say'st true in that; they're the best thrivers
In turnips, hartichalks,[1] and cabbishes;
Our English are not like them.

Sav. O fie, no, sir!

---

[1] *Hartichalks* = artichokes; *cabbishes* = cabbages.

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Sir O. Twi. Ask him from whence they came when they came hither.

Sav. That I will, sir.—*Culluaron lagooso, lageen, lagan, rufft, punkatee?*

D. Boy. Nimd aweigh de cack.

Sav. What, what? I cannot blame him then.

Sir O. Twi. What says he to thee?

Sav. The poor boy blushes for him: he tells me his father came from making merry with certain of his countrymen, and he's a little steeped in English beer; there's no heed to be taken of his tongue now.

Sir O. Twi. Hoyday! how com'st thou by all this? I heard him
Speak but three words to thee.

Sav. O sir, the Dutch is a very wide language; you shall have ten English words even for one; as, for example, *gullder-goose*—there's a word for you, master!

Sir O. Twi. Why, what's that same *gullder-goose?*

Sav. How do you and all your generation?

Sir O. Twi. Why, 'tis impossible! how prove you that, sir?

Sav. 'Tis thus distinguished, sir: *gull,* how do you; *der,* and; *goose,* your generation.

Sir O. Twi. 'Tis a most saucy language; how cam'st thou by't?

Sav. I was brought up to London in an eel-ship,
There was the place I caught it first by the tail.—
I shall be tript anon; pox, would I were gone!—
[*Aside.*

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I'll go seek out your son, sir; you shall hear
What thunder he'll bring with him.
Sir O. Twi. Do, do, Savourwit;
I'll have you all face to face.
Sav. Cuds me, what else, sir?—
And you take me so near the net again,
I'll give you leave to squat[1] me; I've scap'd fairly:
We're undone in Dutch; all our three months' roguery
Is now come over in a butter-firkin. [*Aside, and exit.*
Sir O. Twi. Never was man so tost between two tales!
I know not which to take, nor which to trust;
The boy here is the likeliest to tell truth,
Because the world's corruption is not yet
At full years in him; sure he cannot know
What deceit means, 'tis English yet to him:
And when I think again, why should the father
Dissemble for no profit? he gets none,
Whate'er he hopes for, and I think he hopes not.
The man's in a good case, being old and weary,
He dares not lean his arm on his son's shoulder,
For fear he lie i' the dirt, but must be rather
Beholding to a stranger for his prop. [*Aside.*

Re-enter Dutch Merchant.

D. Mer. I make bold once again, sir, for a boy here.
Sir O. Twi. O, sir, you're welcome! pray, resolve me one thing, sir;

[1] Bruise; lay flat. See Halliwell.

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Did you within this month, with your own eyes,
See my wife living?

D. Mer. I ne'er borrow'd any:
Why should you move that question, sir? dissembling
Is no part of my living.

Sir O. Twi. I have reason
To urge it so far, sir—pray, be not angry, though—
Because my man, was here since your departure,
Withstands all stiffly; and to make it clearer,
Question'd your boy in Dutch, who, as he told me,
Return'd this answer first to him,—that you
Had imperfection at one time o' the moon,
Which made you talk so strangely.

D. Mer. How! how's this?—*Zeicke yongon, ick ben ick quelt medien dullek heght, ee untoit van the mon, an koot uram'd.*

D. Boy. Wee ek heigh lieght in ze bokkas, dee't site.

D. Mer. Why, la, you, sir, here's no such thing! he says
He lies in's throat that says it.

Sir O. Twi. Then the rogue lies in's throat, for he told me so;
And that the boy should answer at next question,
That you ne'er saw this wench, nor came near Antwerp.

D. Mer. Ten thousand devils!—*Zeicke hee ewe ek kneeght, yongon, dat wee neeky by Antwarpon ne don cammen no seene de doughter dor.*

D. Boy. Ick hub ham hean sulka dongon he zaut, hei es an skallom an rubbout,

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D. Mer. He says he told him no such matter; he's a knave and a rascal.

Sir O. Twi. Why, how am I abus'd! Pray, tell me one thing,
What's *gullder-goose* in Dutch?

D. Mer. How! *gullder-goose?* there's no
Such thing in Dutch; it may be an ass in English.

Sir O. Twi. Hoyday! then am I that ass in plain English;
I'm grossly cozen'd, most inconsiderately!
Pray, let my house receive you for one night,
That I may quit [1] these rascals, I beseech you, sir.

D. Mer. If that may stead you, sir, I'll not refuse you.

Sir O. Twi. A thousand thanks, and welcome.—
On whom can fortune more spit out her foam,
Work'd on abroad, and play'd upon at home! [*Exeunt.*

[1] Requite.

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ACT II.

SCENE I.

A large Room in WEATHERWISE'S *House.*

Enter WEATHERWISE *while* Servants *are setting out a table, and* PICKADILL *looking on.*

Wea. So, set the table ready; the widow's i' the next room, looking upon my clock with the days and the months and the change of the moon; I'll fetch her in presently. [*Exit.*

Pick. She's not so mad to be fetched in with the moon, I warrant you: a man must go roundlier to work with a widow, than to woo her with the hand of a dial, or stir up her blood with the striking part of a clock; I should ne'er stand to show her such things in chamber.

[*Exeunt* Servants.

Re-enter WEATHERWISE *handing in* LADY GOLDENFLEECE, Sir GILBERT LAMBSTONE, PEPPERTON, *and* OVERDONE.

Wea. Welcome, sweet widow, to a bachelor's house here! a single man I, but for two or three maids that I keep.

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L. Gold. Why, are you double with them, then?

Wea. An exceeding good mourning-wit! women are wiser than ever they were, since they wore doublets. You must think, sweet widow, if a man keep maids, they're under his subjection.

L. Gold. That's most true, sir.

Wea. They have no reason to have a lock but the master must have a key to't.

L. Gold. To him, sir Gilbert! he fights with me at a wrong weapon now.

Wea. Nay, and sir Gilbert strike, my weapon falls,
I fear no thrust but his: here are more shooters,
But they have shot two arrows without heads,
They cannot stick i' the butt yet: hold out, knight,
And I'll cleave the black pin in the midst o' the white.[1]
[*Aside, and exit.*

L. Gold. Nay, and he led me into a closet, sir, where he showed me diet-drinks for several months; as scurvy-grass for April, clarified whey for June, and the like.

Sir G. Lamb. O, madam, he is a most necessary property, an't be but to save our credit; ten pound in a banquet.

L. Gold. Go, you're a wag, sir Gilbert.

Sir G. Lamb. How many there be in the world of his fortunes, that prick their own calves with briars, to make an easy passage for others; or, like a toiling usurer, sets

---

[1] The *white* was the inner circle of the target, and the *pin* stood in the centre of the *white*. Hence to *cleave the pin* was the highest feat in archery.

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his son a-horseback in cloth-of-gold breeches, while he himself goes to the devil a-foot in a pair of old strossers![1]
But shall I give a more familiar sign?
His are the sweetmeats, but the kisses mine.
[*Kisses her.*

Over. Excellent!—A pox a' your fortune! [*Aside.*

Pep. Saucy courting has brought all modest wooing clean out of fashion: you shall have few maids now-a-days got without rough handling, all the town's so used to't; and most commonly, too, they're joined before they're married, because they'll be sure to be fast enough.

Over. Sir, since he strives t' oppose himself against us,
Let's so combine our friendships in our straits,
By all means graceful, to assist each other;
For, I protest, it shall as much glad me
To see your happiness, and his disgrace,
As if the wealth were mine, the love, the place.

Pep. And with the like faith I reward your friendship;
I'll break the bawdy ranks of his discourse,
And scatter his libidinous whispers straight.—
Madam——

L. Gold. How cheer you, gentlemen?

Sir G. Lamb. Pox on 'em,
They wak'd me out of a fine sleep! three minutes
Had fasten'd all the treasure in mine arms. [*Aside.*

[1] Tight drawers, worn particularly by the Irish. See Dyce's *Shakespeare Glossary.*

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Pep. You took no note of this conceit, it seems, madam?

L. Gold. Twelve trenchers,[1] upon every one a month! January, February, March, April——

Pep. Ay, and their posies under 'em.

L. Gold. Pray, what says May? she's the spring lady.

Pep. [*reads.*]

Now[2] *gallant May, in her array,*
Doth make the field pleasant and gay.

Over. [*reads.*]

This month of June use clarified whey
Boil'd with cold herbs, and drink alway.

L. Gold. Drink't all away, he should say.

Pep. 'Twere much better indeed, and wholesomer for his liver.

Sir G. Lamb. September's a good one here, madam.

L. Gold. O, have you chose your month? let's hear't, sir Gilbert.

Sir G. Lamb. [*reads.*]

Now may'st thou physics safely take,
And bleed, and bathe for thy health's sake;
Eat figs, and grapes, and spicery,
For to refresh thy members dry.

L. Gold. Thus it is still, when a man's simple meaning lights among wantons: how many honest words have suffered corruption since Chaucer's days! a virgin would speak those words then that a very mid-

[1] See note 2, vol. ii. p. 149.

[2] Old ed gives this line and the next to Lady Goldenfleece.

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wife would blush to hear now, if she have but so much blood left to make up an ounce of grace. And who is this 'long on, but such wags as you, that use your words like your wenches? you cannot let 'em pass honestly by you, but you must still have a flirt at 'em. 87

Pep. You have paid some of us home, madam.

Re-enter WEATHERWISE.

Wea. If conceit will strike this stroke, have at the widow's plum-tree.[1] I'll put 'em down all for a banquet. [*Aside.*]—Widow and gentlemen, my friends and servants, I make you wait long here for a bachelor's pittance.

L. Gold. O, sir, you're pleased to be modest.

Wea. No, by my troth, widow, you shall find it otherwise.

[*Music. The banquet*[2] *is brought in, six of* WEATHER-

---

[1] *Plum-tree* was one of the many cant terms for the *pudendum muliebre:* see Cotgrave under *Hoche-prunier.* The expression *have at your plum-tree* is not unfrequently found. Cf. *The Widow,* i. 2,—"Nay, then, *have at your plum-tree!* faith, I'll not be foiled."

[2] Dessert. Dyce quotes the following passage from Gervase Markham's *English Housewife:*—"I will now proceed to the ordering or setting forth of a Banquet, wherein you shall observe, that Marchpanes have the first place, the middle place and last place; your preserved fruits shall be dish'd up first, your pastes next, your wet Suckets after them, then your dryed Suckets, then your Marmalades, and Goodiniakes, then your Comfets of all kindes; Next your Peares, Apples, Wardens back'd, raw or rosted, and your Orenges and Lemons sliced; and lastly, your Wafer-cakes. Thus you shall order them in the closet: but when they goe to the Table, you shall first send forth a dish made for show only, as Beast, Bird, Fish, Fowle, according to the invention: then your Marchpane, then preserved fruite, then a Paste, then a wet Sucket, then a dry Sucket, Marmalade, Comfets, Apples, Peares,

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WISE'S *Tenants carrying the Twelve Signs, Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricorn, Aquarius, and Pisces, made of banqueting-stuff.*

L. Gold. What, the Twelve Signs!

Wea. These are the signs of my love, widow.

L. Gold. Worse meat would have serv'd us, sir; by my faith,
I'm sorry you should be at such charges, sir,
To feast us a whole month together here.

Wea. Widow, thou'rt welcome a whole month, and ever!

L. Gold. And what be those, sir, that brought in the banquet?

Wea. Those are my tenants; they stand for fasting-days.

Sir G. Lamb. Or the six weeks in Lent.

Wea. You're i' the right, sir Gilbert.—
Sweet widow, take your place at Aries here,
That's the head sign; a widow is the head
Till she be married. [LADY GOLDENFLEECE *sits.*

L. Gold. What is she then?

Wea. The middle.

L. Gold. 'Tis happy she's no worse.

Wardens, Orenges and Lemons, sliced; and then Wafers, and another dish of preserved fruites, and so consequently all the rest before, no two dishes of one kinde going or standing together, and this will not onely appeare delicate to the eye, but invite the appetite with the much variety thereof" (p. 136, ed. 1637).

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Wea. Taurus—sir Gilbert Lambstone, that's for you;
They say you're a good town-bull.

Sir G. Lamb. O, spare your friends, sir! [*Sits.*

Wea. And Gemini for master Pepperton,
He had two boys at once by his last wife.

Pep. I hear the widow find no fault with that, sir. [*Sits.*

Wea. Cancer, the crab, for master Overdone;
For when a thing's past fifty, it grows crooked.
[OVERDONE *sits.*

L. Gold. Now for yourself, sir.

Wea. Take no care for me, widow; I can be anywhere: here's Leo, heart and back; Virgo, guts and belly;
I can go lower yet, and yet fare better,
Since Sagittarius fits me the thighs;
I care not if I be about the thighs,
I shall find meat enough. [*Sits.*

L. Gold. But, under pardon, sir,
Though you be lord o' the feast and the conceit both,
Methinks it had been proper for the banquet
T' have had the signs all fill'd, and no one idle.

Wea. I know it had; but who's fault's that, widow? you should have got you more suitors to have stopt the gaps.

L. Gold. Nay, sure, they should get us, and not we them:
There be your tenants, sir; we are not proud,
You may bid them sit down.

Wea. By the mass, it's true too!—Then sit down, tenants, once with your hats on; but spare the meat, I

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charge you, as you hope for new leases: I must make my signs draw out a month yet, with a bit every morning to breakfast, and at full moon with a whole one; that's restorative: sit round, sit round, and do not speak, sweet tenants; you may be bold enough, so you eat but little. [*Tenants sit.*]—How like you this now, widow?

L. Gold. It shows well, sir,
And like the good old hospitable fashion.

Pick. How! like a good old hospital? my mistress makes an arrant gull on him. [*Aside.*

L. Gold. But yet, methinks, there wants clothes for the feet.

Wea. That part's uncovered yet: push, no matter for the feet.

L. Gold. Yes, if the feet catch cold, the head will feel it.

Wea. Why, then, you may draw up your legs, and lie rounder together.

Sir G. Lamb. Has answered you well, madam!

Wea. And you draw up your legs too, widow, my tenant will feel you there, for he's one of the calves.

L. Gold. Better and better, sir; your wit fattens as he feeds.

Pick. Sh'as took the calf from his tenant, and put it upon his ground now. [*Aside.*

Enter Servant.

Wea. How now, my lady's man? what's the news, sir?

Ser. Madam, there's a young gentleman below
Has earnest business to your ladyship.

Wea. Another suitor, I hold my life, widow.

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L. Gold. What is he, sir?

Ser. He seems a gentleman,
That's the least of him, and yet more I know not.

L. Gold. Under the leave o' the master of the house here,
I would he were admitted.

Wea. With all my heart, widow; I fear him not,
Come cut and long tail.[1] [*Exit* Servant.

Sir G. Lamb. I have the least fear 167
And the most firmness, nothing can shake me. [*Aside.*

Wea. If he be a gentleman, he's welcome: there's a sign does nothing, and that's fit for a gentleman. The feet will be kept warm enough now for you, widow; for if he be a right gentleman, he has his stockings warmed, and he wears socks beside, partly for warmth, partly for cleanliness, and if he observe Fridays too, he comes excellent well, Pisces will be a fine fish-dinner for him.

L. Gold. Why, then, you mean, sir, he shall sit as he comes?

Wea. Ay; and he were a lord, he shall not sit above my tenants; I'll not have two lords to them, so I may go look my rent in another man's breeches; I was not brought up to be so unmannerly. 180

Enter MISTRESS LOW-WATER, *disguised as a gallant Gentleman, and* LOW-WATER *as a Serving-man.*

Mis. Low. I have picked out a bold time: much good do you, gentlemen.

---

[1] "Come cut and long tail"=come dogs of all kinds; people of every sort.—See Dyce's *Shakespeare Glossary.*

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Wea. You're welcome, as I may say, sir.

Mis. Low. Pardon my rudeness, madam.

L. Gold. No such fault, sir;
You're too severe to yourself, our judgment quits you:
Please you to do as we do.

Mis. Low. Thanks, good madam.

L. Gold. Make room, gentlemen.

Wea. Sit still, tenants; I'll call in all your old leases, and rack you else.

Tenants. O, sweet landlord! 190

Mis. Low. Take my cloak, sirrah. [*Giving cloak to* LOW-WATER.]—If any be disturb'd,
I'll not sit, gentlemen: I see my place.

Wea. A proper woman turned gallant! If the widow refuse me, I care not if I be a suitor to him; I have known those who have been as mad, and given half their living for a male companion. [*Aside.*

Mis. Low. How? Pisces! is that mine? 'tis a conceited banquet. [*Sits.*

Wea. If you love any fish, pray, fall to, sir; if you had come sooner, you might have happened among some of the flesh-signs, but now they're all taken up: Virgo had been a good dish for you, had not one of my tenants been somewhat busy with her. 203

Mis. Low. Pray, let him keep her, sir; give me meat fresh;
I'd rather have whole fish than broken flesh.

Sir G. Lamb. What say you to a bit of Taurus?

Mis. Low. No, I thank you, sir;
The bull's too rank for me.

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Sir G. Lamb. How, sir?

Mis. Low. Too rank, sir.

Sir G. Lamb. Fie, I shall strike you dumb, like all your fellows.

Mis. Low. What, with your heels or horns?

Sir G. Lamb. Perhaps with both.

Mis. Low. It must be at dead low water, when I'm dead then.

Low. 'Tis a brave Kate, and nobly spoke of thee!
[*Aside.*

Wea. This quarrel must be drowned.—Pickadill, my lady's fool.

Pick. Your, your own man, sir.

Wea. Prithee, step in to one of the maids.

Pick. That I will, sir, and thank you too.

Wea. Nay, hark you, sir, call for my sun-cup presently, I'd forgot it.

Pick. How, your sun-cup?—Some cup, I warrant, that he stole out o' the Sun-tavern. [*Aside and exit.*

L. Gold. The more I look on him, the more I thirst for't;
Methinks his beauty does so far transcend,
Turns the signs back, makes that the upper end.
[*Aside.*

Wea. How cheer you, widow?—Gentlemen, how cheer you?
Fair weather in all quarters!
The sun will peep anon, I've sent one for him;
In the meantime I'll tell you a tale of these.

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This Libra here, that keeps the scale so even,
Was i' th' old time an honest chandler's widow,
And had one daughter which was callèd Virgo,
Which now my hungry tenant has deflower'd.
This Virgo, passing for a maid, was sued to
By Sagittarius there, a gallant shooter,
And Aries, his head rival; but her old
Crabb'd uncle, Cancer here, dwelling in Crooked Lane,
Still crost the marriage, minding to bestow her
Upon one Scorpio, a rich usurer;
The girl, loathing that match, fell into folly
With one Taurus, a gentleman, in Townbull[1] Street,
By whom she had two twins, those Gemini there,
Of which two brats she was brought a-bed in Leo,
At the Red Lion, about Tower Hill:
Being in this distress, one Capricorn,
An honest citizen, pitied her case, and married her
To Aquarius, an old water-bearer,
And Pisces was her living ever after;
At Standard[2] she sold fish, where he drew water.

All. It shall be yours, sir.

L. Gold. Meat and mirth too! you're lavish;
Your purse and tongue has been at cost to-day, sir.

Sir G. Lamb. You may challenge all comers at these twelve weapons, I warrant you.

[1] A jocular substitute for *Turnbull Street*, an infamous quarter of the town.

[2] See note 2, vol. i. p. 240.

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Re-enter PICKADILL *carrying the sun-cup, without his doublet, and with a veil over his face.*

Pick. Your sun-cup, call you it? 'tis a simple voyage that I have made here; I have left my doublet within, for fear I should sweat through my jerkin; and thrown a cypress[1] over my face, for fear of sun-burning.

Wea. How now? who's this? why, sirrah!

Pick. Can you endure it, mistress?

L. Gold. Endure what, fool?

Wea. Fill the cup, coxcomb.

Pick. Nay, an't be no hotter, I'll go put on my doublet again. [*Exit.*

Wea. What a whorson sot is this!—Prithee, fill the cup, fellow, and give't the widow.

Mis. Low. Sirrah, how stand you?
Bestow your service there upon her ladyship.

[LOW-WATER *fills the cup and presents it to* LADY GOLDENFLEECE.

L. Gold. What's here? a sun?

Wea. It does betoken, madam,
A cheerful day to somebody.

L. Gold. It rises
Full in the face of yon[2] fair sign, and yet
By course he is the last must feel the heat. [*Aside.*
Here, gentlemen, to you all,
For you know the sun must go through the Twelve Signs. [*Drinks.*

[1] Gauzy stuff resembling crape, either white or black.
[2] Old ed. "you."

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Wea. Most wittily, widow; you jump[1] with my conceit right,
There's not a hair between us.
L. Gold. Give it sir Gilbert.
Sir G. Lamb. I am the next through whom the golden flame
Shines, when 'tis spent in thy celestial ram;
The poor feet there must wait and cool awhile. [*Drinks.*
Mis. Low. We have our time, sir; joy and we shall meet;
I've known the proud neck lie between the feet.
Wea. So, round it goes. [*The others drink in order.*

Re-enter PICKADILL.

Pick. I like this drinking world well.
Wea. So, fill't him again.
Pep. Fill't me! why, I drunk last, sir.
Wea. I know you did; but Gemini must drink twice,
Unless you mean that one of them shall be chok'd.
L. Gold. Fly from my heart all variable thoughts!
She that's entic'd by every pleasing object,
Shall find small pleasure and as little rest:
This knave hath lov'd me long, he's best and worthiest;
I cannot but in honour see him requited. [*Aside.*
Sir Gilbert Lambstone——
Mis. Low. How? pardon me, sweet lady,
That with a bold tongue I strike by your words;
Sir Gilbert Lambstone!

[1] Agree with.

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Sir G. Lamb. Yes, sir, that's my name.

Mis. Low. There should be a rank villain of that name; Came you out of that house?

Sir G. Lamb. How, sir slave!

Mis. Low. Fall to your bull, leave roaring till anon.

Wea. Yet again! and you love me, gentlemen, let's have no roaring here. If I had thought that, I'd have sent my bull to the bear-garden.

Pep. Why, so you should have wanted one of your signs.

Wea. But I may chance want two now, and they fall together by the ears.

L. Gold. What's the strange fire that works in these two creatures?
Cold signs both, yet more hot than all their fellows.

Wea. Ho, Sol in Pisces! the sun's in New Fish Street; here's an end of this course.

Pick. Madam, I am bold to remember your worship for a year's wages and a livery cloak.

L. Gold. How, will you shame me? had you not both last week, fool?

Pick. Ay, but there's another year past since that.

L. Gold. Would all your wit could make that good, sir!

Pick. I am sure the sun has run through all the Twelve Signs since, and that's a year; these [1] gentlemen can witness.

Wea. The fool will live, madam.

---

[1] Old ed, "this."

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Pick. Ay, as long as your eyes are open, I warrant him.

Mis. Low. Sirrah.

Low. Does your worship call?

Mis. Low. Commend my love and service to the widow,
Desire her ladyship to taste that morsel.

[*Giving letter to* LOW-WATER, *who carries it to* LADY GOLDENFLEECE.

Low. This is the bit I watch'd for all this while,
But it comes duly. [*Aside.*

Sir G. Lamb. And wherein has this name of mine offended,
That you're so liberal of your infamous titles,
I but a stranger to thee? it must be known, sir,
Ere we two part.

Mis. Low. Marry, and reason good, sir.

L. Gold. O, strike me cold!—This should be your hand, sir Gilbert?

Sir G. Lamb. Why, make you question of that, madam? 'tis one of the letters I sent you.

L. Gold. Much good do you, gentlemen. [*Rising.*

Pep. } How now? what's the matter? [*All rise.*
Over. }

Wea. Look to the widow, she paints white.—
Some *aqua cœlestis* for my lady! run, villain.

Pick. Aqua solister? can nobody help her case but a lawyer, and so many suitors here?

L. Gold. O treachery unmatch'd, unheard of!

Sir G. Lamb. How do you, madam?

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L. Gold. O impudence as foul! does my disease
Ask how I do? can it torment my heart
And look with a fresh colour in my face?
Sir G. Lamb. What's this, what's this?
Wea. I am sorry for this qualm, widow.
L. Gold. He that would know a villain when he meets him,
Let him ne'er go to a conjuror; here's a glass
Will show him without money, and far truer.—
Preserver of my state, pray, tell me, sir,
That I may pay you all my thanks together,
What blest hap brought that letter to your hand,
From me so fast lock'd in mine enemy's power.
Mis. Low. I will resolve you, madam. I've a kinsman
Somewhat infected with that wanton pity
Which men bestow on the distress of women,
Especially if they be fair and poor;
With such hot charity, which indeed is lust,
He sought t' entice, as his repentance told me,
Her whom you call your enemy, the wife
To a poor gentleman, one Low-water——
L. Gold. Right, right, the same.
Low. Had it been right, 't had now been. [*Aside.*
Mis. Low. And, according to the common rate of sinners,
Offer'd large maintenance, which with her seem'd nothing;
For if she would consent, she told him roundly,
There was a knight had bid more at one minute

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Than all his wealth could compass; and withal,
Pluck'd out that letter, as it were in scorn,
Which by good fortune he put up in jest,
With promise that the writ should be returnable
The next hour of his meeting. But, sweet madam,
Out of my love and zeal, I did so practise
The part upon him of an urgent wooer,
That neither he nor that return'd more to her.
Sir G. Lamb. Plague a' that kinsman! [*Aside.*
Wea. Here's a gallant rascal!
L. Gold. Sir, you've appear'd so noble in this action,
So full of worth and goodness, that my thanks
Will rather shame the bounty of my mind
Than do it honour.—O, thou treacherous villain,
Does thy faith bear such fruit?
Are these the blossoms of a hundred oaths
Shot from thy bosom? was thy love so spiteful,
It could not be content to mock my heart,
Which is in love a misery too much,
But must extend so far to the quick ruin
Of what was painfully got, carefully left me;
And, 'mongst a world of yielding needy women,
Choose no one to make merry with my sorrows,
And spend my wealth on in adulterous surfeits,
But my most mortal enemy! O, despiteful!
Is this thy practice? follow it, 'twill advance thee;
Go, beguile on. Have I so happily found
What many a widow has with sorrow tasted,
Even when my lip touch'd the contracting cup,
Even then to see the spider? 'twas miraculous!

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Crawl with thy poisons hence; and for thy sake
I'll never covet titles and more riches,
To fall into a gulf of hate and laughter:
I'll marry love hereafter, I've enough;
And wanting that, I've nothing. There's thy way.

Over. Do you hear, sir? you must walk.

Pep. Heart, thrust him down stairs!

Wea. Out of my house, you treacherous, lecherous rascal!

Sir G. Lamb. All curses scatter you!

Wea. Life, do you thunder here! [*Exit* Sir G. LAMBSTONE.] If you had stayed a little longer, I'd have ript out some of my Bull out of your belly again.

Pep. 'Twas a most noble discovery; we must love you for ever for't.

L. Gold. Sir, for your banquet and your mirth we thank you;—
You, gentlemen, for your kind company;—
But you, for all my merry days to come,
Or this had been the last else.

Mis. Low. Love and fortune
Had more care of your safety, peace, and state, madam.

Wea. Now will I thrust in for't. [*Aside.*

Pep. I'm for myself now. [*Aside.*

Over. What's fifty years? 'tis man's best time and season;
Now the knight's gone, the widow will hear reason.
[*Aside.*

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Low. Now, now, the suitors flatter, hold on, Kate;
The hen may pick the meat while the cocks prate.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter SANDFIELD, PHILIP TWILIGHT, *and* SAVOURWIT.

Phil. If thou talk'st longer, I shall turn to marble,
And death will stop my hearing.
Sand. Horrible fortune!
Sav. Nay, sir, our building is so far defac'd,
There is no stuff left to raise up a hope.
Phil. O, with more patience could my flesh endure
A score of wounds, and all their several searchings,
Than this that thou hast told me!
Sav. Would that Flemish ram
Had ne'er come near our house! there's no going home
As long as he has a nest there, and his young one,
A little Flanders egg new fledg'd: they gape
For pork, and I shall be made meat for 'em.
Phil. 'Tis not the bare news of my mother's life—
May she live long and happy!—that afflicts me
With half the violence that the latter draws;
Though in that news I have my share of grief,
As I had share of sin and a foul neglect;
It is my love's betraying, that's the sting
That strikes through flesh and spirit; and sense nor wit
From thee, in whom I ne'er saw ebb till now,

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Nor comforts from a faithful friend can ease me;
I'll try the goodness of a third companion,
What he'll do for me. [*Drawing his sword.*

Sand. Hold! why, friend——

Sav. Why, master, is this all your kindness, sir? offer to steal into another country, and ne'er take your leave on's? troth, I take it unkindly at your hands, sir; but I'll put it up for once. [*Sheathing* PHILIP'S *sword.*] Faith, there was no conscience in this, sir; leave me here to endure all weathers, whilst you make your soul dance like a juggler's egg upon the point of a rapier! By my troth, sir, you're to blame in't; you might have given us an inkling of your journey; perhaps others would as fain have gone as you.

Phil. Burns this clay-lamp of miserable life,
When joy, the oil that feeds it, is dried up?

Enter LADY TWILIGHT, BEVERIL, *and* Servants.

L. Twi. He has remov'd his house.

Bev. So it seems, madam.

L. Twi. I'll ask that gentleman.—Pray, can you tell me, sir,
Which is sir Oliver Twilight's?

Phil. Few can better, gentlewoman;
It is the next fair house your eye can fix on.

L. Twi. I thank you, sir.—Go on. [*Exeunt* Servants.]
—He had a son
About some ten years since.

Phil. That son still lives.

L. Twi. I pray, how does he, sir?

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Phil. Faith, much about my health,—that's never worse.— [*Aside.*

If you have any business to him, gentlewoman,
I can cut short your journey to the house;
I'm all that ever was of the same kind.

L. Twi. [*embracing him.*] O, my sweet son! never fell fresher joy
Upon the heart of mother!—This is he, sir.

Bev. My seven-years' travel has e'en worn him out
Of my remembrance.

Sav. O, this gear's worse and worse! [*Aside.*

Phil. I am so wonder-struck at your blest presence,
That, through amaz'd joy, I neglect my duty. [*Kneels.*

L. Twi. [*raising him.*] Rise, and a thousand blessings spring up withthee!

Sav. I would we had but one in the meantime;
Let the rest grow at leisure. [*Aside.*

L. Twi. But know you not this gentleman yet, son?

Phil. I take it's master Beveril.

Bev. My name's Beveril, sir.

Phil. Right welcome to my bosom! [*Embracing him.*

L. Twi. You'd not think, son,
How much I am beholding to this gentleman,
As far as freedom; he laid out the ransom,
Finding me so distress'd.

Phil. 'Twas worthily done, sir,
And I shall ever rest your servant for't.

Bev. You quite forget your worth: 'twas my good hap, sir,
To return home that way, after some travels;

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Where, finding your good mother so distress'd,
I could not but in pity see her releas'd.
Phil. It was a noble charity, sir; heaven quit[1] you!
Sav. It comes at last! [*Aside.*
Bev. I left a sister here,
New married when I last took leave of England.
Phil. O, mistress Low-water.
Bev. Pray, sir, how does she?
Phil. So little comfort I can give you, sir,
That I would fain excuse myself for silence.
Bev. Why, what's the worst, sir?
Phil. Wrongs has made her poor.
Bev. You strike my heart: alas, good gentlewoman!
Phil. Here's a gentleman—
You know him—master Sandfield——
Bev. I crave pardon, sir.
Phil. He can resolve you from her kinswoman.
Sand. Welcome to England, madam!
L. Twi. Thanks, good sir.
Phil. Now there's no way to 'scape, I'm compass'd round;
My shame is like a prisoner set with halberds.
Sav. Pish, master, master, 'tis young flood again,
And you can take your time now; away, quick!
Phil. Push, thou'st a swimming head.
Sav. Will you but hear me?
When did you lose your tide when I set forth with you?
Phil. That's true.

[1] Requite.

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Sav. Regard me then, though you've no feeling;
I would not hang by the thumbs with a good will.
Phil. I hang by th' heart, sir, and would fain have ease.
Sav. Then this or none: fly to your mother's pity,
For that's the court must help you; you're quite gone
At common law, no counsellor can hear you;
Confess your follies, and ask pardon for 'em;
Tell her the state of all things, stand not nicely;
The meat's too hard
To be minc'd now, she breeds young bones by this time;
Deal plainly, heaven will bless thee; turn out all,
And shake your pockets after it; beg, weep,
Kneel, anything, it will break no bones, man:
Let her not rest, take breathing time, nor leave thee,
Till thou hast got her help.
Phil. Lad, I conceive thee.
Sav. About it, then; it requires haste—do't well;
There's but a short street between us and hell.
Bev. Ah, my poor sister!
L. Twi. 'Las, good gentlewoman!
My heart even weeps for her.—Ay, son, we'll go now.
Phil. May I crave one word, madam?
[*Shogs*[1] *his* Mother.
L. Twi. With me, son?
The more, the better welcome.
Sav. Now, now, luck!
I pray not often; the last prayer I made

[1] Jogs, jostles. See *Halliwell.*

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Was nine-year old last Bartholomew-tide; 'twould have been
A jolly chopper and 't had liv'd till this time.
L. Twi. Why do your words start back? are they afraid
Of her that ever lov'd them?
Phil. I've a suit to you, madam.
L. Twi. You've told me that already; pray, what is't?
If 't be so great, my present state refuse it,
I shall be abler, then command and use it;
Whate'er 't be, let me have warning, to provide for't.
Phil. [*kneels.*] Provide forgiveness then, for that's the want
My conscience feels. O, my wild youth has led me
Into unnatural wrongs against your freedom once!
I spent the ransom which my father sent,
To set my pleasures free, while you lay captive.
Sav. He does it finely, faith. [*Aside.*
L. Twi. And is this all now?
You use me like a stranger; pray, stand up.
Phil. Rather fall flat; I shall deserve yet worse.
L. Twi. [*raising* PHILIP.] Whate'er your faults are, esteem me still a friend,
Or else you wrong me more in asking pardon
Than when you did the wrong you ask'd it for;
And since you have prepar'd me to forgive you,
Pray, let me know for what; the first fault's nothing.
Sav. 'Tis a sweet lady every inch of her! [*Aside.*
Phil. Here comes the wrong then that drives home the rest:

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I saw a face at Antwerp that quite drew me
From conscience and obedience; in that fray
I lost my heart, I must needs lose my way;
There went the ransom, to redeem my mind;
'Stead of the money, I brought over her;
And to cast mists before my father's eyes,
Told him it was my sister, lost so long,
And that yourself was dead: you see the wrong.

L. Twi. This is but youthful still.—O, that word *sister*
Afflicts me when I think on't!—I forgive thee
As freely as thou didst it; for, alas,
This may be call'd good dealing to[1] some parts
That love and youth plays daily among sons.

Sav. She helps our knavery well, that's one good comfort. [*Aside.*

Phil. But such is the hard plight my state lives in,
That 'twixt forgiveness I must sin again,
And seek my help where I bestow'd my wrongs:
O mother, pity once, though against reason,
'Cause I can merit none; though my wrongs grieve ye,[2]
Yet let it be your glory to relieve me!

L. Twi. Wherein have I given cause yet of mistrust,
That you should doubt my succour and my love?
Show me but in what kind I may bestow 'em.

Phil. There came a Dutchman with report this day
That you were living.

L. Twi. Came he so lately?

---

[1] In comparison with.
[2] Old ed. "you,"—but a rhyme was intended.

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Phil. Yes, madam;
Which news so struck my father on the sudden,
That he grows jealous[1] of my faith in both:
These five hours have I kept me from his sight,
And wish'd myself eternally so hid;
And surely, had not your blest presence quicken'd
The flame of life in me, all had gone out.
Now, to confirm me to his trust again,
And settle much aright in his opinion,
Say but she is my sister, and all's well.
L. Twi. You ask devotion[2] like a bashful beggar,
That pure need urges, and not lazy impudence;
And to express how glad I am to pity you,
My bounty shall flow over your demand;
I will not only with a constant breath
Approve[3] that, but excuse thee for my death.
Sav. Why, here's
A woman made as a man would wish to have her!
[*Aside.*
Phil. O, I am plac'd higher in happiness
Than whence I fell before!
Sav. We're brave fellows once again, and we can keep our own:
Now hoffte toffte, our pipes play as loftily! [*Aside.*
Bev. My sister fled!

---

[1] Suspicious.

[2] "Compare the *Communion Service*, 'shall receive the alms for the the poor, and other *devotions* of the people, in a decent basin.'"—*Dyce.*

[3] Prove, confirm.

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Sand. Both fled, that's the news now: want must obey;
Oppressions came so thick, they could not stay.

Bev. Mean are my fortunes, yet, had I been nigh,
Distress nor wrong should have made virtue fly.

L. Twi. Spoke like a brother, worthy such a sister!

Bev. Grief's like a new wound, heat beguiles the sense,
For I shall feel this smart more three days hence.
Come, madam, sorrow's rude, and forgets manners.
[*Exeunt all except* SAVOURWIT.

Sav. Our knavery is for all the world like a shifting bankrupt; it breaks in one place, and sets up in another: he tries all trades, from a goldsmith to a tobacco-seller; we try all shifts, from an outlaw to a flatterer: he cozens the husband, and compounds with the widow; we cozen my master, and compound with my mistress: only here I turn o' the right hand from him,—he is known to live like a rascal, when I am thought to live like a gentleman. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in LADY GOLDENFLEECE'S *House.*

Enter MISTRESS LOW-WATER *and* LOW-WATER, *both disguised as before.*

Mis. Low. I've sent in one to the widow.

Low. Well said, Kate!
Thou ply'st thy business close; the coast is clear yet.

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Mis. Low. Let me but have warning,
I shall make pretty shift with them.
Low. That thou shalt, wench. [*Exit.*

Enter Servant.

Ser. My lady, sir, commends her kindly to you,
And for the third part of an hour, sir,
Desires your patience;
Two or three of her tenants out of Kent
Will hold her so long busied.
Mis. Low. Thank you, sir;
'Tis fit I should attend her time and leisure.
[*Exit* Servant.
Those were my tenants once; but what relief
Is there in what hath been, or what I was?
'Tis now that makes the man: a last-year's feast
Yields little comfort for the present humour;
He starves that feeds his hopes with what is past.—

Re-enter LOW-WATER.

How now?
Low. They're come, newly alighted.
Mis. Low. Peace, peace!
I'll have a trick for 'em; look you second me well now.
Low. I warrant thee.
Mis. Low. I must seem very imperious, I can tell you; therefore, if I should chance to use you roughly, pray, forgive me beforehand.
Low. With all my heart, Kate.

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Mis. Low. You must look for no obedience in these[1] clothes; that lies in the pocket of my gown.

Low. Well, well, I will not, then.

Mis. Low. I hear 'em coming, step back a little, sir. [LOW-WATER *retires.*]—Where be those fellows?

Enter WEATHERWISE, PEPPERTON, *and* OVERDONE.

Who looks out there? is there ne'er a knave i' th' house to take those gentlemen's horses? where wait you today? how stand you, like a dreaming goose in a corner? the gentlemen's horses, forsooth! 31

Low. Yes, an't like[2] your worship. [*Exit.*

Pep. What's here? a strange alteration!

Wea. A new lord! would I were upon my mare's back again then!

Mis. Low. Pray, gentlemen, pardon the rudeness of these grooms,
I hope they will be brought to better fashion!
In the meantime, you're welcome, gentlemen.

All. We thank you, sir.

Wea. Life, here's quick work! I'll hold my life, has struck the widow i' the right planet, *Venus in cauda!* I thought 'twas a lecherous planet that goes to't with a caudle. 43

Re-enter LOW-WATER.

Mis. Low. How now, sir?

Low. The gentlemen's horses are set up, sir.

---

[1] Old ed. "those." [2] Please.

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Pep. No, no, no, we'll away.

Wea. We'll away.

Mis. Low. How! by my faith, but you shall not yet, by your leave.—Where's Bess?—Call your mistress, sir, to welcome these kind gentlemen, my friends.

[*Exit* LOW-WATER.

Pep. How! Bess?

Over. Peg?

Wea. Plain Bess? I know how the world goes then; he has been a-bed with Bess: i'faith, there's no trust to these widows; a young horsing gentleman carries 'em away clear.

Re-enter LOW-WATER.

Mis. Low. Now, where's your mistress, sir? how chance she comes not?

Low. Sir, she requests you to excuse her for a while; she's busy with a milliner about gloves.

Mis. Low. Gloves!

Wea. Hoyday! gloves too!

Mis. Low. Could she find no other time to choose gloves but now, when my friends are here?

Pep. No, sir, 'tis no matter; we thank you for your good will, sir: to say truth, we have no business with her at all at this time, i'faith, sir.

Mis. Low. O, that's another matter; yet stay, stay, gentlemen, and taste a cup of wine ere you go.

Over. No, thank you, sir.

Mis. Low. Master Pepperton—master Weatherwise, will you, sir?

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Wea. I'll see the wine in a drunkard's shoes first, and drink't after he has brewed it. But let her go; she's fitted, i'faith; a proud, surly sir here, he domineers already; one that will shake her bones, and go to dice with her money, or I have no skill in a calendar: life, he that can be so saucy to call her Bess already, will call her prating quean a month hence.

[*Exeunt* WEATHERWISE, PEPPERTON, *and* OVERDONE.

Low. They've given thee all the slip.

Mis. Low. So, a fair riddance!
There's three rubs gone, I've a clear way to the mistress.[1]

Low. You'd need have a clear way, because you're a bad pricker.

Mis. Low. Yet if my bowl take bank, I shall go nigh
To make myself a saver,
Here's alley-room enough; I'll try my fortune:
I'm to begin the world like a younger brother;
I know that a bold face and a good spirit
Is all the jointure he can make [a] widow,
And 't shall go hard but I'll be as rich as he,
Or at least seem so, and that's wealth enough
For nothing kills a widow's heart so much
As a faint, bashful wooer; though he have thousands,
And come with a poor water-gruel spirit

[1] The *mistress* in the game of bowls was the small ball (the *jack*) at which the players aimed. Cf. *Tro. and Cress.*, iii. 2,—

"So, so, rub on and kiss the mistress."

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And a fish-market face, he shall ne'er speed;
I would not have himself left a poor widower.

Low. Faith, I'm glad I'm alive to commend thee, Kate; I shall be sure now to see my commendations delivered.

Mis. Low. I'll put her to't, i'faith.

Low. But soft ye, Kate;
How and she should accept of your bold kindness?

Mis. Low. A chief point to be thought on, by my faith!

Marry, therefore, sir, be you sure to step in,'
For fear I should shame myself and spoil all.

Low. Well, I'll save your credit then for once; but look you come there no more.

Mis. Low. Away! I hear her coming.

Low. I am vanish'd. [*Exit.*

Enter LADY GOLDENFLEECE.

Mis. Low. How does my life, my soul, my dear sweet madam?

L. Gold. I've wrong'd your patience, made you stand too long here.

Mis. Low. There's no such thing, i'faith, madam, you're pleas'd to say so.

L. Gold. Yes, I confess I was too slow, sir.

Mis. Low. Why, you shall make me amends for that, then, with a quickness in your bed.

L. Gold. That were a speedy mends, sir.

Mis. Low. Why, then, you are out of my debt; I'll cross the book, and turn over a new leaf with you.

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L. Gold. So, with paying a small debt, I may chance run into a greater.

Mis. Low. My faith, your credit will be the better then; there's many a brave gallant would be glad of such fortune, and pay use for't.

L. Gold. Some of them have nothing else to do; they would be idle and 'twere not for interest.

Mis. Low. I promise you, widow, were I a setter up, such is my opinion of your payment, I durst trust you with all the ware in my shop.

L. Gold. I thank you for your good will, I can have no more.

Mis. Low. Not of me, i'faith; nor that neither, and you knew[1] all. [*Aside.*]—Come, make but short service, widow, a kiss and to bed; I'm very hungry, i'faith, wench.

L. Gold. What, are you, sir?

Mis. Low. O, a younger brother has an excellent stomach, madam, worth a hundred of your sons and heirs, that stay their wedding-stomachs with a hot bit of a common mistress, and then come to a widow's bed like a flash of lightning: you're sure of the first of me, not of the five-hundredth of them: I never took physic yet in my life; you shall have the doctor continually with them, or some bottle for his deputy, out flies your moneys for restoratives and strengthenings; in me 'tis saved in your purse and found in your children: they'll get peevish pothecaries' stuff, you may weigh 'em by th'

[1] Old ed. "know."

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ounces; I, boys of war, brave commanders, that shall bear a breadth in their shoulders and a weight in their hips, and run over a whole country with a pound a' beef and a biscuit in their belly. Ho, widow, my kisses are virgins, my embraces perfect, my strength solid, my love constant, my heat comfortable; but, to come to the point, inutterable——

L. Gold. But soft ye, soft ye; because you stand so strictly
Upon your purity, I'll put you to't, sir;
Will you swear here you never yet knew woman?

Mis. Low. Never, as man e'er knew her, by this light, widow!

L. Gold. What, what, sir?—'Shrew my heart, he moves me much. [*Aside.*

Mis. Low. Nay, since you love to bring a man on's knees,
I take into the same oath thus much more,
That you are the first widow, or maid, or wife,
That ever I in suit of love did court,
Or honestly did woo: how say you to that, widow?

L. Gold. Marry, I say, sir, you had a good portion of chastity left you, though ill-fortune run away with the rest.

Mis. Low. That I kept for thee, widow; she's of fortune, and all her strait-bodied daughters; thou shalt have't, widow. [*Kissing her.*

L. Gold. Push, what do you mean?

Mis. Low. I cannot bestow't better.

L. Gold. I'll call my servants.

Mis. Low. By my troth, you shall not, madam.

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Re-enter LOW-WATER.

Low. Does youf worship call, sir?

Mis. Low. Ha, pox! are you peeping?—

[*Throws*[1] *something at* LOW-WATER, *who goes out.*

He came in a good time, I thank him for't. [*Aside.*

L. Gold. What do you think of me? you're very forward, sir!

Mis. Low. Extremity of love.

L. Gold. You say you're ignorant;
It should not seem so surely by your play,
For aught I see, you may make one yourself,
You need not hold the cards to any gamester.[2]

Mis. Low. That love should teach men ways to wrong itself!

L. Gold. Are these the first-fruits of your boldness, sir?
If all take after these, you may boast on 'em,
There comes few such to market among women;
Time you were taken down, sir.—Within there!

Mis. Low. I've lost my way again:
There's but two paths that leads to widows' beds,
That's wealth or forwardness, and I've took the wrong one. [*Aside.*

Re-enter WEATHERWISE, PEPPERTON, *and* OVERDONE, *with* Servant.

Ser. He marry my lady! why, there's no such thought yet. [*Exit.*

[1] Old ed. "*Throws somewhat at him,*" [2] Wencher.

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Mis. Low. O, here they are all again too! [*Aside.*

L. Gold. Are you come, gentlemen?
I wish no better men.

Wea. O, the moon's chang'd now!

L. Gold. See you that gentleman yonder?

Pep. Yes, sweet madam.

L. Gold. Then, pray, be witness all of you, with this kiss [*Kisses* MISTRESS LOW-WATER.
I choose him for my husband——

Wea.
Pep.
Over. } A pox on't!

L. Gold. And with this parted gold, that two hearts join. 189
[*Breaks*[1] *gold into two pieces, and gives one to* MISTRESS LOW-WATER.

Mis. Low. Never with chaster love than this of mine!

L. Gold. And those that have the hearts to come to the wedding,
They shall be welcome for their former loves. [*Exit.*

Pep. No, I thank you; you've choked me already.

Wea. I never suspected mine almanac till now; I believe he plays cogging[2] John with me, I bought it at his shop; it may learn the more knavery by that.

Mis. Low. Now indeed, gentlemen, I can bid you welcome;
Before 'twas but a flourish.

[1] As a token of constancy. Cf. *The Widow*, ii. 1:—"You broke on gold between you?" See the chapter on Nuptial Usages in Brand's *Popular Antiquities*.

[2] Cheating, cozening.

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Wea. Nay, so my almanac told me there should be an eclipse, but not visible in our horizon, but about the western inhabitants of Mexicana and California.

Mis. Low. Well, we have no business there, sir.

Wea. Nor we have none here, sir; and so fare you well.

Mis. Low. You save the house a good labour, gentlemen. [*Exeunt* WEATHERWISE, PEPPERTON, *and* OVERDONE.]—The fool carries them away in a voider.[1] Where be these fellows?

Re-enter Servant, PICKADILL, *and* LOW-WATER.

Ser. Sir?

Pick. Here, sir!

Ser. What['s] your worship['s] pleasure?

Mis. Low. O, this is something like.—Take you your ease, sir;
Here are those now more fit to be commanded.

Low. How few women are of thy mind! she thinks it too much to keep me in subjection for one day; whereas some wives would be glad to keep their husbands in awe all days of their lives, and think it the best bargain that e'er they made. [*Aside, and exit.*

Mis. Low. I'll spare no cost for the wedding; some device too,
To show our thankfulness to wit and fortune;
It shall be so.—Run straight for one o' the wits.

[1] The basket or tray into which the fragments were swept at the close of a meal.

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Pick. How? one o' the wits? I care not if I run on that account: are they in town, think you?

Mis. Low. Whither runnest thou now?

Pick. To an ordinary for one of the wits.

Mis. Low. Why to an ordinary above a tavern?

Pick. No, I hold your best wits to be at ordinary; nothing so good in a tavern.

Mis. Low. And why, I pray, sir? 229

Pick. Because those that go to an ordinary dine better for twelve pence than he that goes to a tavern for his five shillings; and I think those have the best wits that can save four shillings, and fare better too.

Mis. Low. So, sir, all your wit then runs upon victuals?

Pick. 'Tis a sign 'twill hold out the longer then.

Mis. Low. What were you saying to me?

Ser. Please your worship,
I heard there came a scholar over lately 239
With old Sir Oliver's lady.

Mis. Low. Is she come?— [*Aside.*
What is that lady?

Ser. A good gentlewoman,
Has been long prisoner with the enemy.

Mis. Low. I know't too well, and joy in her release.— [*Aside.*
Go to that house then straight, and in one labour
You may bid them, and entreat home that scholar.

Ser. It shall be done with speed, sir. [*Exit.*

Pick. I'll along with you, and see what face that

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scholar has brought over; a thin pair of parbreaking[1] sea-water green chops, I warrant you. [*Exit.*

Mis. Low. Since wit has pleasur'd me, I'll pleasure wit;

Scholars shall fare the better. O my blessing!
I feel a hand of mercy lift me up
Out of a world of waters, and now sets me
Upon a mountain, where the sun plays most,
To cheer my heart even as it dries my limbs.
What deeps I see beneath me, in whose falls
Many a nimble mortal toils,
And scarce can feed[2] himself! the streams of fortune,
'Gainst which he tugs in vain, still beat him down,
And will not suffer him—past hand to mouth—
To lift his arm to his posterity's blessing:
I see a careful sweat run in a ring
About his temples, but all will not do;
For, till some happy means relieve his state,
There he must stick, and bide the wrath of fate.
I see this wrath upon an uphill land;
O blest are they can see their falls and stand!

Re-enter Servant, *showing in* BEVERIL.

How now?

Ser. With much entreating, sir, he's come. [*Exit.*

---

[1] Vomiting. Old ed. "Barbreaking."

[2] "A friend conjectures 'fleet'—*i.e.* float; but notwithstanding the confusion of metaphors, I believe that the text is right."—*Dyce.* I am not sure that the reading *feed* is right, but I have no doubt that *fleet* is wrong.

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Mis. Low. Sir, you're—my brother! joys come thick together.— [*Aside.*
Sir, when I see a scholar—pardon me—
I am so taken with affection [1] for him,
That I must run into his arms and clasp him.
[*Embracing him.*

Bev. Art stands in need, sir, of such cherishers;
I meet too few: 'twere a brave world for scholars,
If half a kingdom were but of your mind, sir;
Let ignorance and hell confound the rest.

Mis. Low. Let it suffice,[2] sweet sir, you cannot think
How dearly you're welcome.

Bev. May I live
To show you service for't!

Mis. Low. Your love, your love, sir;
We go no higher, nor shall you go lower.
Sir, I am bold to send for you, to request
A kindness from your wit, for some device
To grace our wedding; it shall be worth your pains,
And something more t' express my love to art;
You shall not receive all in bare embracements.

Bev. Your love I thank; but, pray, sir, pardon me,
I've a heart says I must not grant you that.

Mis. Low. No! what's your reason, sir?

Bev. I'm not at peace
With the lady of this house; now you'll excuse me;
Sh'as wrong'd my sister; and I may not do't.

[1] Old ed. "affliction."
[2] Old ed. "suffer."

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Mis. Low. The widow knows you not.

Bev. I never saw her face to my remembrance:
O that my heart should feel her wrongs so much,
And yet live ignorant of the injurer!

Mis. Low. Let me persuade thee, since she knows you not,
Make clear the weather, let not griefs betray you;
I'll tell her you're a worthy friend of mine,
And so I tell her true, thou art indeed.
Sir, here she comes.

Re-enter LADY GOLDENFLEECE.

L. Gold. What, are you busy, sir?

Mis. Low. Nothing less, lady; here's a gentleman
Of noble parts, beside his friendship to me;
Pray, give him liberal welcome.

L. Gold. He's most welcome.

Mis. Low. The virtues of his mind will deserve largely.

L. Gold. Methinks his outward parts deserve as much then;
A proper[1] gentleman it is. [*Aside.*

Mis. Low. Come, worthy sir.

Bev. I follow.

[*Exeunt* LADY GOLDENFLEECE *and* MISTRESS LOW-WATER.

Check thy blood,
For fear it prove too bold to wrong thy goodness:
A wise man makes affections but his slaves;

[1] Handsome.

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Break 'em in time, let 'em not master thee.
O, 'tis my sister's enemy! think of that:
Some speedy grief fall down upon the fire,
Before it take my heart; let it not rise
'Gainst brotherly nature, judgment, and these wrongs.
Make clear the weather!
O who could look upon her face in storms!
Yet pains may work it out; griefs do but strive
To kill this spark, I'll keep it still alive. [*Exit.*

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ACT III.

SCENE I.

Before LADY GOLDENFLEECE'S *House.*

Enter WEATHERWISE, PEPPERTON, OVERDONE, *and* Sir GILBERT LAMBSTONE.

Wea. Faith, sir Gilbert, forget and forgive; there's all our hands to a new bargain of friendship.

Pep. Ay, and all our hearts to boot, sir Gilbert.

Wea. Why, la, you, there's but four suitors left on's in all the world, and the fifth has the widow; if we should not be kind to one another, and so few on's i'faith, I would we were all raked up in some hole or other!

Sir G. Lamb. Pardon me, gentlemen; I cannot but remember
Your late disgraceful words before the widow,
In time of my oppression.

Wea. Pooh, Saturn reigned then, a melancholy, grumbling planet; he was in the third house of privy enemies, and would have bewrayed all our plots; beside, there was a fiery conjunction in the Dragon's tail,[1] that spoiled all that e'er we went about.

[1] Old ed. "tails."

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Sir G. Lamb. Dragon or devil, somewhat 'twas, I'm sure.

Wea. Why, I tell you, sir Gilbert, we were all out of our wits in't; I was so mad at that time myself, I could have wished an hind quarter of my Bull out of your belly again, whereas now I care not if you had eat tail and all; I am no niggard in the way of friendship; I was ever yet at full moon in good fellowship; and so you shall find, if you look into the almanac of my true nature.

Sir G. Lamb. Well, all's forgiven for once; hands apace, gentlemen.

Wea. Ye shall have two of mine to do you a kindness; yet, when they're both abroad, who shall look to th' house here?

[*Giving his hands to* Sir G. LAMBSTONE.

Pep. } Not only a new friendship, but a friend.
Over. }

[*Giving their hands to* Sir G. LAMBSTONE.

Sir G. Lamb. But upon this condition, gentlemen,
You shall hear now a thing worth your revenge.

Wea. And you doubt that,
You shall have mine beforehand, I've one ready;
I never go without a black oath about me.

Sir G. Lamb. I know the least touch of a spur in this
Will now put your desires to a false gallop,
By all means slanderous in every place,
And in all companies, to disgrace the widow;
No matter in what rank, so it be spiteful
And worthy your revenges: so now I;

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It shall be all my study, care, and pains;
And we can lose no labour; all her foes
Will make such use on't, that they'll snatch it from us
Faster than we can forge it, though we keep
Four tongues at work upon't, and never cease.
Then for th' indifferent world, faith, they are apter
To bid a slander [1] welcome than a truth.
We have the odds of our side: this in time
May grow so general, as disgrace will spread,
That wild dissension may divide the bed.

Wea. } Excellent!
Pep. }

Over. A pure revenge! I see no dregs in't.

Sir G. Lamb. Let each man look to his part now, and not feed
Upon one dish all four on's, like plain maltmen;
For at this feast we must have several kickshaws
And delicate-made dishes, that the world
May see it is a banquet finely furnish'd.

Wea. Why, then, let me alone for one of your kickshaws,
I've thought on that already.

Sir G. Lamb. Prithee, how, sir?

Wea. Marry, sir, I'll give it out abroad that I have

---

[1] Dyce's correction for old ed.'s "slave." In his *Addenda* he compares *The Travels of the Three English Brothers* (by Day, Dr. Rowley, and Wilkins), 1607, sig. C 4,—

"Revenge and Death
Like *slander* attend the slaves of Calymath,"

where *slander* is evidently a misprint for *slaves*. I have, of course, corrected the misprint in my edition of Day.

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lain with the widow myself, as 'tis the fashion of many a gallant to disgrace his new mistress when he cannot have his will of her, and lie with her name in every tavern, though he ne'er came within a yard of her person; so I, being a gentleman, may say as much in that kind as a gallant; I am as free by my father's copy.

Sir G. Lamb. This will do excellent, sir.

Wea. And, moreover, I'll give the world thus much to understand beside, that if I had not lain with the widow in the wane of the moon, at one of my Seven Stars' houses, when Venus was about business of her own, and could give no attendance, she had been brought a-bed with two roaring boys by this time; and the Gemini being infants, I'd have made away with them like a step-mother, and put mine own boys in their places.

Sir G. Lamb. Why, this is beyond talk; you outrun your master.

Enter PICKADILL.

Pick. Whoop! draw home next time; here are all the old shooters that have lost the game at pricks! What a fair mark had sir Gilbert on't, if he had shot home before the last arrow came in! methinks these show to me now, for all the world, like so many lousy beggars turned out of my lady's barn, and have ne'er a hole to put their heads in. [*Aside.*

Wea. Mass, here's her ladyship's ass; he tells us anything.

Sir G. Lamb. Ho, Pickadill!

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Pick. What, sir Gilbert Lambstone!
Gentlemen, outlaws all, how do you do?

Sir G. Lamb. How! what dost call us? how goes the world at home, lad?
What strange news?

Pick. This is the state of prodigals as right as can be; when they have spent all their means on brave feasts, they're glad to scrape to a serving-man for a meal's meat:
So you that whilom, like four prodigal rivals,
Could goose or capon, crane or woodcock choose,
Now're glad to make up a poor meal with news;
A lamentable hearing!

Wea. He's in passion[1]
Up to the eyebrows for us.

Pick. O master Weatherwise, I blame none but you!
You're a gentleman deeply read in Pond's[2] Almanac,
Methinks you should not be such a shallow fellow;
You knew this day, the twelfth of June, would come,
When the sun enters into the Crab's room,
And all your hopes would go aside, aside.[3]

Wea. The fool says true, i'faith, gentlemen; I knew 'twould come all to this pass; I'll show't you presently.
[*Takes out almanac.*

Pick. If you had spar'd but four of your Twelve Signs now,

---

[1] Sorrow.

[2] In the British Museum there is a series of Pond's Almanacs ranging from 1607 to 1638. Hazlitt (*Bibl. Coll.*, 2d ser.) mentions *A New Almanacke and Prognostication* by Pond for 1601.

[3] Cf. Congreve's *Love for Love*, ii. 1,—"It is impossible that anything should be as I would have it; for I was born, sir, when the Crab was ascending, and all my affairs go backward."

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You might have gone to a tavern and made merry with 'em.

Wea. Has the best moral meaning of an ass that e'er I heard speak with tongue.—Look you here, gentlemen. [*Reads almanac.*] *Fifth day, neither fish nor flesh.*

Pick. No, nor good red herring, and you look again.

Wea. [*reads.*] *Sixth day, privily prevented.*

Pick. Marry, faugh!

Wea. [*reads.*] *Seventh day, shrunk in the wetting.*

Pick. Nay, so will the best ware bought for love or money.

Wea. [*reads.*] *The eighth day, over head and ears.*

Pick. By my faith, he come[s] home in a sweet pickle then!

Wea. [*reads.*] *The ninth day, scarce sound at heart.*

Pick. What a pox ailed it?

Wea. [*reads.*] *The tenth day, a courtier's welcome.*

Pick. That's a cup of beer, and you can get it.

Wea. [*reads.*] *The eleventh day, stones against the wind.*

Pick. Pox of an ass! he might have thrown 'em better.

Wea. Now the *twelfth day*, gentlemen, that was our day; [*Reads.*

Past all redemption.

Pick. Then the devil go with't!

Wea. Now you see plainly, gentlemen, how we're us'd;

The calendar will not lie for no man's pleasure.

Sir G. Lamb. Push, you're too confident in almanac-posies.

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Pep. Faith, so said we.

Sir G. Lamb. They're mere delusions.

Wea. How!

You see how knavishly they happen, sir.

Sir G. Lamb. Ay, that's because they're foolishly believ'd,[1] sir.

Wea. Well, take your courses, gentlemen, without 'em, and see what will come on't: you may wander like masterless men, there's ne'er a planet will care a halfpenny for you; if they look after you, I'll be hanged, when you scorn to bestow twopence to look after them.

Sir G. Lamb. How, a device at the wedding, sayest thou?

Pick. Why, have none of you heard of that, yet?

Sir G. Lamb. 'Tis the first news, i'faith, lad.

Pick. O, there's a brave travelling scholar entertained into the house a' purpose, one that has been all the world over, and some part of Jerusalem; has his chamber, his diet, and three candles[2] allowed him after supper.

Wea. By my faith, he need not complain for victuals then, whate'er he be.

Pick. He lies in one of the best chambers i' th' house, bravely matted; and to warm his wits as much, a cup of sack and an *aqua vitæ*[3] bottle stands just at his elbow.

[1] Old ed. "bely'd."

[2] "Qy. 'caudles?'"—*Dyce.*

[3] Spirits of any kind,—not necessarily brandy.

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Wea. He's shrewdly hurt, by my faith; if he catch an ague of that fashion, I'll be hanged.

Pick. He'll come abroad anon.

Sir G. Lamb. Art sure on't?

Pick. Why, he ne'er stays a quarter of an hour in the house together.

Sir G. Lamb. No? how can he study then?

Pick. Faugh, best of all; he talks as he goes, and writes as he runs; besides, you know 'tis death to a traveller to stand long in one place.

Sir G. Lamb. It may hit right, boys!—Honest Pickadill,
Thou wast wont to love me.

Pick. I'd good cause, sir, then.

Sir G. Lamb. Thou shalt have the same still; take that. [*Giving money.*

Pick. Will you believe me now? I ne'er loved you better in my life than I do at this present.

Sir G. Lamb. Tell me now truly; who are the presenters?
What parsons[1] are employed in the device?

Pick. Parsons? not any, sir; my mistress will not be at the charge; she keeps none but an old Welsh vicar.

Sir G. Lamb. Prithee, I mean, who be the speakers?

Pick. Troth, I know none but those that open their mouths. Here he comes now himself, you may ask him.

[1] Old form of *persons*.

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Enter BEVERIL.

Wea. Is this he? by my faith, one may pick a gentleman out of his calves and a scholar out on's cheeks; one may see by his looks what's in him: I warrant you there has ne'er a new almanac come out these dozen years, but he has studied it over and over. [*Aside.*

Sir G. Lamb. Do not reveal us now.

Pick. Because you shall be sure on't, you have given me a ninepence here, and I'll give you the slip[1] for't.

Sir G. Lamb. Well said. [*Exit* PICKADILL.]—Now the fool's pleased, we may be bold.

Bev. Love is as great an enemy to wit
As ignorance to art; I find my powers
So much employ'd in business of my heart,
That all the time's too little to despatch
Affairs within me. Fortune, too remiss,
I suffer for thy slowness: had I come
Before a vow had chain'd their souls together,
There might have been some hope, though ne'er so little;
Now there's no spark at all, nor e'er can be,
But dreadful ones struck from adultery;
And if my lust were smother'd with her will,
O, who could wrong a gentleman so kind,
A stranger made up with a brother's mind! [*Aside.*

Sir G. Lamb. Peace, peace, enough; let me alone to manage it.—

[1] Counterfeit money.

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A quick invention, and a happy one,
Reward your study, sir!
Bev. Gentlemen, I thank you.
Sir G. Lamb. We understand your wits are in employment, sir,
In honour of this wedding.
Bev. Sir, the gentleman
To whom that worthy lady is betroth'd
Vouchsafes t' accept the power of my good will in't.
Sir G. Lamb. I pray, resolve us then, sir—for we're friends
That love and honour her—
Whether your number be yet full, or no,
Of those which you make choice of for presenters?
Bev. First, 'tis so brief, because the time is so,
We shall not trouble many; and for those
We shall employ, the house will yield in servants.
Sir G. Lamb. Nay, then, under your leave and favour, sir,
Since all your pains will be so weakly grac'd,
And, wanting due performance, lose their lustre,
Here are four of us gentlemen, her friends,
Both lovers of her honour and your art,
That would be glad so to express ourselves,
And think our service well and worthily plac'd.
Bev. My thanks do me no grace for this large kindness;
You make my labours proud of such presenters.
Sir G. Lamb. She shall not think, sir, she's so ill belov'd,
But friends can quickly make that number perfect.

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Bev. She's bound t' acknowledge it.
Sir G. Lamb. Only thus much, sir,
Which will amaze her most; I'd have't so carried,
As you can do't, that neither she nor none
Should know what friends we were till all were done.
Wea. Ay, that would make the sport!
Bev. I like it well, sir:
My hand and faith amongst you, gentlemen,
It shall be so dispos'd of.
Sir G. Lamb. We're the men then.
Bev. Then look you, gentlemen; the device is single,
Naked, and plain, because the time's so short,
And gives no freedom to a wealthier sport;
'Tis only, gentlemen, the four elements
In liveliest forms, Earth, Water, Air, and Fire.
Wea. Mass, and here's four of us too.
Bev. It fits well, sir:
This the effect,—that whereas all those four
Maintain a natural opposition
And untruc'd[1] war the one against the other,
To shame their ancient envies, they should see
How well in two breasts all these do agree.
Wea. That's in the bride and bridegroom; I am quick, sir.
Sir G. Lamb. In faith, it's pretty, sir; I approve it well.
Bev. But see how soon my happiness and your kindness
Is crost together!

[1] Gr. ἀσύνδετος.

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Sir G. Lamb. Crost? I hope not so, sir.

Bev. I can employ but two of you.

Pep. How comes that, sir?

Bev. Air and the Fire should be by me[n] presented,
But the two other in the forms of women.

Wea. Nay, then, we're gone again; I think these women
Were made to vex and trouble us in all shapes. [*Aside.*

Sir G. Lamb. Faith, sir, you stand too nicely.[1]

Wea. So think I, sir.

Bev. Yet, when we tax ourselves, it may the better
Set off our errors, when the fine eyes judge 'em;
But Water certainly should be a woman.

Wea. By my faith, then, he is gelded since I saw him last; he was thought to be a man once, when he got his wife with child before he was married.

Bev. Fie, you are fishing in another stream, sir.

Wea. But now I come to yours, and you go to that, sir; I see no reason then but Fire and Water should change shapes and genders.

Bev. How prove you that, sir?

Wea. Why, there's no reason but Water should be a man, because Fire is commonly known to be a quean.

Bev. So, sir; you argue well.

Wea. Nay, more, sir; water will break in at a little crevice, so will a man, if he be not kept out; water will undermine, so will an informer; water will ebb and flow, so will a gentleman; water will search any place,

[1] Scrupulously.

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and so will a constable, as lately he did at my Seven Stars for a young wench that was stole; water will quench fire, and so will Wat the barber: *ergo*, let Water wear a codpiece-point.

Bev. Faith, gentlemen, I like your company well.

Wea. Let's see who'll dispute with me at the full o' the moon!

Bev. No, sir; and you be vain-glorious of your talent, I'll put you to't once more.

Wea. I'm for you, sir, as long as the moon keeps in this quarter.

Bev. Well, how answer you this then? earth and water are both bearers, therefore they should be women.

Wea. Why, so are porters and pedlars, and yet they are known to be men.

Bev. I'll give you over in time, sir; I shall repent the bestowing on't else.

Wea. If[1] I, that have proceeded[2] in five-and-twenty such books of astronomy, should not be able to put down a scholar now in one thousand six hundred thirty and eight, the dominical letter being G, I stood for a goose.

Sir G. Lamb. Then this will satisfy you; though that be a woman,

Oceanus the sea, that's chief of waters,
He wears the form of a man, and so may you.

Bev. Now I hear reason, and I may consent.

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[1] This passage was probably added by Shirley. See *Introduction*.
[2] *i.e.* taken a degree.

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Sir G. Lamb. And so, though earth challenge a feminine face,
The matter of which earth consists, that's dust,
The general soul of earth is of both kinds.

Bev. Fit yourselves, gentlemen, I've enough for me; Earth, Water, Air, and Fire, part 'em amongst you.

Wea. Let me play Air,[1] I was my father's eldest son.

Bev. Ay, but this Air never possess'd the lands.

Wea. I'm but disposed to jest with you, sir; 'tis the same my almanac speaks on, is't not?

Bev. That 'tis, sir.

Wea. Then leave it to my discretion, to fit both the part and the person.

Bev. You shall have your desire, sir.

Sir G. Lamb. We'll agree
Without your trouble now, sir; we're not factious,
Or envy one another for best parts,
Like quarrelling actors that have passionate fits;
We submit always to the writer's wits.

Bev. He that commends you may do't liberally,
For you deserve as much as praise can show.

Sir G. Lamb. We'll send to you privately.

Bev. I'll despatch you.

Sir G. Lamb. We'll poison your device.

[*Aside, and exit.*

Pep. She must have pleasures,
Shows, and conceits, and we disgraceful doom.

[*Aside, and exit.*

---

[1] Old ed. "fair."

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Wea. We'll make your Elements come limping home.
[*Aside, and exit.*

Bev. How happy am I in this unlook'd-for grace,
This voluntary kindness, from these gentlemen!

Enter behind MISTRESS LOW-WATER *and* LOW-WATER, *both disguised as before.*

'Twill set off all my labours far more pleasing
Before the widow, whom my heart calls mistress,
But my tongue dares not second it.

Low. How say you now, Kate?

Mis. Low. I like this music well, sir.

Bev. O unfortunate!
Yet though a tree be guarded from my touch,
There's none can hinder me to love the fruit.

Mis. Low. Nay, now we know your mind, brother, we'll provide for you.

[*Exeunt* MISTRESS LOW-WATER *and* LOW-WATER.

Bev. O were it but as free as late times knew it,
I would deserve, if all life's wealth could do it! [*Exit.*

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Room in Sir OLIVER TWILIGHT'S *House.*

Enter Sir OLIVER TWILIGHT, LADY TWILIGHT, SUNSET, SANDFIELD, Dutch Merchant, PHILIP TWILIGHT, Servants, *and* SAVOURWIT *aloof off.*[1]

Sir O. Twi. O my reviving joy! thy quickening presence
Makes the sad night of threescore and ten years
Sit like a youthful spring upon my blood:
I cannot make thy welcome rich enough
With all the wealth of words!
L. Twi. It is exprest, sir,
With more than can be equall'd; the ill store
Lies only on my side, my thanks are poor.
Sir O. Twi. Blest be the goodness of his mind for ever
That did redeem thy life, may it return
Upon his fortunes double! that worthy gentleman,

[1] See note 2, p. 113.

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Kind master Beveril! shower upon him, heaven,
Some unexpected happiness to requite him
For that my joy[1] unlook'd for! O, more kind,
And juster far, is a mere stranger's goodness
Than the sophistic faith of natural sons!
Here's one could juggle with me, take up the ransom,
He and his loose companion——
Sav. Say you me so, sir?
I'll eat hard eggs for that trick. [*Aside.*
Sir O. Twi. Spend the money,
And bring me home false news and empty pockets!
In that young gallant's tongue there, you were dead
Ten weeks before this day, had not this merchant
Brought first the truth in words, yourself in substance.
L. Twi. Pray, let me stay you here, ere you proceed, sir;
Did he report me dead, say you?
Sir O. Twi. Else you live not.
L. Twi. See now, sir, you may lay your blame too rashly,
When nobody look'd after it? let me tell you, sir!
A father's anger should take great advice,
Ere it condemn flesh of so dear a price.
He's no way guilty yet; for that report
The general tongue of all the country spread;
For being remov'd far off, I was thought dead.
Phil. Can my faith now be taken into favour, sir?
Is't worthy to be trusted?

[1] Old ed. "joys."

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Sav. No, by my troth, is't not,
'Twould make shift to spend another ransom yet. [*Aside.*
Sir O. Twi. Well, sir, I must confess you've here dealt well with me,
And what is good in you I love again.
Sav. Now am I half-ways in, just to the girdle,
But the worst part's behind. [*Aside.*
Sir O. Twi. Marry, I fear me, sir,
This weather is too glorious to hold long.
L. Twi. I see no cloud to interpose it, sir,
If you place confidence in what I've told you.
Sir O. Twi. Nay, 'tis clear sky on that side; would 'twere so
All over his obedience! I see that,
And so does this good gentleman——
L. Twi. Do you, sir?
Sir O. Twi. That makes his honesty doubtful.
L. Twi. I pray, speak, sir;
The truth of your last kindness makes me bold with you.
D. Mer. The knight, your husband, madam, can best speak;
He trueliest can show griefs whose heart they break.
L. Twi. I'm sorry yet for more; pray, let me know't, sir,
That I may help to chide him, though 'twould grieve me.
Sir O. Twi. Why then prepare for't; you came over now
In the best time to do't you could pick out:

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Not only spent my money, but, to blind me,
He and his wicked instrument——
Sav. Now he fiddles me! [*Aside.*
Sir O. Twi. Brings home a minion here, by great chance known;
Told me she was his sister; she proves none.
L. Twi. This was unkindly done, sir; now I'm sorry
My good opinion lost itself upon you;
You are not the same son I left behind me,
More grace took him.—O, let me end in time,
For fear I should forget myself, and chide him!—
Where is [s]he, sir? though he beguil'd your eyes,
He cannot deceive mine, we're now too hard for him;
For since our first unfortunate separation
I've often seen the girl—would that were true!—
[*Aside.*
By many a happy accident, many a one,
But never durst acknowledge her for mine own,
And therein stood my joys distress'd again.
Sir O. Twi. You rehearse miseries, wife.—Call the maid down. [*Exit* Servant.
Sav. Sh'as been too often down to be now call'd so;
She'll lie down shortly, and call somebody up. [*Aside.*
L. Twi. He's now to deal with one, sir, that knows truth;
He must be sham'd or quit, there's no mean saves him.
Sir O. Twi. I hear her come.
L. Twi. [*aside to* PHIL.] You see how hard 'tis now
To redeem good opinion, being once gone;
Be careful then, and keep it when 'tis won.

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Now see me take a poison with great joy,
Which, but for thy sake, I should swoon to touch.

Enter GRACE.

Grace. What new affliction? am I set to sale,
For any one that bids most shame for me? [*Aside.*
Sir O. Twi. Look you! do you see what stuff they've brought me home here? 81
L. Twi. O bless her, eternal powers! my life, my comforts,
My nine years' grief, but everlasting joy now!
Thrice welcome to my heart! [*embracing* GRACE] 'tis she indeed.
Sir O. Twi. What, is it?
Phil. I'm unfit to carry a ransom!
Sav. [*aside to* GRACE, *who kneels.*] Down on your knees, to save your belly harmless;
Ask blessing, though you never mean to use it,
But give't away presently to a beggar-wench.
Phil. My faith is blemish'd, I'm no man of trust, sir!
L. Twi. [*raising* GRACE.] Rise with a mother's blessing!
Sav. All this while 90
Sh'as rise with a son's. [*Aside.*
Sir O. Twi. But soft ye, soft ye, wife!
I pray, take heed you place your blessing right now;
This honest Dutchman here told me he saw her
At Antwerp in an inn.
L. Twi. True, she was so, sir.
D. Mer. Sir, 'tis my quality, what I speak once,

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I affirm ever; in that inn I saw her;
That lets[1] her not to be your daughter now.
Sir O. Twi. O, sir, is't come to that!
Sun. Here's joys ne'er dreamt on!
Sir O. Twi. O master Sunset, I am at the rising
Of my refulgent happiness!—Now, son Sandfield,
Once more and ever!
Sand. I am proud on't, sir.
Sir O. Twi. Pardon me, boy; I've wronged thy faith too much.
Sav. Now may I leave my shell, and peep my head forth. [*Aside, and advancing.*
Sir O. Twi. Where is this Savourwit, that honest whorson,
That I may take my curse from his knave's shoulders?
Sav. O, sir, I feel you at my very blade here!
Your curse is ten stone weight, and a pound over.
Sir O. Twi. Come, thou'rt a witty varlet and a trusty.
Sav. You shall still find me a poor, faithful fellow, sir.
If you've another ransom to send over,
Or daughter to find out.
Sir O. Twi. I'll do thee right, boy;
I ne'er yet knew thee but speak honest English;
Marry, in Dutch I found thee a knave lately.
Sav. That was to hold you but in play a little,
Till farther truths came over, and I strong;
You shall ne'er find me a knave in mine own tongue,

[1] Hinders.

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I've more grace in me; I go out of England still
When I take such courses; that shows modesty, sir.
Sir O. Twi. Anything full of wit and void of harm,
I give thee pardon for; so was that now.
Sav. Faith, now I'm quit,[1] I find myself the nimbler
To serve you so again, and my will's good;
Like one that lately shook off his old irons,
And cuts a purse at bench to deserve new ones.
Sir O. Twi. Since it holds all the way so fortunate still,
And strikes so even with my first belief,
This is the gentleman, wife, young master Sandfield here,
A man of worthy parts, besides his lands,
Whom I make choice of for my daughter's bed.
Sav. But he'll make choice there of another bed-fellow. [*Aside.*
L. Twi. I wish 'em both the happiness of love, sir.
Sir O. Twi. 'Twas spoke like a good lady! And your memory
Can reach it, wife—but 'tis so long ago too—
Old master Sunset he had a young daughter
When you unluckily left England so,
And much about the age of our girl there,
For both were nurs'd together.
L. Twi. 'Tis so fresh
In my remembrance, now you've waken'd it,
As if twelve years were but a twelve hours' dream.

[1] Acquitted.

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Sir O. Twi. That girl is now a proper[1] gentlewoman,
As fine a body, wife, as e'er was measur'd
With an indenture cut in farthing steaks.
Sun. O say not so, sir Oliver; you shall pardon me, sir;
I'faith, sir, you're to blame.
Sir O. Twi. Sings, dances, plays,
Touches an instrument with a motherly grace.
Sun. 'Tis your own daughter that you mean that by.
Sav. There's open Dutch indeed, and he could take it. [*Aside.*
Sir O. Twi. This wench, under your leave——
Sun. You have my love in't.
Sir O. Twi. Is my son's wife that shall be.
Sav. Thus, I'd hold with't,
Is your son's wife that should be master Sandfield's. [*Aside.*
L. Twi. I come in happy time to a feast of marriages.
Sir O. Twi. And now you put's i' the mind, the hour draws on
At the new-married widow's, there we're look'd for;
There will be entertainments, sports, and banquets,
There these young lovers shall clap hands together;
The seed of one feast shall bring forth another.
Sun. Well said, sir Oliver!
Sir O. Twi. You're a stranger, sir;
Your welcome will be best.
D. Mer. Good sir, excuse me.

[1] Handsome.

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Sir O. Twi. You shall along, i'faith; you must not refuse me.

[*Exeunt all except* LADY TWILIGHT, GRACE, PHILIP TWILIGHT, *and* SAVOURWIT.

Phil. O mother, these new joys, that sets my soul up—

Which had no means, nor any hope of any—
Has brought me now so far in debt to you,
I know not which way to begin to thank you;
I am so lost in all, I cannot guess
Which of the two my service most constrains,
Your last kind goodness, or your first dear pains.

L. Twi. Love is a mother's duty to a son,
As a son's duty is both love and fear.

Sav. I owe you a poor life, madam, that's all;
Pray, call for't when you please, it shall be ready for you.

L. Twi. Make much on't, sir, till then.

Sav. If butter'd sack will. [*Aside.*

L. Twi. Methinks the more I look upon her, son,
The more thy sister's face runs in my mind.

Phil. Belike she's somewhat like her; it makes the better, madam.

L. Twi. Was Antwerp, say you, the first place you found her in?

Phil. Yes, madam: why do you ask?

L. Twi. Whose daughter were you?

Grace. I know not rightly whose, to speak truth, madam.

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Sav. The mother of her was a good twigger[1] the whilst. [*Aside.*

L. Twi. No? with whom were you brought up then?

Grace. With those, madam,
To whom, I've often heard, the enemy sold me.

L. Twi. What's that?

Grace. Too often have I heard this piteous story,
Of a distressèd mother I had once,
Whose comfortable sight I lost at sea;
But then the years of childhood took from me
Both the remembrance of her and the sorrows.

L. Twi. O, I begin to feel her in my blood!
My heart leaps to be at her. [*Aside.*]—What was that mother?

Grace. Some said, an English lady; but I know not.

L. Twi. What's thy name?

Grace. Grace.

L. Twi. May it be so in heaven,
For thou art mine on earth! welcome, dear child,
Unto thy father's house, thy mother's arms,
After thy foreign sorrows: [*Embracing* GRACE.

Sav. 'Twill prove gallant! [*Aside.*

L. Twi. What, son! such earnest-work! I bring thee joy now
Will make the rest show nothing, 'tis so glorious.

---

[1] A cant term for a wanton person of either sex. "Elle s-çait assez de la vieille dance. She knowes well enough what belongs to the game, she hath been a hackster, a *twigger*, a good one in her time."—*Cotgrave.*

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Phil. Why, 'tis not possible, madam, that man's happiness
Should take a greater height than mine aspires.
L. Twi. No? now you shall confess it: this shall quit thee
From all fears present, or hereafter doubts,
About this business.
Phil. Give me that, sweet mother!
L. Twi. Here, take her then, and set thine arms a-work;
There needs no 'fection,[1] 'tis indeed thy sister.
Phil. My sister!
Sav. Cuds me, I feel the razor! [*Aside.*
L. Twi. Why, how now, son? how comes a change so soon?
Phil. O, I beseech you, mother, wound me anywhere
But where you pointed last! that's present death;
Devise some other miserable torment,
Though ne'er so pitiless, and I'll run and meet it;
Some way more merciful let your goodness think on,
May steal away my joys, but save my soul:
I'll willingly restore back every one,
Upon that mild condition; anything
But what you spake last will be comfortable.
L. Twi. You're troubled with strange fits in England here;
Your first suit to me did entreat me hardly
To say 'twas she, to have old[2] wrath appeas'd;

[1] Affection, *i.e.* affectation (as in *Hamlet*, ii. 2, &c.)
[2] *Old* is frequently used to emphasise the following word. See Dyce's *Shakespeare Glossary*.

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And now 'tis known your sister, you're not pleased:
How should I show myself?
Phil. Say 'tis not she.
L. Twi. Shall I deny my daughter?
Phil. O, you kill me,
Beyond all tortures!
L. Twi. Why do you deal thus with me?
Phil. She is my wife, I married her at Antwerp;
I've known the way unto her bed these three months.
Sav. And that's too much by twelve weeks for a sister.
[*Aside.*
L. Twi. I understand you now, too soon, too plain!
Phil. O mother, if you love my peace for ever,
Examine her again, find me not guilty!
L. Twi. 'Tis now too late, her words make that too true.
Phil. Her words? shall bare words overthrow a soul?
A body is not cast away so lightly.
How can you know 'tis she—let sense decide it—
She then so young, and both so long divided?
L. Twi. She tells me the sad story.
Phil. Does that throw me?
Many a distress may have the face of yours,
That ne'er was kin to you.
L. Twi. But, however, sir,
I trust you are not married.
Phil. Here's the witness,
And all the wealth I had with her, this ring,
That join'd our hearts together. [*Gives ring.*
L. Twi. O, too clear now!

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Thou'st brought in evidence to o'erthrow thyself;
Had no one word been spoke, only this shown,
'T'ad been enough to approv'd[1] her for mine own;
See here, two letters that begun my name
Before I knew thy father: this I gave her,
And, as a jewel, fasten'd to her ear.
Grace. Pardon me, mother, that you find it stray;
I kept it till I gave my heart away.
Phil. O, to what mountain shall I take my flight,
To hide the monster of my sin from sight!
Sav. I'll to Wales presently, there's the best hills
To hide a poor knave in. [*Aside.*
L. Twi. O heap not desperation upon guilt!
Repent yet, and all's sav'd; 'twas but hard chance:
Amongst all sins, heaven pities ignorance,
She's still the first that has her pardon sign'd;
All sins else see their faults, she's only blind:
Go to thy chamber, pray, leave off, and win;
One hour's repentance cures a twelvemonth's sin.
Grace. O my distressèd husband, my dear brother!
[*Exeunt* LADY TWILIGHT *and* GRACE.
Phil. O Savourwit, never came sorrow yet
To mankind like it! I'm so far distress'd,
I've no time left to give my heart attendance,
Too little all to wait upon my soul.
Before this tempest came, how well I stood,
Full in the beams of blessedness and joy!
The memory of man could never say

[1] To have proved.

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So black a storm fell in so bright a day.
I am that man that even life surfeits of;
Or, if to live, unworthy to be seen
By the [most] savage eye-sight: give's thy hand;
Commend me to thy prayers.
Sav. Next time I say 'em. [*Aside.*
Phil. Farewell, my honest breast, that crav'st no more
Than possible kindness! that I've found thee large in,
And I must ask no more; there wit must stay,
It cannot pass where fate stops up the way:
Joy thrive with thee! I'll never see thee more. [*Going.*
Sav. What's that, sir? pray, come back, and bring those words with you,
You shall not carry 'em so out of my company:
There's no last refuge when your father knows it;
There's no such need on't yet; stay but till then,
And take one with you that will imitate you
In all the desperate onsets man dare think on:
Were it to challenge all the wolves in France
To meet at one set battle, I'd be your half in't;
All beasts of venom,—what you had a mind to,
Your part should be took still: for such a day
Let's keep ourselves in heart, then am I for you.
In the meantime, to beat off all suspicion,
Let's to the bride-house too; here's my petition.
Phil. Thou hast a learning art when all hopes fly;
Let one night waste, there's time enough left to die.
Sav. A minute's as good as a thousand year, sir,
To pink a man's heart like a summer-suit. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

A large Room in LADY GOLDENFLEECE'S *House.*

Several Servants *discovered placing things in order, and* PICKADILL *looking on.*

Pick. Bestir your bones nimbly, you ponderous beef-buttocked knaves; what a number of lazy hinds do I keep company withal! where's the flesh-colour velvet cushion now for my lady's pease-porridge-tawny-satin bum? You attendants upon revels!

First Ser. You can prate and domineer well, because you have a privilege[d] place; but I'd fain see you set your hand to't.

Pick. O base bone-pickers, I set my hand to't! when did you e'er see a gentleman set his hand to anything, unless it were to a sheep-skin,[1] and receive a hundred pound for his pains? 12

Sec. Ser. And afterward lie in the Counter for his pleasure.

Pick. Why, true, sir, 'tis for his pleasure indeed; for, spite of all their teeths, he may lie i' th' Hole[2] when he list.

First Ser. Marry, and should for me.

Pick. Ay, thou wouldst make as good a bawd as the best jailor of them all; I know that. 20

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[1] A parchment bond.
[2] See note 3, vol. i. p. 192.

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First Ser. How, fool!

Pick. Hark! I must call you knave within; 'tis but staying somewhat the longer for't. [*Exeunt.*

Loud music. Enter, arm in arm, LADY GOLDENFLEECE *richly dressed, and* MISTRESS LOW-WATER *richly attired as a man; after them* Sir OLIVER TWILIGHT, SUNSET, *and* Dutch Merchant; *after them* LADY TWILIGHT, GRACE, *and* JANE; *after them* PHILIP TWILIGHT, SANDFIELD, SAVOURWIT, *and* LOW-WATER, *disguised as before.*

Mis. Low. This fair assembly is most freely welcome.

Sir O. Twi., &c.[1] Thanks to you, good sir.

L. Gold. Come, my long-wish'd-for madam,
You and this worthy stranger take best welcome;
Your freedom is a second feast to me.

Mis. Low. How is't with my brother?

Low. The fit holds him still,
Nay, love's more violent.

Mis. Low. 'Las, poor gentleman!
I would he had my office without money!
If he should offer any, I'd refuse it.

Low. I have the letter ready;
He's worthy of a place knows[2] how to use it.

Mis. Low. That's well said.—
Come, ladies—gentlemen—Sir Oliver;

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[1] Old ed. "*All. Sir Ol.*"
[2] Old ed. "that *knows.*"

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Good, seat yourselves: shall we be found unreadiest?
[*They sit.*
What is yon gentleman with the funeral-face, there?
Methinks that look does ill become a bride-house.

Sir O. Twi. Who does your worship mean, sir? my son Philip?
I'm sure he had ne'er less reason to be sad.—
Why are you sad, son Philip?

Phil. How, sir, sad?
You shall not find it so, sir.

Sav. Take heed he do not, then. You must beware how you carry your face in this company; as far as I can see, that young bridegroom has hawk's eyes, he'll go nigh to spell sister in your face; if your nose were but crooked enough to serve for an S, he'd find an eye presently, and then he has more light for the rest.

Phil. I'll learn then to dissemble.

Sav. Nay, and you be to learn that now, you'll ne'er sit in a branched[1] velvet gown as long as you live; you should have took that at nurse, before your mother weaned you; so do all those that prove great children and batten well. Peace, here comes a scholar indeed; he has learnt it, I warrant you.

Enter BEVERIL *with a pasteboard.*

L. Gold. Kind sir, you're welcome; you take all the pains, sir.

[1] Embroidered, figured. Gifford's assertion (Gifford and Dyce's *Ford*, iii. 231) that *branched* means "with tufts or tassels dependent from the shoulders" is clearly erroneous.

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Bev. I wish they were but worthy of the grace
Of your fair presence and this choice assembly:
Here is an abstract, madam, of what's shown,
Which I commend to your favour. [*Giving pasteboard.*

L. Gold. Thank you for't, sir.

Bev. I would I durst present my love as boldly! [*Aside.*

Mis. Low. My honest brother! [*Aside.*

L. Gold. Look thee here, sweetheart.

Mis. Low. What's there, sweet madam?

Bev. Music, and we're ready.

[*After loud music for a while, a thing like a globe opens on one side of the stage, and flashes out fire; then* Sir G. LAMBSTONE, *in the character of Fire, issues from it, with yellow hair and beard intermingled with streaks like wild flames, a three-pointed fire in his hand; and, at the same time,* WEATHERWISE, *as Air, comes down, hanging by a cloud, with a coat made like an almanac, all the twelve moons set in it, and the four quarters, winter, spring, summer, and autumn, with change of weathers, rain, lightning, tempest, &c.; and from under the stage, on different sides at the farther end, rise* OVERDONE *as Water and* PEPPERTON *as Earth; Water with green flags upon his head standing up instead of hair, and a beard of the same, with a chain of pearl; Earth with a number of little things resembling trees, like a thick grove, upon his head, and a wedge of gold in his hand, his garment*

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of a clay colour. BEVERIL *stands behind and gives* Sir G. LAMBSTONE *the first words of his speech.*

Bev. The flame of zeal——
Sir G. Lamb. The wicked fire of lust
Does now spread heat through water, air, and dust.
Bev. How! he's out in the beginning. [*Aside.*]—*The wheel of time——*
Wea. The devil set fire o' the distaff. [*Aside.*
Sir G. Lamb. I that was wont in elder times to pass
For a bright angel—so they call'd me then—
Now so corrupted with the upstart fires
Of avarice, luxury, and inconstant heats,
Struck from the bloods of cunning clap-faln daughters,
Night-walking wives, but, most, libidinous widows,
That I, that purify even gold itself,
Have the contemptible dross thrown in my face,
And my bright name walk common in disgrace.
How am I us'd a' late, that I'm so handled,—
Thrust into alleys, hospitals, and tubs!
I was once a name of comfort, warm'd great houses,
When charity was landlord; I've given welcome
To forty russet yeomen at a time,
In a fair Christmas hall. How am I chang'd!
The chimneys are swept up, the hearth as cold
As the forefathers' charity in the son;
All the good, hospitable heat now turns
To my young landlord's lust, and there it burns:
Rich widows, that were wont to choose by gravity
Their second husbands, not by tricks of blood,
Are now so taken with loose Aretine flames

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O) nimble wantonness and high-fed pride,
They marry now but the third part of husbands,
Boys, smooth-fac'd catamites, to fulfil their bed,
As if a woman should a woman wed.
These are the fires a' late my brightness darks,
And fills the world so full of beggarly sparks.

Bev. Hea[r]t, how am I disgrac'd! what rogue should this be?

L. Gold. By my faith, monsieur Fire, you're a hot whoreson!

Mis. Low. I fear my brother is beside his wits,
He would not be so senseless to rail thus else. [*Aside.*

Wea. After this heat, you madams fat and fair,
Open your casements wide, and take in air;
But not that air false women make up oaths with,
No, nor that air gallants perfume their clothes with;
I am that air that keeps about the clouds,
None of my kindred was smelt out in crowds;
Not any of our house was ever tainted,
When many a thousand of our foes have fainted:
Yet some there are that be my chief polluters,
Widows that falsify their faith to suitors,
And will give fair words when the sign's in Cancer,
But, at the next remove, a scurvy answer;
Come to the poor men's houses, eat their banquet,
And at night with a boy tost in a blanket;
Nay, shall I come more near? perhaps at noon,
For here I find a spot full in the moon:
I know youth's trick; what's she that can withstand it,
When Mercury reigns, my lady's chamber-planet?

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He that believes a widow's words shall fail,
When Venus' gown-skirts sweeps the Dragon's tail;
Fair weather the first day she makes to any,
The second cloudy, and the third day rainy;
The fourth day a great storm, lightning, and thunder;
A bolt strikes the suitor, a boy keeps her under.

Bev. 'Life, these are some counterfeit slaves crept in their rooms,
A' purpose for disgrace! they shall all share with me:
Heart, who the devil should these be? [*Exit.*

L. Gold. My faith, gentlemen,
Air has perfum'd the room well!

Sir O. Twi. So methinks, madam.

Sav. A man may smell her meaning two rooms off,
Though his nose wanted reparations,
And the bridge left at Shoreditch, as a pledge
For *rosa solis*,[1] in a bleaking-house.[2] [*Aside.*

Mis. Low. Life, what should be his meaning in't?

Low. I wonder.

Over. Methinks this room should yet retain such heat,
Struck out from the first ardour, and so glow yet,
You should desire my company, wish for water,
That offers here to serve your several pipes,
Without constraint of mill or death of water-house.
What if I sprinkled on the widow's cheeks
A few cool drops, to lay the guilty heat
That flashes from her conscience to her face;
Would't not refresh her shame? From such as she

[1] There is a recipe for this tipple in Halliwell's *Nares*.
[2] Bleaching-house (brothel).

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I first took weakness and inconstancy;
I sometimes swell above my banks and spread,
They're commonly with child before they're wed;
In me the Sirens sing before they play,
In her more witchcraft, for her smiles betray;
Where I'm least seen, there my most danger lies,
So in those parts hid most from a man's eyes,
Her heart, her love, or what may be more close;
I know no mercy, she thinks that no loss;
In her poor gallants, pirates thrive in me;
I help to cast away, and so does she.

L. Gold. Nay, and you can hold nothing, sweet sir Water,
I'll wash my hands a' you ever hereafter.

Pep. Earth stands for a full point, me you should hire
To stop the gaps of Water, Air, and Fire:
I love muck well, but your first husband better,
Above his soul he lov'd it, as his end
Did fearfully witness it; at his last gasp
His spirit flam'd as it forsook his breast,
And left the sparkles quarrelling 'bout his lips,
Now of such metal the devil makes him whips;
He shall have gold enough to glut his soul,
And as for earth, I'll stop his crane's throat full:
The wealth he left behind him, most men know,
He wrung inconscionably from the rights
Of poor men's livings, he drunk dry their brows;
That liquor has a curse, yet nothing sweeter;
When your posterity drinks, then 'twill taste bitter.

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Sir G. Lamb. And now to vex, 'gainst nature, form, rule, place,
See once four warring[1] *elements all embrace!*

[*The Elements embrace.*

Re-enter, at several corners, BEVERIL *with three other persons, attired like the four Winds, with wings, &c., the South Wind having a great red face, the North Wind a pale, bleak one; the Western Wind one cheek red and another white, and so the Eastern Wind: they dance to the drum and fife, while the four Elements seem to give back and stand in amaze: at the end of the dance the Winds strip the Elements of their disguises, which seem to yield and almost fall off of themselves at the coming of the Winds. Exeunt all the Winds except that represented by* BEVERIL.

L. Gold. How! sir Gilbert Lambstone! master Overdone!
All our old suitors! you've took pains, my masters!

Sir G. Lamb. We made a vow we'd speak our minds to you.

Wea. And I think we're as good as our words, though it cost some of our purses; I owe money for the clouds yet, I care not who knows it; the planets are sufficient enough to pay the painter, and I were dead.

L. Gold. Who are you, sir?

Bev. Your most unworthy servant.

[*Discovering himself.*

[1] Old ed. "waiting,"

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L. Gold. Pardon me; is't you, sir?

Bev. My disgrace urg'd my wit to take some form,
Wherein I might both best and properliest
Discover my abusers and your own,
And show you some content,—before y'had none.

L. Gold. Sir, I owe much both to your care and love,
And you shall find your full requital worthy.—
Was this the plot now your poor envy works out?
I do revenge myself with pitying on you.—
Take Fire into the buttery, he has most need on't;
Give Water some small beer, too good for him;—
Air, you may walk abroad like a fortune-teller;—
But take down Earth, and make him drink i' the cellar.

[*Exeunt* Sir G. LAMBSTONE, WEATHERWISE, OVERDONE, *and* PEPPERTON, *with* LOW-WATER.

Mis. Low. The best revenge that could be!

L. Twi. I commend you, madam.

Sir O. Twi. I thought they were some such sneakers.

Sav. The four suitors! and here was a mess of mad elements!

Mis. Low. Lights, more lights there! where be these blue-coats?[1]

Enter Servants *with lights.*

L. Gold. You know your lodgings, gentlemen, to-night.

Sir O. Twi. 'Tis bounty makes bold guests, madam.

---

[1] Servants,

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L. Gold. Good rest, lady.

Sir O. Twi. A most contentful night begin a health, madam,

To your long joys, and may the years go round with't!

L. Gold. As many thanks as you have wish'd 'em hours, sir,

Take to your lodging with you.

Mis. Low. A general rest to all.

[*Exeunt with* Servants *all the guests except* PHILIP TWILIGHT *and* SAVOURWIT.

Phil. I'm excepted.

Sav. Take in another to you then; there's room enough

In that exception, faith, to serve us both;

The dial of my sleep goes by your eyes.

[*Exeunt* PHILIP TWILIGHT *and* SAVOURWIT.

Scene closes.[1]

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[1] Old ed. "*Manent Widow and Mrs. Low-water;*" but "*Act* 5, *Scene* 1," is marked immediately afterwards.

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ACT V.

SCENE I.

The same.

LADY GOLDENFLEECE *and* MISTRESS LOW-WATER, *disguised as before, are discovered.*

L. Gold. Now, like a greedy usurer alone,
I sum up all the wealth this day has brought me,
And thus I hug it. [*Embracing her.*
Mis. Low. Prithee——
L. Gold. Thus I kiss it. [*Kissing her.*
Mis. Low. I can't abide these kissings.
L. Gold. How, sir? not!
I'll try that, sure; I'll kiss you out of that humour.
Mis. Low. Push! by my troth, I cannot.
L. Gold. What cannot you, sir?
Mis. Low. Not toy, nor bill, and imitate house-pigeons;
A married man must think of other matters.
L. Gold. How, other matters, sir? what other matters?
Mis. Low. Why, are there no other matters that belong to't?
Do you think you've married only a cock-sparrow,

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And fit but for one business, like a fool?
You shall not find it so.
L. Gold. You can talk strangely, sir:
Come, will you to bed?
Mis. Low. No, faith, will not I.
L. Gold. What, not to bed, sir?
Mis. Low. And I do, hang me; not to bed with you.
L. Gold. How, not to bed with me, sir? with whom else?
Mis. Low. Why, am not I enough to lie with myself?
L. Gold. Is that the end of marriage?
Mis. Low. No, by my faith,
'Tis but the beginning yet; death is the end on't,
Unless some trick come i' the middle and dash all.
L. Gold. Were you so forward lately, and so youthful,
That scarce my modest strength could save me from you,
And are you now so cold?
Mis. Low. I've thought on't since;
It was but a rude part in me, i'faith,
To offer such bold tricks to any woman,
And by degrees I shall well break myself from't;
I feel myself well chasten'd since that time,
And not the third part now so loosely minded.
O, when one sees their follies, 'tis a comfort!
My very thoughts take more staid years upon 'em.
O, marriage is such a serious, divine thing!
It makes youth grave, and sweetly nips the spring.
L. Gold. If I had chose a gentleman for care
And worldly business, I had ne'er took you;
I had the offers of enough more fit
For such employment; I chose you for love,

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Youth, and content of heart, and not for troubles;
You are not ripe for them; after you've spent
Some twenty years in dalliance, youth's affairs,
Then take a book in your hand, and sum up cares;
As for wealth now, you know that's got to your hands.
Mis. Low. But had I known't had been so wrongfully got,
As I heard since, you should have had free leave
T' have made choice of another master for't.
L. Gold. Why, can that trouble you?
Mis. Low. It[1] may too soon: but go,
My sleeps are sound, I love not to be started
With an ill conscience at the fall of midnight,
And have mine eyes torn ope with poor men's curses;
I do not like the fate on't, 'tis still apt
To breed unrest, dissension, wild debate,
And I'm the worst at quarrels upon earth,
Unless a mighty injury should provoke me:
Get you to bed, go.
L. Gold. Not without you, in troth, sir.
Mis. Low. If you could think how much you wrong yourself
In my opinion of you, you would leave me now
With all the speed you might; I like you worse
For this fond heat, and drink in more suspicion of you:
You high-fed widows are too cunning people
For a poor gentleman to come simply to.
L. Gold. What's that, sir?
Mis. Low. You may make a youth on him,

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'Tis at your courtesy, and that's ill trusted:
You could not want a friend, beside a suitor,
To sit in your husband's gown, and look o'er your writings.

L. Gold. What's this?

Mis. Low. I say there is a time when women
Can do too much, and understand too little:
Once more, to bed; I'd willingly be a father
To no more noses than I got myself;
And so good night to you.

L. Gold. Now I see the infection;
A yellow[1] poison runs through the sweet spring
Of his fair youth already; 'tis distracted,
Jealous of that which thought yet never acted.— [*Aside.*
O dear sir, on my knees I swear to thee—— [*Kneels.*

Mis. Low. I prithee, use them in thy private chamber,
As a good lady should; spare 'em not there,
'Twill do thee good; faith, none 'twill do thee here.

L. Gold. [*rising.*] Have I yet married poverty, and miss'd[2] love?
What fortune has my heart! that's all I crav'd,
And that lies now a-dying; it has took
A speeding poison, and I'm ignorant how:
I never knew what beggary was till now.
My wealth yields me no comfort in this plight;
Had want but brought me love, I'd happened right.
[*Aside, and goes into her bed-chamber.*

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[1] The colour of jealousy.
[2] Old ed. "must."

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Mis. Low. So, this will serve now for a preparative
To ope the powers[1] of some dislike at first;
The physic will pay't home.—

Enter LOW-WATER, *disguised as before.*

How dost thou, sir?
How goes the work?

Low. Your brother has the letter.

Mis. Low. I find no stop in't then, it moves well hitherto;
Did you convey it closely?

Low. He ne'er set eye of me.

Enter above[2] BEVERIL *with a letter.*

Bev. I cannot read too often.

Mis. Low. Peace; to your office. 90

Bev. What blessed fate took pity of my heart,
But with her presence to relieve me thus?
All the large volumes that my time hath master'd
Are not so precious to adorn my spirit
As these few lines are to enrich my mind;
I thirst again to drink of the same fountain. [*Reads.*

Kind sir,—I found your care and love so much in the performance of a little, wherein your wit and art had late employment, that I dare now trust your bosom with business of more weight and eminence. Little thought the

[1] "Qy. 'pores?'"—*Dyce.*

[2] On the upper-stage, representing a gallery.

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world that, since the wedding-dinner, all my mirth was but dissembled, and seeming joys but counterfeit. The truth to you, sir, is, I find so little signs of content in the bargain I made i' the morning, that I began to repent before evening prayer; and to show some fruits of his wilful neglect and wild disposition, more than the day could bring forth to me, has now forsook my bed; I know no cause for't.

Mis. Low. But I'll be sworn I do. [*Aside.*

Bev. [*reads.*] *Being thus distressed, sir, I desire your comfortable presence and counsel, whom I know to be of worth and judgment, that a lady may safely impart her griefs to you, and commit 'em to the virtues of commiseration and secrecy.— Your unfortunate friend,* THE WIDOW-WIFE.

I have took order for your private admittance with a trusty servant of mine own, whom I have placed at my chamber-door to attend your coming.

He shall not wait too long, and curse my slowness.

Low. I would you'd come away then! [*Aside.*

Bev. How much am I beguil'd in that young gentleman!

I would have sworn had been the perfect abstract
Of honesty and mildness; 'tis not so.

Mis. Low. I pardon you, sweet brother; there's no hold
Of what you speak now, you're in Cupid's pound. [*Aside.*

Bev. Blest be the secret hand that brought thee hither
But the dear hand that writ it, ten times blest!

[*Exit above.*

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Low. That's I still; has blest me now ten times at twice.
Away; I hear him coming.
Mis. Low. Strike it sure now.
Low. I warrant thee, sweet Kate; choose your best[1]—— [*Exit* MISTRESS LOW-WATER.

Enter BEVERIL.

Bev. Who's there?
Low. O, sir, is't you? you're welcome then; 130
My lady still expects you, sir.
Bev. Who's with her?
Low. Not any creature living, sir.
Bev. Drink that; [*Giving money.*
I've made thee wait too long.
Low. It does not seem so
Now, sir. Sir, if a man tread warily,
As any wise man will, how often may he come
To a lady's chamber, and be welcome to her!
Bev. Thou giv'st me learnèd counsel for a closet.
Low. Make use on't, sir, and you shall find no loss in't.
[BEVERIL *goes into* LADY GOLDENFLEECE'S *bed-chamber.*
So, you are surely in, and you must under.

---

[1] "So old ed. Qy. 'best *bow*'—a couplet being intended?"—*Dyce.* I prefer to leave the text as it stands.

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Re-enter MISTRESS LOW-WATER, *with* Sir O. TWILIGHT, LADY TWILIGHT, SUNSET, Dutch Merchant, GRACE, JANE, PHILIP TWILIGHT, SANDFIELD, SAVOURWIT, *and* Servants.

Mis. Low. Pardon my rude disturbance, my wrongs urge it;
I did but try the plainness of her mind,
Suspecting she dealt cunningly with my youth,
And told her the first night I would not know her;
But minding to return, I found the door
Warded suspiciously, and I heard a noise,
Such as fear makes and guiltiness at th' approaching
Of an unlook'd-for husband.

All. This is strange, sir.

Mis. Low. Behold, it's barr'd; I must not be kept out.

Sir O. Twi. There is no reason, sir.

Mis. Low. I'll be resolv'd[1] in't:
If you be sons of honour, follow me!

[*Rushes into the bed-chamber, followed by* Sir OLIVER TWILIGHT, SUNSET, *&c.*

Sav. Then must I stay behind; for I think I was begot i' the woodyard, and that makes everything go so hard with me.

Mis. Low. [*within.*] That's he; be sure on him.

---

[1] Assured, satisfied.

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Re-enter confusedly MISTRESS LOW-WATER, Sir OLIVER TWILIGHT, SUNSET, *&c.*, LADY GOLDENFLEECE *and* BEVERIL.

Sir O. Twi. Be not so furious, sir.
Mis. Low. She whisper'd to him to slip into her closet.—
What, have I taken you? is not my dream true now?
Unmerciful adultress, the first night!
Sir O. Twi. Nay, good sir, patience.
Mis. Low. Give me the villain's heart,
That I may throw't into her bosom quick!
There let the lecher pant.
L. Twi. Nay, sweet sir——
Mis. Low. Pardon me,
His life's too little for me.
L. Gold. How am I wrongfully sham'd!—Speak your intent, sir,
Before this company; I pursue no pity.
Mis. Low. This is a fine thievish juggling, gentlemen,
She asks her mate that shares in guilt with her;
Too gross, too gross!
Bev. Rash mischief! [*Aside.*
Mis. Low. Treacherous sir,
Did I for this cast a friend's arm about thee,
Gave thee the welcome of a worthy spirit,
And lodg'd thee in my house, nay, entertain'd thee
More like a natural brother than a stranger?
And have I this reward? perhaps the pride
Of thy good parts did lift thee to this impudence;

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Let her make much on 'em, she gets none of me:
Because thou'rt deeply read in most books else,
Thou wouldst be so in mine; there it stands for thee,
Turn o'er the leaves, and where you left, go forward;
To me it shall be like the book of fate,
Ever clasp up.

Sir O. Twi. O dear sir, say not so!

Mis. Low. Nay, I'll swear more; for ever I refuse[1] her;

I'll never set a foot into her bed,
Never perform the duty of man to her,
So long as I have breath.

Sir O. Twi. What an oath was there, sir!
Call it again.

Mis. Low. I knew, by amorous sparks struck from their eyes,
The fire would appear shortly in a blaze,
And now it flames indeed.—Out of my house,
And take your gentleman of good parts along with you!
That shall be all your substance; he can live
In any emperor's court in Christendom:
You knew[2] what you did, wench, when you chose him
To thrust out me; you have no[3] politic love!
You are to learn to make your market, you!
You can choose wit, a burden light and free,
And leave the grosser element with me,
Wealth, foolish trash; I thank you. Out of my doors!

---

[1] Renounce.
[2] Old ed. "know."
[3] Ironical.

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Sir O. Twi. Nay, good sir, hear her.

L. Twi. } Sweet sir——
Sun. }

Mis. Low. Pray, to your chambers, gentlemen; I should be here
Master of what is mine.

Sir O. Twi. Hear her but speak, sir.

Mis. Low. What can she speak but woman's common language?
She's sorry and asham'd for't,—that helps nothing.

L. Gold. Sir, since it is the hard hap of my life
To receive injury where I plac'd my love——

Mis. Low. Why, la, I told you what escapes she'd have!

Sir O. Twi. Nay, pray, sir, hear her forward.

L. Gold. Let our parting
Be full as charitable as our meeting was;
That the pale, envious world, glad of the food
Of others' miseries, civil dissensions,
And nuptial strifes, may not feed fat with ours;
But since you are resolv'd so wilfully
To leave my bed, and ever to refuse me—
As by your rage I find it your desire,
Though all my actions deserve nothing less—
Here are our friends, men both of worth and wisdom;
Place so much power in them, to make an evenness
Between my peace and yours: all my wealth within doors,
In gold and jewels, lie[s] in those two caskets
I lately led you to, the value of which

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Amounts to some five thousand [pounds] a-piece;
Exchange a charitable hand with me,
And take one casket freely,—fare thee well, sir.
Sir O. Twi. How say you to that now?
Mis. Low. Troth, I thank her, sir!
Are not both mine already? you shall wrong me,
And then make satisfaction with mine own!
I cannot blame you,—a good course for you!
L. Gold. I knew[1] 'twas not my luck to be so happy;
My miseries are no starters; when they come,
Stick longer by me.
Sir O. Twi. Nay, but give me leave, sir,
The wealth comes all by her.
Mis. Low. So does the shame,
Yet that's most mine; why should not that be too?
Sir O. Twi. Sweet sir, let us rule[2] so much with you;
Since you intend an obstinate separation,
Both from her bed and board, give your consent
To some agreement reasonable and honest.
Mis. Low. Must I deal honestly with her lust?
L. Twi. Nay, good sir——
Mis. Low. Why, I tell you, all the wealth her husband left her
Is not of power to purchase the dear peace

---

[1] Old ed. "know."

[2] "Used, perhaps, as a dissyllable; but qy. 'yet *rule?*'"—*Dyce.* I take it that the first word, *sweet*, is to be pronounced with such pleading emphasis as to be equivalent to a dissyllable.

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My heart has lost in these adulterous seas;
Yet let her works be base, mine shall be noble.
Sir O. Twi. That's the best word of comfort I heard yet.
Mis. Low. Friends may do much.—Go, bring those caskets forth.— [*Exeunt two* Servants.
I hate her sight; I'll leave her, though I lose by't.
Sir O. Twi. Spoke like a noble gentleman, i'faith!
I'll honour thee for this.
Bev. O cursed man!
Must thy rash heat force this division? [*Aside.*
Mis. Low. You shall have free leave now, without all fear;
You shall not need oil'd hinges,[1] privy passages,
Watchings and whisperings; take him boldly to you.
L. Gold. O that I had that freedom! since my shame
Puts by all other fortunes, and owns him
A worthy gentleman: if this cloud were past him,
I'd marry him, were't but to spite thee only,
So much I hate thee now.

Re-enter Servants *with two caskets, followed by* Sir GILBERT LAMBSTONE, WEATHERWISE, PEPPERTON, *and* OVERDONE.

Sir O. Twi. Here come the caskets, sir; hold your good mind now,
And we shall make a virtuous end between you.

[1] Cf. *The Malcontent*, i. 2:—"Sweet sheets, wax lights, antic bedposts, cambric smocks, villanous curtains, arras pictures, *oiled hinges*, and all the tongue-tied lascivious witnesses of great creatures' wantonness."

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Mis. Low. Though nothing less she merit but a curse,
That might still hang upon her and consume her still,
As't has been many a better woman's fortune,
That has deserv'd less vengeance and felt more,
Yet my mind scorns to leave her shame so poor.

Sir O. Twi. Nobly spoke still!

Sir G. Lamb. This strikes me into music; ha, ha!

Pep. Parting of goods before the bodies join!

Wea. This 'tis to marry beardless domineering boys; I knew 'twould come to this pass: well fare a just almanac yet; for now is Mercury going into the second house near unto Ursa Major, that great hunks,[1] the Bear at the Bridge-foot in heaven,[2] which shows horrible bear-baitings in wedlock; and the Sun near entering into the Dog, sets 'em all together by the ears.

Sir O. Twi. You see what's in't.

Mis. Low. I think 'tis as I left it.

L. Gold. Then do but gage your faith to this assembly,
That you will ne'er return more to molest me,
But rest in all revenges full appeas'd
And amply satisfied with that half my wealth,
And take't as freely as life wishes health!

---

[1] "Harry Hunks" was the name of a bear at Paris Garden. See *Marlowe*, ed. Bullen, iii. 242.

[2] "If Steevens had recollected this passage, he would not have proposed to alter the following one in *The Puritan* by reading 'in *the even*' for 'in heaven,'—'Ay, by yon Bear at Bridge-foot *in heaven*, shall thou.'—Malone's *Supp. to Shakespeare*, vol. ii. p. 559. The Bear was a well-known tavern—according to Steevens (*ibid.*), 'at the foot of London bridge.' Gifford says, in a note on Shirley's *Lady of Pleasure*, where this expression occurs (*Works*, vol. iv. p. 72), that the '*bridge* meant was in Shirley's time called the Strand-bridge.'"—*Dyce.*

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Sir O. Twi. La, you, sir! come, come, faith, you shall swear that.

Mis. Low. Nay, gentlemen,
For your sakes now I will deal fairly with her.

Sir O. Twi. I would we might see that, sir!

Mis. Low. I could set her free;
But now I think on't, she deserves it not.

Sun. Nay, do not check your goodness; pray, sir, on with't.

Mis. Low. I could release her ere I parted with her—
But 'twere a courtesy ill plac'd—and set her
At as free liberty to marry again
As you all know she was before I knew her.

Sir O. Twi. What, could'st thou, sir?

Mis. Low. But 'tis too good a blessing for her;—
Up with the casket, sirrah.

L. Gold. O, sir, stay!

Mis. Low. I've nothing to say to you.

Sir O. Twi. Do you hear, sir?
Pray, let's have one word more with you for our money.

L. Gold. Since you've expos'd me to all shame and sorrow,
And made me fit but for one hope and fortune,
Bearing my former comforts away with you,
Show me a parting charity but in this,—
For all my losses pay me with that freedom,
And I shall think this treasure as well given
As ever 'twas ill got.

Mis. Low. I might afford it you,
Because I ne'er mean to be more troubled with you;

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But how shall I be sure of the honest use on't,
How you'll employ that liberty? perhaps sinfully,
In wantonness unlawful, and I answer for't;
So I may live a bawd to your loose works still,
In giving 'em first vent; not I, shall pardon me;
I'll see you honestly join'd ere I release you;
I will not trust you, for the last trick you play'd me:
Here's your old suitors.

Pep. Now we thank you, sir.

Wea. My almanac warns me from all cuckoldy conjunctions.

L. Gold. Be but commander of your word now, sir,
And before all these gentlemen, our friends,
I'll make a worthy choice.

Sun. Fly not ye back now.

Mis. Low. I'll try thee once: I'm married to another,
There's thy release.

Sir O. Twi. Hoyday! there's a release with a witness!
Thou'rt free, sweet wench.

L. Gold. Married to another! Then, in revenge to thee,
To vex thine eyes, 'cause thou hast mock'd my heart,
And with such treachery repaid my love,
This is the gentleman I embrace and choose.
[*Taking* BEVERIL *by the hand.*

Mis. Low. O torment to my blood, mine enemy!
None else to make thy choice of but the man
From whence my shame took head!

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L. Gold. 'Tis done to quit[1] thee;
Thou that wrong'st woman's love, her hate can fit thee.
Sir O. Twi. Brave wench, i'faith! now thou'st an honest gentleman,
Rid of a swaggering knave, and there's an end on't;
A man of good parts, this t'other had nothing.
Life, married to another!
Sir G. Lamb. O, brave rascal, with two wives!
Wea. Nay, and our women be such subtle animals, I'll lay wait at the carrier's for a country chamber-maid, and live still a bachelor. When wives are like almanacs, we may have every year a new one, then I'll bestow my money on 'em; in the meantime I'll give 'em over, and ne'er trouble my almanac about 'em.
Sir G. Lamb. I come in a good time to see you hang'd, sir,
And that's my comfort; now I'll tickle you, sir.
Mis. Low. You make me laugh indeed.
Sir G. Lamb. Sir, you remember
How cunningly you chok'd me at the banquet
With a fine bawdy letter?
Mis. Low. Your own fist, sir.
Sir G. Lamb. I'll read the statute book to you now for't;
Turn to the act[2] in *anno Jac. primo*,
There lies a halter for your windpipe.
Mis. Low. Fie, no!

[1] Requite.
[2] "'An Acte to restrayne all persons from Marriage untill theire former Wyves and former Husbandes be deade.'"—*Dyce*.

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Sir O. Twi. Faith, but you'll find it so, sir, an't be follow'd.

Wea. So says my almanac, and he's a true man:
Look you; [*reads*] *The thirteenth day, work for the hangman.*

Mis. Low. The fourteenth day, make haste,—'tis time you were there then.

Wea. How! is the book so saucy to tell me so?

Bev. Sir, I must tell you now, but without gall,
The law would hang you, if married to another.

Mis. Low. You can but put me to my book, sweet brother,
And I've my neck-verse[1] perfect here and here:
Heaven give thee eternal joy, my dear, sweet brother!
[*Discovering herself and embracing* BEVERIL: LOW-WATER *also discovers himself.*

Sir O. Twi. } Who's here?
L. Twi., &c. }

Sir G. Lamb. O devil! herself! did she betray me?
A pox of shame, nine coaches shall not stay me! [*Exit.*

Bev. I've two such deep healths in two joys to pledge,
Heaven keep me from a surfeit!

Sir O. Twi. Mistress Low-water!
Is she the jealous cuckold all this coil's about?—
And my right worshipful serving-man, is't you, sir?

---

[1] The verse (usually the beginning of 31st Psalm, *Miserere mei*, &c.) read by criminals to entitle them to "benefit of clergy." See some remarks on the custom in Harrison's *England*, ii. xi., and Cowell's *Interpreter*.

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Low. A poor, wrong'd gentleman, glad to serve for his own, sir.

Sir O. Twi. By my faith,
You've serv'd the widow a fine trick between you.

Mis. Low. No more my enemy now, my brother's wife
And my kind sister.

Sir O. Twi. There's no starting now from't:
'Tis her own brother; did not you know that?

L. Gold. 'Twas never told me yet.

Sir O. Twi. I thought y'had known't.

Mis. Low. What matter is't? 'tis the same man was chose still,
No worse now than he was. I'm bound to love you;
You've exercis'd[1] in this a double charity,
Which, to your praise, shall to all times be known,
Advanc'd my brother, and restor'd mine own,
Nay, somewhat for my wrongs, like a good sister—
For well you know the tedious suit did cost
Much pains and fees; I thank you, 'tis not lost—
You wish'd for love, and, faith, I have bestow'd you
Upon a gentleman that does dearly love you;
That recompense I've made you; and you must think, madam,
I loved you well—though I could never ease you—
When I fetch'd in my brother thus to please you.

Sir O. Twi. Here's unity for ever strangely wrought!

L. Gold. I see, too late, there is a heavy judgment

[1] Old ed. "examin'd."

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Keeps company with extortion and foul deeds,
And, like a wind which vengeance has in chase,
Drives back the wrongs into the injurer's face:
My punishment is gentle; and to show
My thankful mind for't, thus I'll revenge this,
With an embracement here, and here a kiss.

[*Embraces* MISTRESS LOW-WATER *and kisses* BEVERIL.

Sir O. Twi. Why, now the bells they go trim, they go trim.—
I wished thee, sir, some unexpected blessing.
For my wife's ransom, and 'tis faln upon thee. 389

Wea. A pox of this! my almanac ne'er gulled me till this hour: the thirteenth day, work for the hangman, and there's nothing toward it. I'd been a fine ass if I'd given twelvepence for a horse to have rid to Tyburn to-morrow. But now I see the error, 'tis false-figured; it should be, thirteen days and a half, work for the hangman, for he ne'er works under thirteenpence halfpenny;[1] beside, Venus being a spot in the sun's garment, shows there should be a woman found in hose and doublet.

Sir O. Twi. Nay, faith, sweet wife, we'll make no more hours on't now, 'tis as fine a contracting time as ever came amongst gentlefolks. — Son Philip, master Sandfield, come to the book here. 403

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[1] "Thirteenpence halfpenny" was considered to be the hangman's fee. See *Tom Tell-troth's New Year's Gift*, ed. Furnivall, p. 43, l. 14, and the note on that passage.

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Phil. Now I'm waked
Into a thousand miseries and their torments.

Sav. And I come after you, sir, drawn with wild horses; and there will be a brave show on's anon, if this weather continue.

Sir O. Twi. Come, wenches, where be these young gen[tle]men's hands now?

L. Twi. Poor gentleman, my son! [*Aside.*]—Some other time, sir.

Sir O. Twi. I'll have't now, i'faith, wife.

L. Gold. What are you making here?

Sir O. Twi. I've sworn, sweet madam,
My son shall marry master Sunset's daughter,
And master Sandfield mine.

L. Gold. So you go well, sir;
But what make you this way then?

Sir O. Twi. This? for my son.

L. Gold. O back, sir, back! this is no way for him.

Sunset. } How!
Sir O. Twi. }

L. Gold. O let me break an oath to save two souls,
Lest I should wake another judgment greater!
You come not here for him, sir.

Sir O. Twi. What's the matter?

L. Gold. Either give me free leave to make this match,
Or I'll forbid the banes.[1]

Sir O. Twi. Good madam, take it.

---

1 Bans.

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L. Gold. Here, master Sandfield, then——
Sir O. Twi. Cuds bodkins!
L. Gold. Take you this maid.
[*Giving* JANE *to* SANDFIELD.
Sand. You could not please me better, madam.
Sir O. Twi. Hoyday! is this your hot love to my daughter, sir?
L. Gold. Come hither, Philip; here's a wife for you.
[*Giving* GRACE *to* PHILIP TWILIGHT.
Sir O. Twi. Zouns, he shall ne'er do that; marry his sister!
L. Gold. Had he been rul'd by you, he had married her,
But now he marries master Sunset's daughter,
And master Sandfield yours: I've sav'd your oath, sir.
Phil. O may this blessing hold!
Sav. Or else all the liquor runs out.
Sir O. Twi. What riddle's this, madam?
L. Gold. A riddle of some fourteen years of age now.—
You can remember, madam, that your daughter
Was put to nurse to master Sunset's wife.
L. Twi. True, that we talk'd on lately.
Sir O. Twi. I grant that, madam.
L. Gold. Then you shall grant what follows: at that time,
You likewise know, old master Sunset here
Grew backward in the world, till his last fortunes
Rais'd him to this estate.
Sir O. Twi. Still this we know too.

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L. Gold. His wife, then nurse both to her own and yours,
And both so young, of equal years, and daughters,
Fearing the extremity of her fortunes then
Should fall upon her infant, to prevent it,
She chang'd the children, kept your daughter with her,
And sent her own to you for better fortunes.
So long, enjoin'd by solemn oath unto't
Upon her deathbed, I have conceal'd this;
But now so urg'd, here's yours, and this is his.

Sav. Whoop, the joy is come of our side!

Wea. Hey! I'll cast mine almanac to the moon, too, and strike out a new one for next year.

Phil. It wants expression, this miraculous blessing!

Sav. Methinks I could spring up and knock my head Against yon silver ceiling now for joy!

Wea. By my faith, but I do not mean to follow you there, so I may dash out my brains against Charles' wain, and come down as wise as a carman.

Sir O. Twi. I never wonder'd yet with greater pleasure.

L. Twi. What tears have I bestow'd on a lost daughter, And left her [here] behind me!

L. Gold. This is Grace,
This Jane; now each has her right name and place.

Sun. I never heard of this.

L. Gold. I'll swear you did not, sir.

Sir O. Twi. How well I've kept mine oath against my will!
Clap hands, and joy go with you! well said, boys

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Phil. How art thou blest from shame, and I from ruin! [*To* GRACE.

Sav. I from the baker's[1] ditch, if I'd seen you in.

Phil. Not possible the whole world to match again
Such grief, such joy, in minutes lost and won!

Bev. Who ever knew more happiness in less compass?
Ne'er was poor gentleman so bound to a sister
As I am, for the weakness[2] of thy mind;
Not only that thy due, but all our wealth
Shall lie as open as the sun to man,
For thy employments; so the charity
Of this dear bosom bids me tell thee now.

Mis. Low. I am her servant for't.

L. Gold. Hah, worthy sister!
The government of all I bless thee with.

Bev. Come, gentlemen, on all perpetual friendship.
Heaven still relieves what misery would destroy;
Never was night yet of more general joy.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

---

[1] "So in Brome's *Sparagus Garden*, 1640:—'Sheart, Coulten, we be vallen into *the Baker's ditch*.'—Sig. K 3. The ancient way of punishing bakers who did not give full weight was by the cucking-stool (see Grey's note on *Hudibras*, p. iii. l. III. v. 609); qy. is that punishment alluded to in the above passages?"—*Dyce.*

[2] An evident misprint. Dyce suggests "wittiness." Perhaps "the *workings* of thy mind" may be the true reading.

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EPILOGUE.

Spoken by WEATHERWISE.

Now, let me see, what weather shall we have now?
Hold fair now, and I care not [*looking at almanac*]:
mass, full moon too
Just between five and six this afternoon!
This happens right; [*reads*] *The sky for the best part clear,*
Save here and there a cloud or two dispers'd,—
That's some dozen of panders and half a score
Pickpockets, you may know them by their whistle;
And they do well to use that while they may,
For Tyburn cracks the pipe and spoils the music. .
What says the destiny of the hour this evening?
Hah, [*reads*] *Fear no colours* /[1] by my troth, agreed then;
The red and white looks cheerfully; for, know ye all,
The planet's Jupiter, you should be jovial;
There's nothing lets[2] it but the Sun i' the Dog:
Some bark in corners that will fawn and cog,[3]
Glad of my fragments for their ember-week;

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[1] "Fear no colours" was originally a military expression, meaning "Fear no enemies." See Dyce's *Shakespeare Glossary*.

[2] Hinders. [3] Cozen.

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The sign's in Gemini too, both hands should meet,
There should be noise i' th' air, if all things hap,
Though I love thunder when you make the clap.
Some faults perhaps have slipt, I am to answer:[1]
And if in anything your revenge appears,
Send me in with all your fists about mine ears.

[1] "Here a line (ending with the word 'Cancer') has dropt out."—*Dyce.*

END OF VOL. IV.

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